



SPAWN®

image

1
MAY

DIGITAL
EDITION



McFARLANE
92
STEACH-

I DON'T
BELONG.



NOT HERE.
NOT NOW.

I HAVE TO
GET BACK
THERE.

THE BET
WAS RIGGED,
HE MADE ME
BELIEVE.

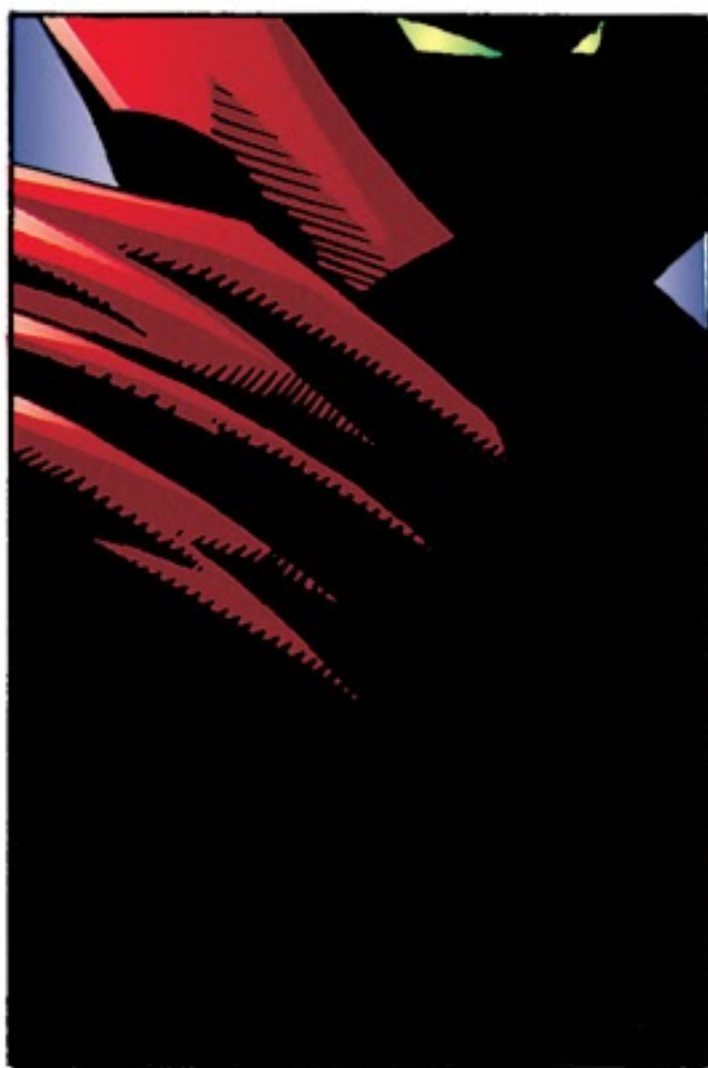
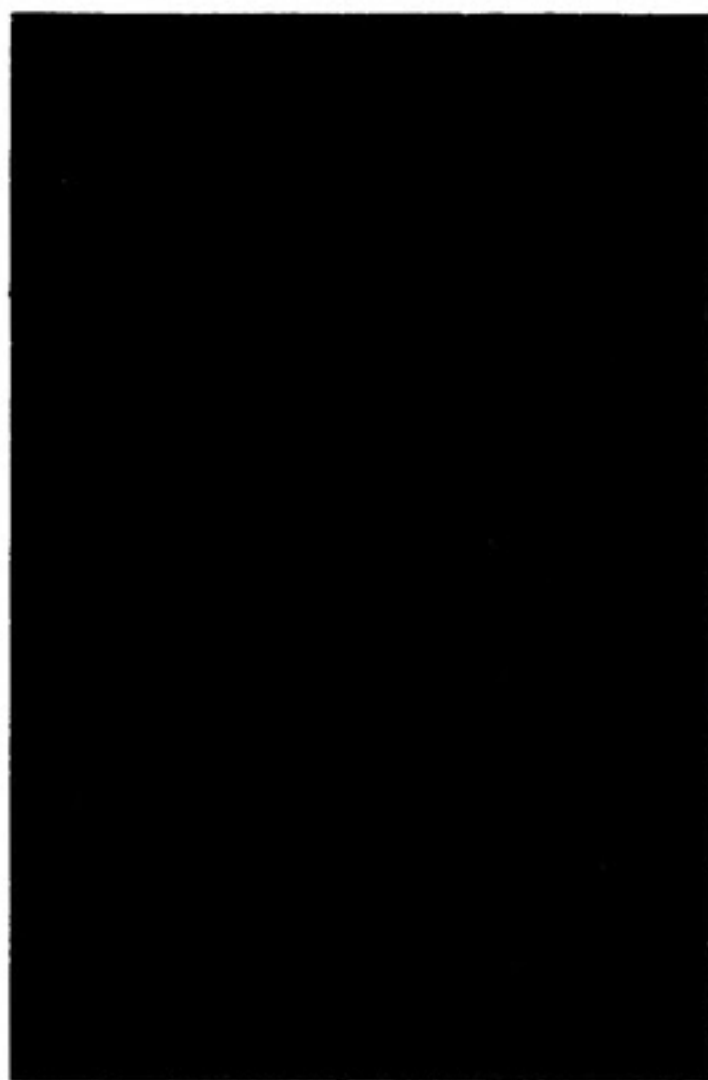


NOW THERE'S
DARKNESS
IN MY SOUL.

...AGAIN.

I WANT TO
DIE...





SERVICES WERE HELD TODAY FOR LT. COLONEL **AL SIMMONS** AT ARLINGTON CEMETARY IN VIRGINIA. SIMMONS IS BEST KNOWN FOR HIS COURAGEOUS INVOLVEMENT IN SAVING THE PRESIDENT FROM AN ASSASSINATION ATTEMPT.

SIMMONS ROSE THROUGH THE RANKS OF THE MARINE CORPS FOLLOWING HIS SERVICE OVERSEAS. HIS MEMORY WAS HONORED BY BOTH THE PRESIDENT AND VICE PRESIDENT, AS WELL AS HUNDREDS OF OFFICERS FROM ALL THE ARMED SERVICES.

HIS WIFE, **WANDA BLAKE**, REMAINED QUIET FOR THE DURATION OF THE FUNERAL, BUT SEEMED TO NEED HELP NEAR THE END OF THE PROCEEDINGS.

FRIENDS AND FAMILY HAVE ALL BEEN SUPPORTIVE, AND WILL START A NEW SCHOLARSHIP FUND IN HIS NAME THAT WILL BENEFIT THE UNITED NEGRO COLLEGE FUND.



LT. COLONEL SIMMONS, WHO DISAPPEARED FROM PUBLIC VIEW SHORTLY AFTER THE HINCKLEY INCIDENT, WAS BELIEVED TO HAVE BEEN INVOLVED WITH NUMEROUS COVERT GOVERNMENT TASK FORCES.

INFORMED SOURCES SAY THAT HIS PRESENCE IN BOTSWANA AT THE SAME TIME AS YOUNGBLOOD AGENTS WAS NO COINCIDENCE.

FRANKLY, THIS STINKS OF A GOVERNMENT **COVER-UP**. SO WHAT ELSE IS NEW?

THOUGH I'M SURE LT. COL. SIMMONS WAS A MAN OF COURAGE AND INTEGRITY, IT'S THE GOVERNMENT'S **BOYS' CLUB ATTITUDE** THAT APPALLS ME.

INFORMATION IS GIVEN OUT AT THEIR DISCRETION IN AN ALMOST HOLLYWOOD-TYPE FASHION, AND WE ALL KNOW HOW MOVIE MAKERS **NEVER** STRETCH THE TRUTH.



AND THE LOVELY WANDA BLAKE WAS ABSOLUTELY **DIVINE** IN A DISARMINGLY SIMPLE JET BLACK GIOVANNI ORIGINAL. AND **SAY**, WHO WAS THAT TALL, DARK AND HANDSOME **PRINCE** ON HER ARM AT THE CEREMONY?

WELL, A LITTLE BIRD TOLD ME THAT **MARTIN ALEXANDER** WAS WANDA'S CLOSEST FRIEND BACK IN HIGH SCHOOL. **HE** INTRODUCED HER TO AL SIMMONS AT THE REPUBLICAN CONVENTION IN 1984.

WELL, WHERE THIS POTENTIAL AFFAIR IS LEADING REMAINS TO BE SEEN. **WE'LL** BE KEEPING AN EYE OUT. AS FOR **YOU**, MISTER MARTIN ALEXANDER, SHAME, **SHAME** ON YOU! LET THE POOR WOMAN **GRIEVE**. BESIDES, SHE'LL HAVE A TOUGH TIME FINDING A **REPLACEMENT** FOR A HUSBAND VOTED ONE OF "THE TEN SEXIEST MEN" TWO YEARS AGO. EVEN THOUGH THE GOVERNMENT TRIED TO **HIDE** THIS SWEET MORSEL FROM ALL OF US, **THIS** CHARISMATIC GENTLEMAN COULDN'T BE KEPT OUT OF SIGHT.







AND HER.
OH, GOD,
SHE'S SO
BEAUTIFUL.



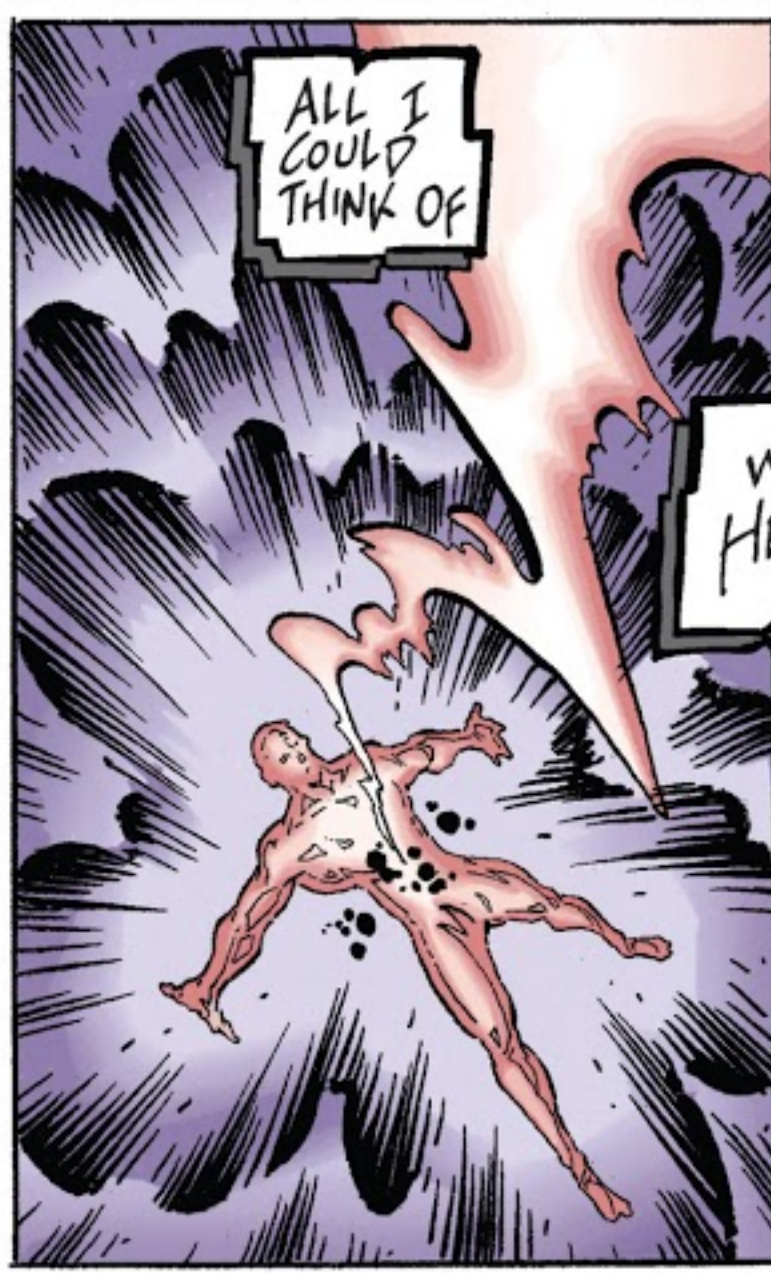
I NEEDED.



HE
GAVE.

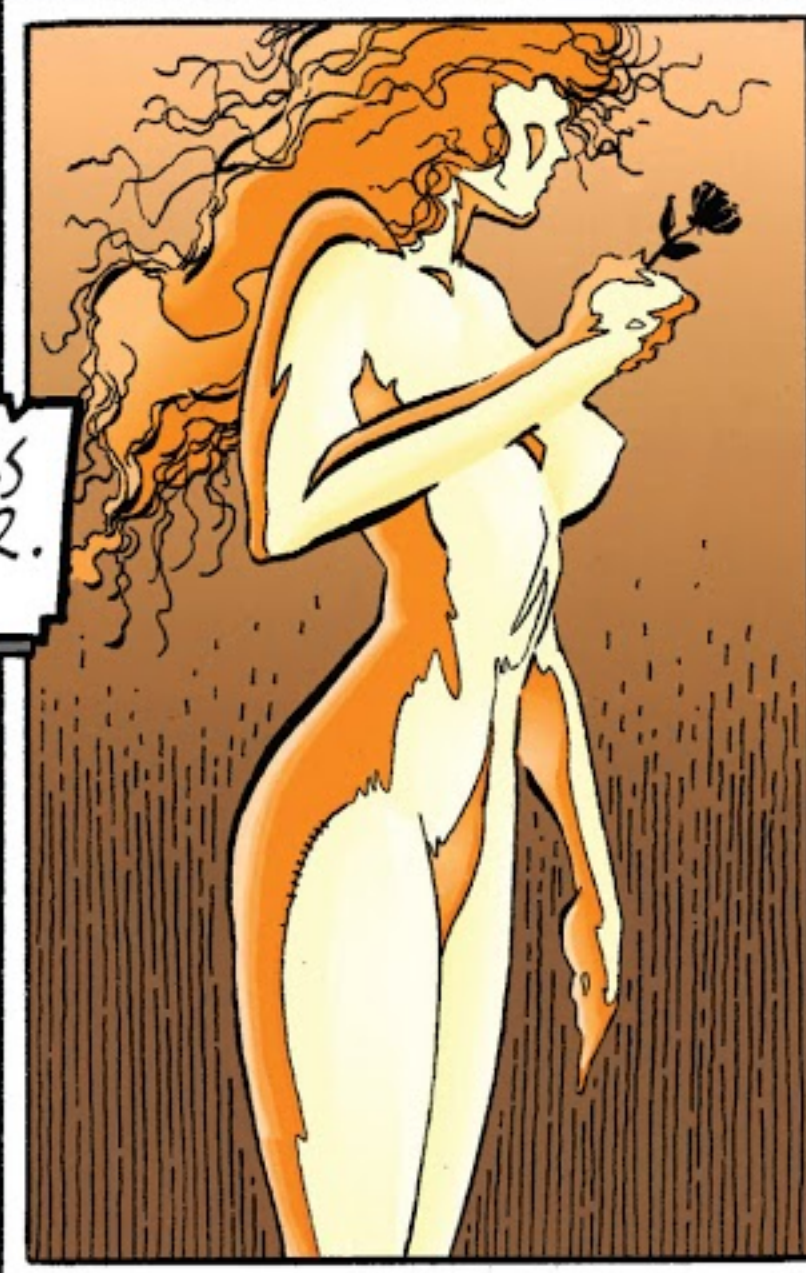


I HAD TO.

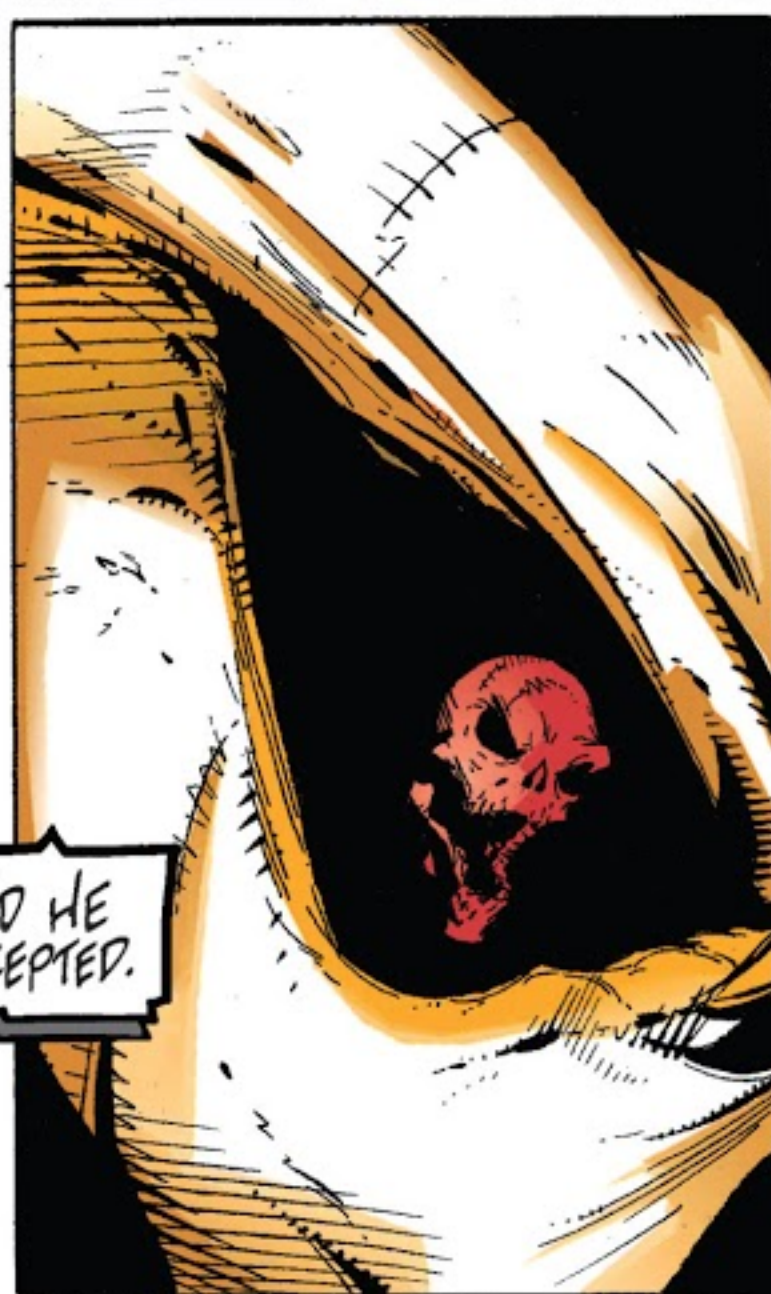


ALL I
COULD
THINK OF

WAS
HER.



SO I
PROMISED,



AND HE
ACCEPTED.



ALL
BECAUSE
OF HER.



DAMN
HIS LIES.

HE ACCEPTED
THE DEAL... ON
HIS TERMS.
HIS RULES.
HIS WAY.

AND SOMEWHERE
IN TIME HE
BUST A GUT
LAUGHING.

S

9:9:9:9

YEAH, HE GAVE ME POWER, BUT HE
ROBBED ME OF MY MEMORIES.

IF I CAN JUST FIND HER, THEN I'LL KNOW
WHAT THIS IS ABOUT. BUT... I CAN'T EVEN
REMEMBER WHO SHE IS.

NONE OF THIS MAKES ANY
SENSE. A HANDFUL OF IMAGES
DARTING IN MY MIND. THAT'S
IT?! THAT'S ALL I HAVE OF
MY LIFE?!

I FEEL I CAN DO
ANYTHING... ANYTHING
AT ALL WITH MY
POWER. BUT WHY CAN'T
I REMEMBER?

SHE'LL
KNOW
WHO I AM.





I'M GOING
TO FIND HER,
ALRIGHT.

AND WHEN
I HAVE SOME
ANSWERS...

... I'M GOING TO
FIND HIM.
THE ONE WHO
FRAMED ME.

"OKAY, TWITCH. LET'S TRY THIS ONE MORE TIME."

YOU'RE TELLING ME THAT SOMEBODY THREW CARLO GIAMOTTI FROM A WINDOW--

THROUGH A WINDOW, SIR.

-- THROUGH A WINDOW, ON THE THIRTY-FOURTH FLOOR--

FORTY-FOURTH, SIR.

AND HE WASN'T KILLED BY THE FALL?

NO, SIR. IT WAS HIS HEART.

HEART FAILURE?

Umm-- YOU MIGHT SAY THAT, SIR. IT WAS REMOVED.

REMOVED?

YES, SIR. IT WAS STUFFED IN HIS MOUTH.

TWITCH.

YES, SIR?

WE GOT THREE DEAD HIT MEN IN THE LAST FORTY-EIGHT HOURS AND YOU'RE TRYIN' TO BE A COMEDIAN. I DON'T NEED THAT.

NO, SIR.

NO, SIR.

YES, SIR.

PROBABLY BOTH.

I AIN'T COMPLAININ', MIND YOU. SOMEBODY'S SAVIN' ME A LOT OF WORK. I FIGURE WE GOT OURSELVES EITHER A GRADE-A WACKO OR THE BEST DAMN VOLUNTEER COP IN NEW YORK CITY.

IT'S A HELLUVA TOWN, TWITCH.

YES, SIR.





BOYS, LOOKS LIKE SHE'S GOT ENOUGH FOR ALL OF US.

FORTUNATELY, I GET FIRST DIBS.

No! No! PLEASE DON'T!

SHADDUP, BITCH.

BACK OFF, GUYS.

I GOT ME AN IDEA.

WAIT A SEC...

LET'S SEE HOW LOUD THE TRAMP CAN SCREAM AFTER I CUT OUT HER TONGUE.

I WANT A CLOSER LOOK WHILE THE BODY'S STILL WARM.

GET
OUT.

Now!

OR
YOU'RE
ALL
DEAD.

WHAT
THE
HELL?

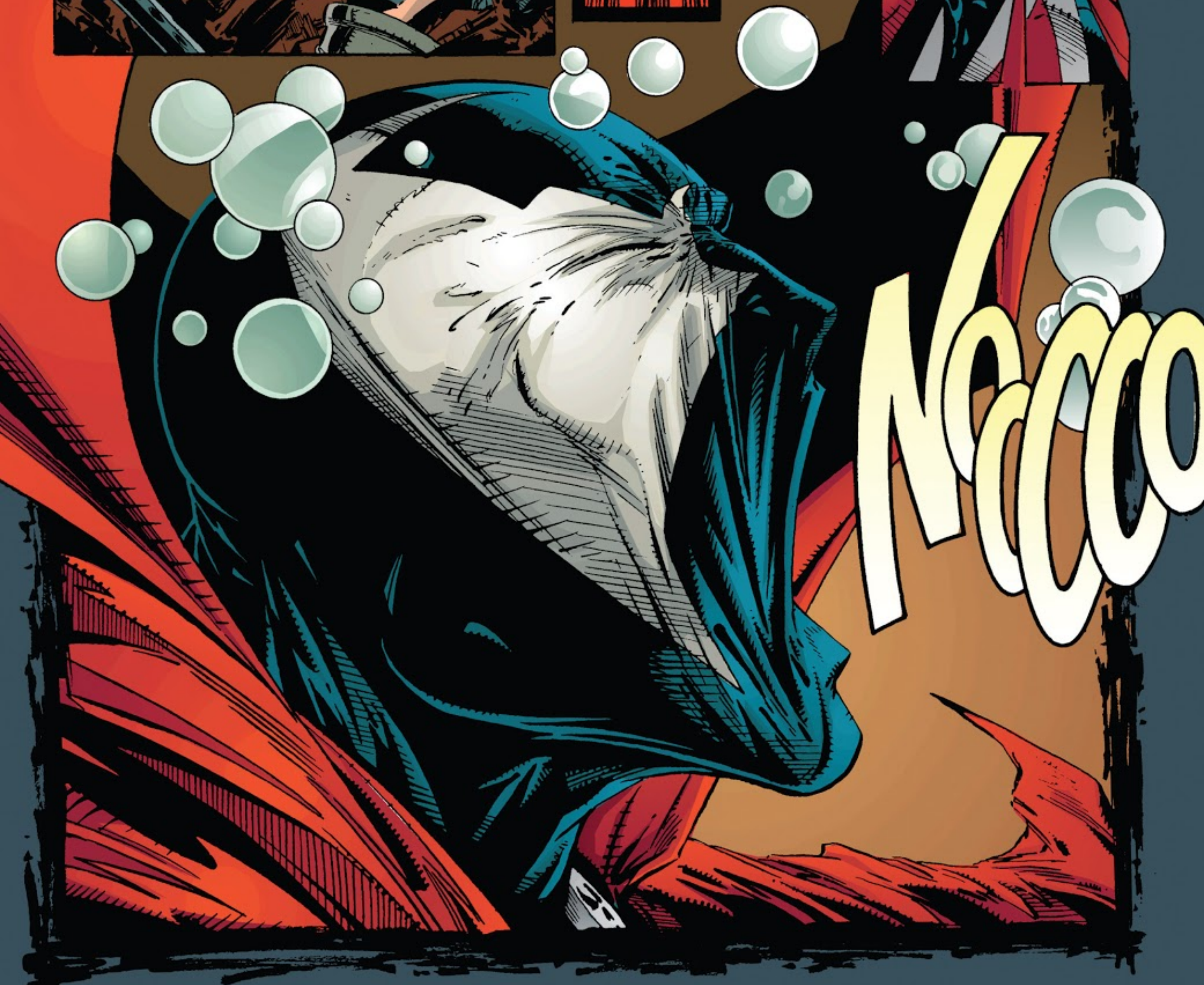
HEY SHANK,
LOOKS LIKE
ONE O' THEM
YOUNG-
BLOODS!

WHO
CARES?
CHECK THIS
OUT, GUYS--











ONCE AGAIN YOUR
MIND EXPLODES
WITH A SEARING
PAIN. A FLOODGATE
OF MEMORIES
BURSTS WIDE.

YET IT IS HER
FACE THAT
KEEPS HAUNTING
YOU.

ALWAYS
HER
FACE.

WHO
IS
SHE?

THEN THINGS
BEGIN TO
CRYSTALIZE.

YOU REMEMBER YOUR
FUNERAL. BEGGING
AND PLEADING FOR
SOMEONE TO RELEASE
YOU FROM THE DARK-
NESS. YOU'RE NOT
DEAD. YOU CAN'T BE.

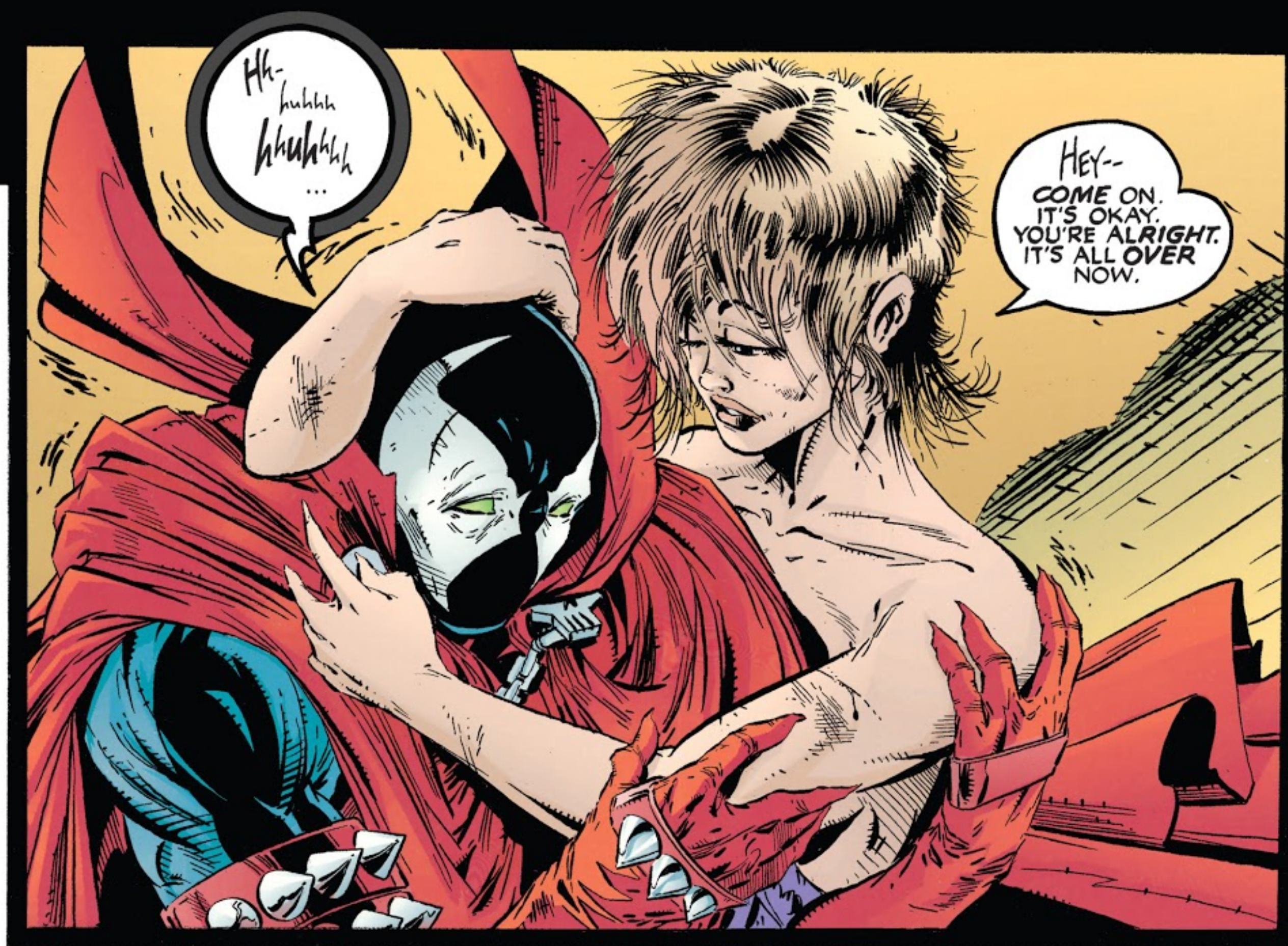
THEN YOU FEEL HER
PRESENCE. WARM.
CARING. SOOTHING. BUT
SOMEWHERE DEEP INSIDE
SHE FEELS EMPTY NOW.

SHE HAS
NO REASON.
NO MEANING.
NO SOUL.



BUT
YOUR
SOUL
LIVES.

WHILE HERS
IS DYING.



Hh-
huhhh
huhhhhh
...

HEY--
COME ON.
IT'S OKAY.
YOU'RE ALRIGHT.
IT'S ALL OVER
NOW.

POLICE ARE INVESTIGATING THE FOURTH GANGLAND HOMICIDE IN TWO DAYS. THE MURDER OF **CARLO GIAMOTTI** MAKES THE SEVENTH GANGLAND MURDER THIS YEAR, BUT CHIEF OF POLICE TIM BANKS DENIES ANY TRUTH TO THE RUMOR OF A POSSIBLE "MOB WAR."



1

9

9

INSIDE SOURCES HAVE ALSO REPORTED THAT THE THREE MOST RECENT DEATHS WERE UNLIKE ANY THEY HAD SEEN BEFORE. IT WAS QUOTED, "EVEN THE **BAD GUYS** DON'T SINK THIS LOW." THE MYSTERY OF THESE DEATHS SEEMS TO HAVE...



THIS MIGHT BE JUST WHAT THIS CITY NEEDS. WITH PEOPLE LIKE **JAKE MORELLI**, DISGUISED AS A WELL-DRESSED BUSINESSMAN, IT'S NO WONDER THE POLICE WON'T MAKE ANY ARRESTS. POLICE CHIEF BANKS SAYS HE'LL SEND OUT AN INVESTIGATIVE UNIT TO FLUSH OUT SOME ANSWERS. **WHAT'S TO INVESTIGATE?** JUST BECAUSE SOMETHING SMELLS **NOW** DOESN'T MEAN IT WASN'T GARBAGE **BEFORE**.

I FOR ONE HOPE THE POLICE DON'T **FIND** ANY ANSWERS. OR WORSE YET, TRY AND **STOP** THIS LATEST RASH OF PUBLIC EXECUTIONS. IF IT'S GOOD GUYS KILLING BAD OR **BAD** GUYS KILLING BAD-- **WHO CARES?** GIVE ME A CALL IF YOU CITIZENS NEED ANY HELP.



2



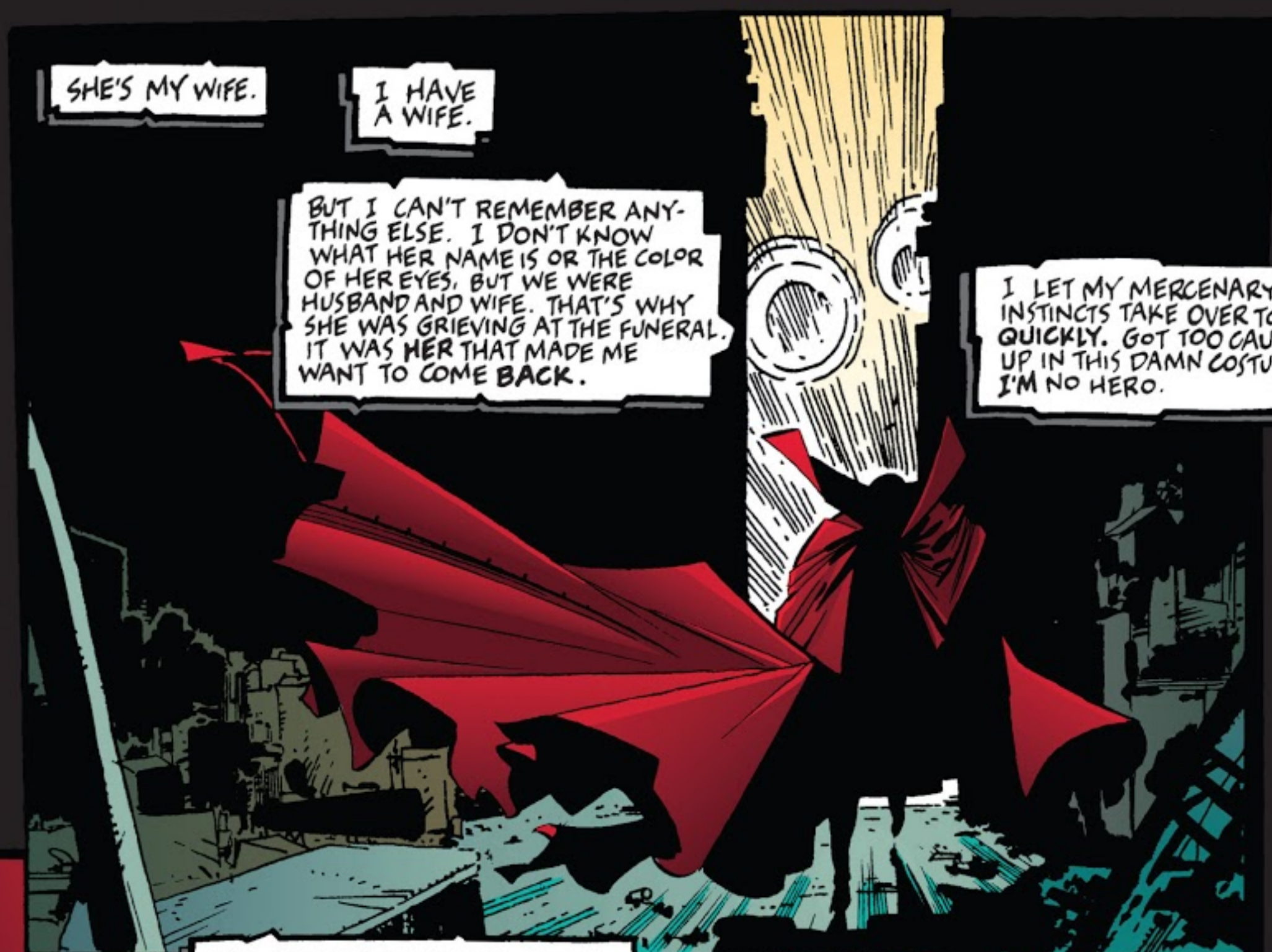
... I'LL NEVER UNDERSTAND **HOW** THOSE TWO HAVE MANAGED TO STAY TOGETHER ALL THESE YEARS. **SOMEONE** MUST BE **TORTURING** ME.

AND **FINALLY**, WORD OUT OF NEW YORK IS THAT THERE'S A NEW **MYSTERY MAN** IN THE BIG APPLE. ONLY A HANDFUL OF REPORTS SO FAR, BUT FROM WHAT I CAN **TELL**, OUR BIG BRUISER HAS A FETISH FOR **ZORRO**.

I MEAN, LET'S GET **SERIOUS**. A **CAPE!** WITH THE **YOUNGBLOOD** FASHIONS BEING ALL THE RAGE, **WHY ON EARTH** WOULD **ANYONE** TRY TO BRING BACK SUCH A **GAUCHE** AND TOTALLY **USELESS** ACCESSORY?

NOW THOSE **SPIKES** AND **CHAINS** HE HAS, **THOSE** ARE SIMPLY **DARLING**. A PERFECTLY **RIVETING** STATEMENT.







MY
FACE--
FELT
LIKE--

JESUS!!
WHAT
AM I?



I DUNNO,
TWITCH...

IF IT REALLY IS
SOME GOVERNMENT
HERO GONE WACKO,
THEM WASHINGTON
STIFFS AIN'T GONNA LET
US GET CLOSE. THEM
TIGHT ASSES. BUT IF
THIS GUY DECIDES HE
WANTS TO START
SNUFFING OUT "JOE
AVERAGE," THEN WE
GOT OURSELVES A
SERIOUS
PROBLEM.

AND THE
DAMAGE THIS
GUY HAS DONE TO
THOSE THREE BODIES
IS FRIGGIN' **UNREAL**.
WONDER HOW MUCH
POWER THIS
GUY HAS IN
HIM?



9:9:9:5



"YES SIR. BY THE WAY, I HEAR YOU HAD ONLY THIRTEEN DOUGHNUTS TODAY. DIDN'T KNOW YOU WERE DIETING."

"SHUDDUP, TWITCH. I'M NOT IN A MOOD FOR YOUR JOKES."

"YES SIR."

HA HA
AH AH
HA HA
HA HA
AH AH
HA HA
SOMEWHERE
HA HA
IN
HA HA
AH AH
TIME
HA HA
AH AH
HA HA

SOMEWHERE

N

TIME

HAAAAHA HA...

Simmons... if
you think you've
got problems
now...

...I
promise, your
troubles
have just
begun.

НАНАНАНА

NEXT
ISSUE: *the VIOLATOR!*





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SPAWN®

image

2
JUN

DIGITAL
EDITION



McFARIANE
92
STEACY

SIMMONS

image COMICS PRESENTS:

"QUESTIONS"

PART 2



story, pencils & inks
TODD McFARLANE

letters
TOM ORZECOWSKI

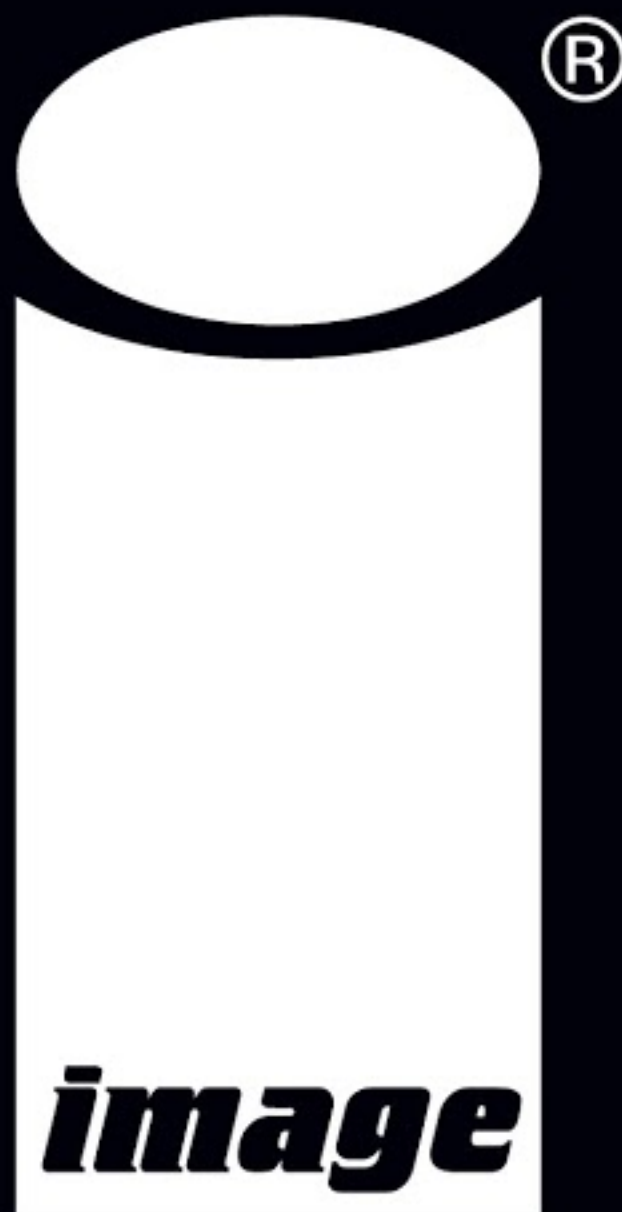
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WANDA KOLOMYJEC

color
STEVE OLIFF
REUBEN RUDE
and **OLYOPTICS**

Dedicated to:
STEVE DITKO

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Cover painting by **Ken Steacy** over **Todd McFarlane** art.



-- AND THEN
I'LL TELL HIM--
IF HE BEGS ME
REALLY, **REALLY,**
NICE LIKE, I MIGHT
ONLY AMPUTATE
ONE LEG.

BUT!

IF HE
PUTS
UP A
FIGHT...

... I'M GONNA
HAFTA RIP HIS
INNARDS OUT,
MAKE FILLETS OUTTA
HIS **LUNGS,** MAKE A
MILK SHAKE OUTTA
HIS **HEART,**
AND SOFT-BOIL HIS
EYEBALLS,
'CAUSE...

...I'M THE
VIOLATOR!

meow.

IMPRESSIVE.
I KNOW.





BUT, WHEN YOU'RE STRIKING FEAR INTO THE HEARTS OF OTHERS, A LITTLE **BRAVADO** GOES A LONG WAY.

BESIDES, IT SEEMS TO **WORK** IN COMICS.

ANYWAYS, IT'LL FINALLY COME DOWN TO THAT BIG, LONG, DRAWN-OUT **BATTLE**.

BUT!

JUST WHEN I'M ABOUT TO PULL HIS SPINE THROUGH HIS NOSE--

--I'LL STOP!

-- TELL 'IM I COULD KILL 'IM SIXTY-FIVE DIFFERENT WAYS... BUT I'M NOT ALLOWED TO... !



HE'LL START TO **BEG** ME. AND I'LL SPIT IN HIS **FACE**. THEN HE'LL **CRY**. AT WHICH TIME I'LL KICK HIS **TEETH** IN!

AND WHEN HE THINKS IT CAN'T GET ANY WORSE... I'LL **PULVERIZE** IM' INTO A LITTLE ITTY BITTY CUBE AND **SUCK** 'IM LIKE A LIFESAVER !

HAHAHAHAHA



I GOTTA TELL YA, MR. PUSSY, I'M HAVING **FAR** TOO MUCH FUN.

THE **BOSS** WILL BE **TOTALLY** IMPRESSED.

HELL! **I'M** TOTALLY IMPRESSED!



OH, I LOVE BEING ME!!

AND I'D HATE TO BE **HIM** TONIGHT!

"I'D HATE TO BE
SPAWN!"

MY WIFE.

I'VE GOT TO FIND HER...
LET HER KNOW I'M BACK,
I'M ALIVE. PEOPLE THINK
I DIED FIVE YEARS AGO.
WHAT'S SHE GOING
TO THINK?

NOT GOING TO
MATTER MUCH IF I
CAN'T FIND HER.

DON'T KNOW
WHERE WE LIVED.
OR WHERE WE
WORKED.

THIS WHOLE THING IS COMPLETELY NUTS.
I'M FLOATING IN LIMBO ONE SECOND, THEN,
BANG!-- HERE I AM. ALIVE! OR SO
IT SEEMS. BUT OTHER THAN HER, ALL
I REMEMBER IS MAKING A DEAL...

...ONE THAT
INCLUDED
MY SOUL.



DON'T KNOW HOW IT WAS
DONE. AT LEAST I KNOW
WHY. IT WAS FOR HER.

GOD, I WISH I COULD
REMEMBER HER NAME.

FOR TWO DAYS I'VE BEEN TRYING
TO MAKE SOME SENSE OF THIS.
NO NAME. NO MONEY. NO HOME.

SO I HID...

...HOPING THIS
WAS ALL JUST
A DREAM.
IT'S NOT.

WHATEVER DEAL WAS
MADE, I GOT SCREWED!

HE'S PLAYING WITH MY
MEMORIES, GIVING ME
BITS AND PIECES AT HIS
LEISURE. IT'S ALL SOME
SICK **GAME** TO HIM. AND
I FELL RIGHT INTO
HIS **TRAP**.

HE GAVE ME POWER.
LIFE. BUT IT COST
ME MY SOUL, MY
IDENTITY. THE SCUM
EVEN STOLE MY FACE.

I DON'T
EVEN THINK
I'M **HUMAN**
ANYMORE.

SO WHY
WOULD
MY WIFE
WANT ME
AGAIN?



CAN'T WORRY
ABOUT THAT
NOW. I NEED
HER! THAT'S
WHAT
MATTERS.

IT'S ALL
I HAVE.

THIS COSTUME FEELS
MORE COMFORTABLE
THAN MY REAL SKIN.
WHAT'S LEFT OF IT.

THIS NEW LOOK
SEEMED TO
WORK AGAINST
THOSE RAPISTS
THE OTHER
NIGHT, THOUGH.

I LET MY INSTINCTS
CARRY ME THROUGH
THAT. WONDER IF
THAT LADY'S
ALRIGHT? I JUST
ABOUT SCARED HER
TO DEATH, 'TIL
I FREAKED!

THE MEMORIES
KEEP HITTING ME LIKE
A FREIGHT TRAIN. THAT
COULD BE TROUBLE.

IF THAT
HAPPENS
WHEN I'M...
uh?

MAYBE THIS
CHURCH IS
A CLUE. IT'S
THE **SECOND**
TIME I'VE
BEEN DRAWN
TO THIS
PLACE.

WHAT'S THAT GUY
DOING, WAVING?
RATHER ODD LITTLE
MAN. NOW WHAT?

HE'S DISAPPEARED
INTO THE SHADOWS.
STRANGE.

LATER, AT THE
DAWNCORP
BUILDING...

IT WAS BUILT IN
RECORD TIME,
AND EVEN CAME
IN UNDER
BUDGET, WHILE
BEING FITTED
WITH THE LATEST
TECHNOLOGY...
ESPECIALLY ITS
SECURITY SYSTEM.
"UNBEATABLE,"
THEY SAID.
"IMPENETRABLE."

NOW, NEW YORK
CITY'S ORGANIZED
CRIME COULD
BE SAFE.

OR SO THEY THINK.

GOD
ALMIGHTY!
WHAT ARE
YOU?!!

NO! NO! STAY
BACK!

I'LL
KILL
YOU!

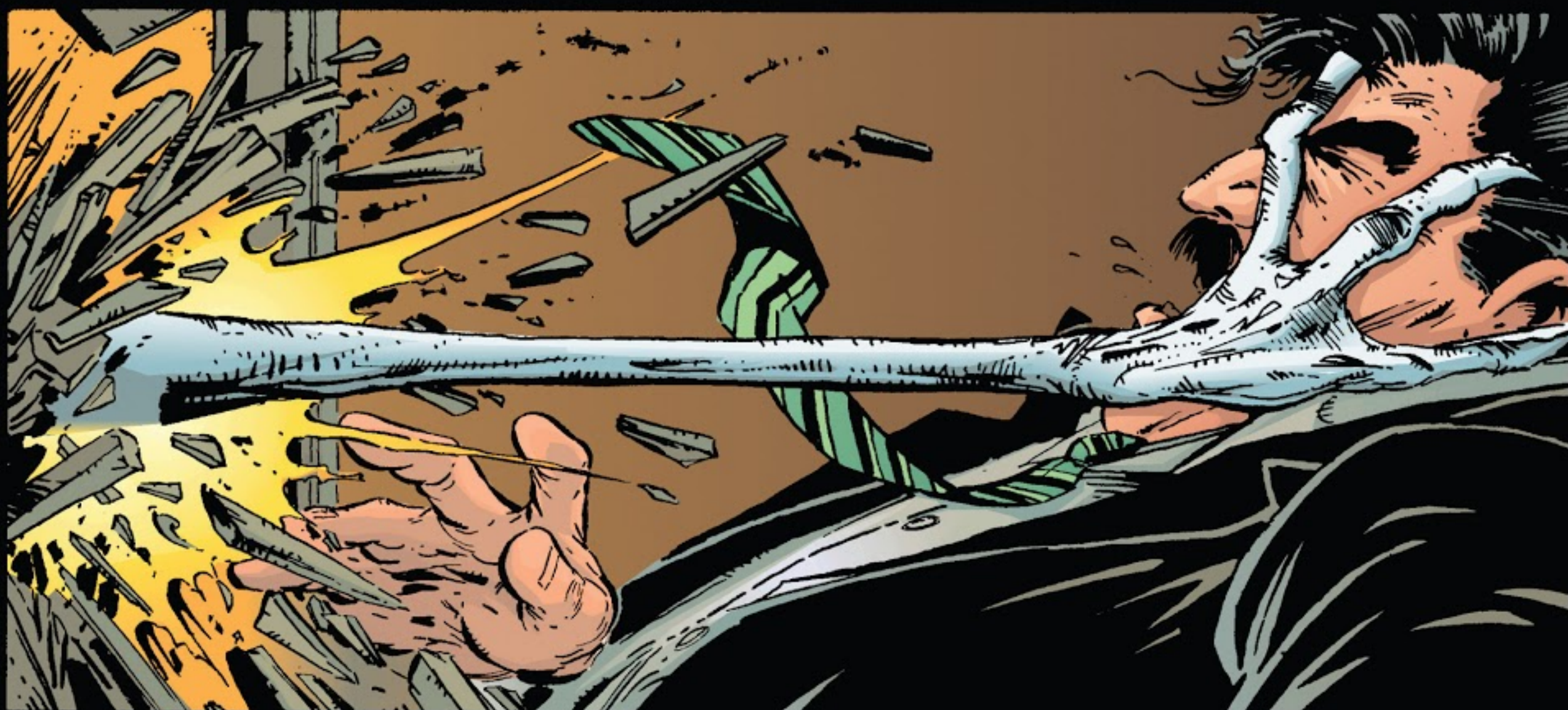
BLAM
BLAM
BLAM

SWEET
MOTHER
OF
MERCY.



WAM
WAM

OPEN
UP!
BOSS,
OPEN
THE
DOOR!



YOUR BOSS IS
UNAVAILABLE.



BUT HE
DID SAY
HE WANTED
YOU...

UMMPH!



...TO
JOIN
HIM
TONIGHT.

NITE-
NITE,
BOYS.





WELL, WELL, WELL. IT BREAKS MY HEART TO REPORT ANOTHER COUPLE OF MAFIA KILLINGS. IT LOOKS LIKE OUR BOY THE "HEART SURGEON" IS AT IT AGAIN. THOUGH THE POLICE HAVEN'T CONFIRMED ANY CONNECTION TO THE *OTHER* DEATHS, ONLY THOSE OF US WHO ARE BRAIN-DEAD CAN'T FIGURE *THIS* ONE OUT.

THE POLICE ALSO REPORT THAT THEY'VE DOUBLED THE TASK FORCE INVESTIGATING THESE VEG-O-MATIC KILLINGS. MY ONLY QUESTION:

WHY?!! LAST TIME I CHECKED, *ALL* SIX OF THEM WERE 'LEG-BREAKERS.

WHAT'S TO INVESTIGATE? AM I THE ONLY ONE ASKING THIS QUESTION?

I'VE GOT A BETTER IDEA-- LET ME HELP DIG THE GRAVES.



AS I'VE STATED BEFORE, RUMORS ARE THE UGLY SIDE OF SHOW BIZ.

THE YOUNGBLOODS, CHANGING THEIR COSTUMES FOR ONE UNIFIED LOOK? *C'MON*, IT'S THE MYRIAD COLORS AND ENSEMBLES THAT *TOOK* THEM TO THE TOP, *WHY* IN HEAVEN'S NAME WOULD THEY WANT TO ALIENATE THEIR FANS *NOW*?

SEX APPEAL HAS *ALWAYS* BEEN A BIG PRIORITY TO THE MARKETING GENIUSES BEHIND OUR HEROES IN TIGHTS. 'BLOOD MERCHANDISE IS OVER THE \$2.2 *BILLION* MARK *ALREADY*. I JUST *KNEW* THERE'D BE A DAY THEY'D TOPPLE THOSE PIZZA-EATING TURTLES.

AND *SPEAKING* OF GREEN GUYS, CHICAGO IS REPORTING THE APPEARANCE OF A *DRAGON*, FIN AND *ALL*. NOW WOULDN'T *THAT* MAKE A GREAT TICKLER.



... SOURCES ALSO INDICATE THAT SINCE TONIGHT'S MURDERS, OVER A DOZEN OF NEW YORK'S MOST POWERFUL MEN HAVE ASKED FOR POLICE PROTECTION. ALL OF THESE MEN HAVE 'ALLEGED' CONNECTIONS TO CRIMINAL AFFAIRS.

ON A MORE POSITIVE NOTE, *WANDA BLAKE*, WIDOW OF LT. COL. *AL SIMMONS*, HELPED OPEN ANOTHER CARE CLINIC FOR DISABLED CHILDREN.

MONEY GENERATED BY HER LATE HUSBAND'S MEMORIAL FUND HELPED FINISH THE CENTER, WHICH HAD BEEN ON HOLD. THE CURRENT RECESSION IS BLAMED.

THIS IS THE THIRD SUCH PROJECT THAT Ms. BLAKE HAS BEEN INVOLVED WITH.



I'M HOPING THESE NEW POWERS
CAN HELP ME FIND MY WIFE.

WHY'D I EVEN GET
THESE POWERS? ALL
I WANTED WAS TO
SEE HER.

TO HOLD
MY WIFE.

HA! JOKE'S ON
ME. WHY WOULD
SHE WANT TO
HOLD ME WHEN I
LOOK LIKE A
ROTTING CORPSE?

DON'T
EVEN
KNOW IF
I'M ALIVE,
MUCH
LESS A
MAN.

THINGS
MADE
MORE
SENSE
WHEN
I WAS
DEAD.

DAMN
HIM.



FUNNY--

-- GUESS I
BEAT HIM
TO IT.

WELL,
LET'S SEE EXACTLY
WHAT THESE FRIGGIN'
POWERS CAN DO.
SEE IF THEY CAN
MAKE ME WHOLE
AGAIN.

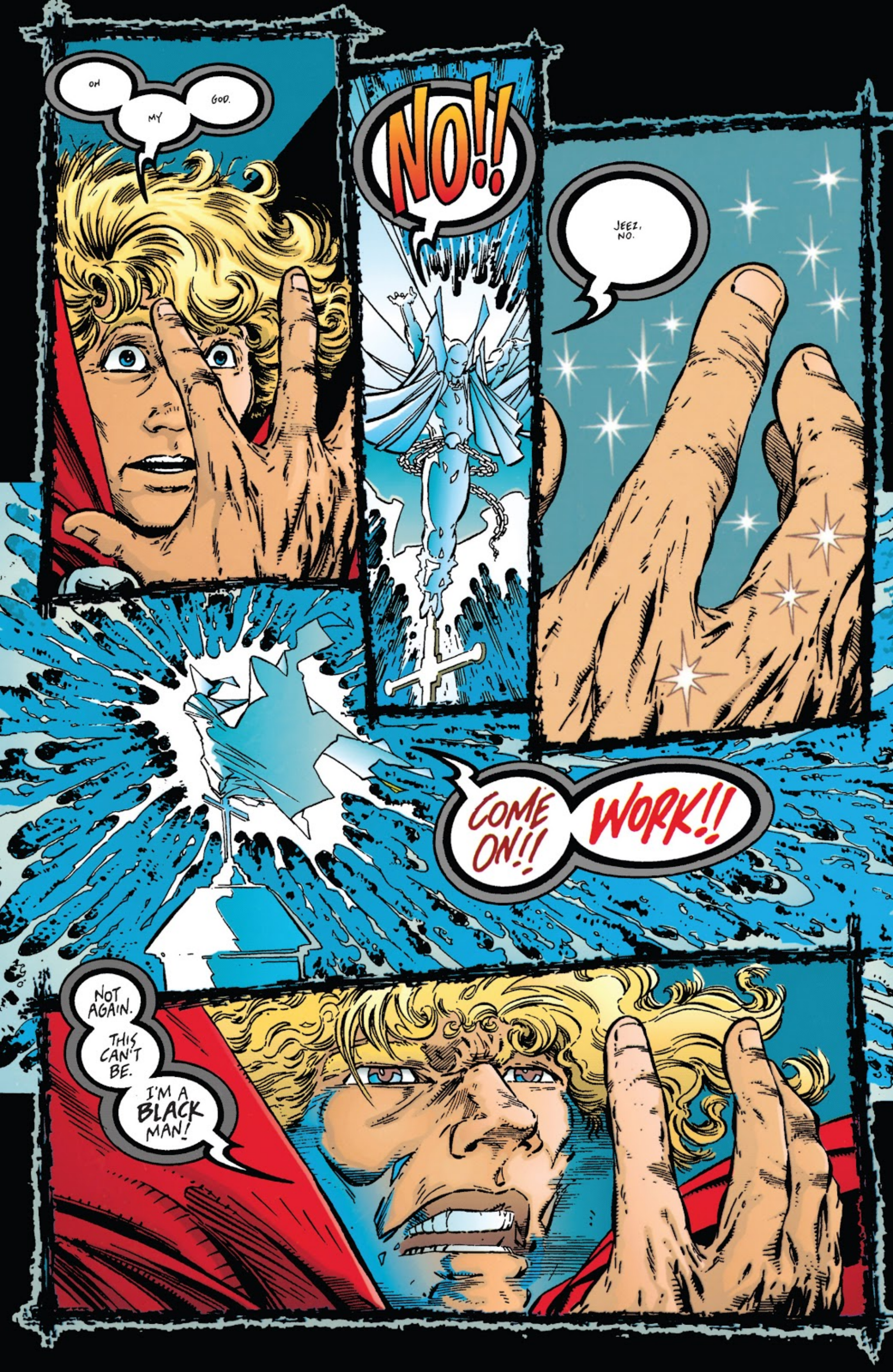


9:9:9:5



MAN!
WHAT A
JOLT!

FEEL GOOD
THOUGH. STRONG.
ALMOST AFRAID TO
LOOK, BUT...



OH

MY

GOD.

NO!!

JEEZ,
NO.

COME
ON!!

WORK!!

NOT
AGAIN.

THIS
CAN'T
BE.

I'M A
BLACK
MAN!





RELAX,
GINO.

YOU'RE
BAD, AND
I **ADMIRE**
THAT.



UNFORTUNATELY,
I NEED YOU
TO HELP ME.

HERE'S
THE **DEAL**.
YOU LEND ME
A SMALL PIECE
OF YOUR
ANATOMY,
AND I LET
YOUR SOUL GET
TORTURED
FOREVER.

SO...
GUESS
WHAT'S
NEXT?

JESUS
!

JESUS
!

JESUS
!

JESUS
!

JESUS
!

BAD
GUESS!



I WON'T
STAY LIKE
THIS. NOT
WHITE.

SOMEONE'S
PLAYING A BAD
JOKE. SCREWING
WITH MY
MIND.

WHY?!
DAMN
YOU!

WHAT DID
I DO TO
DESERVE THIS?!
I JUST WANTED
TO SEE MY WIFE!
NOW SHE WON'T
EVEN KNOW WHO I
AM! IF THIS IS
SOME KIND OF
WAR...

GOD.

AM I
GOING
CRAZY
?!

...THEN COME
GET ME!

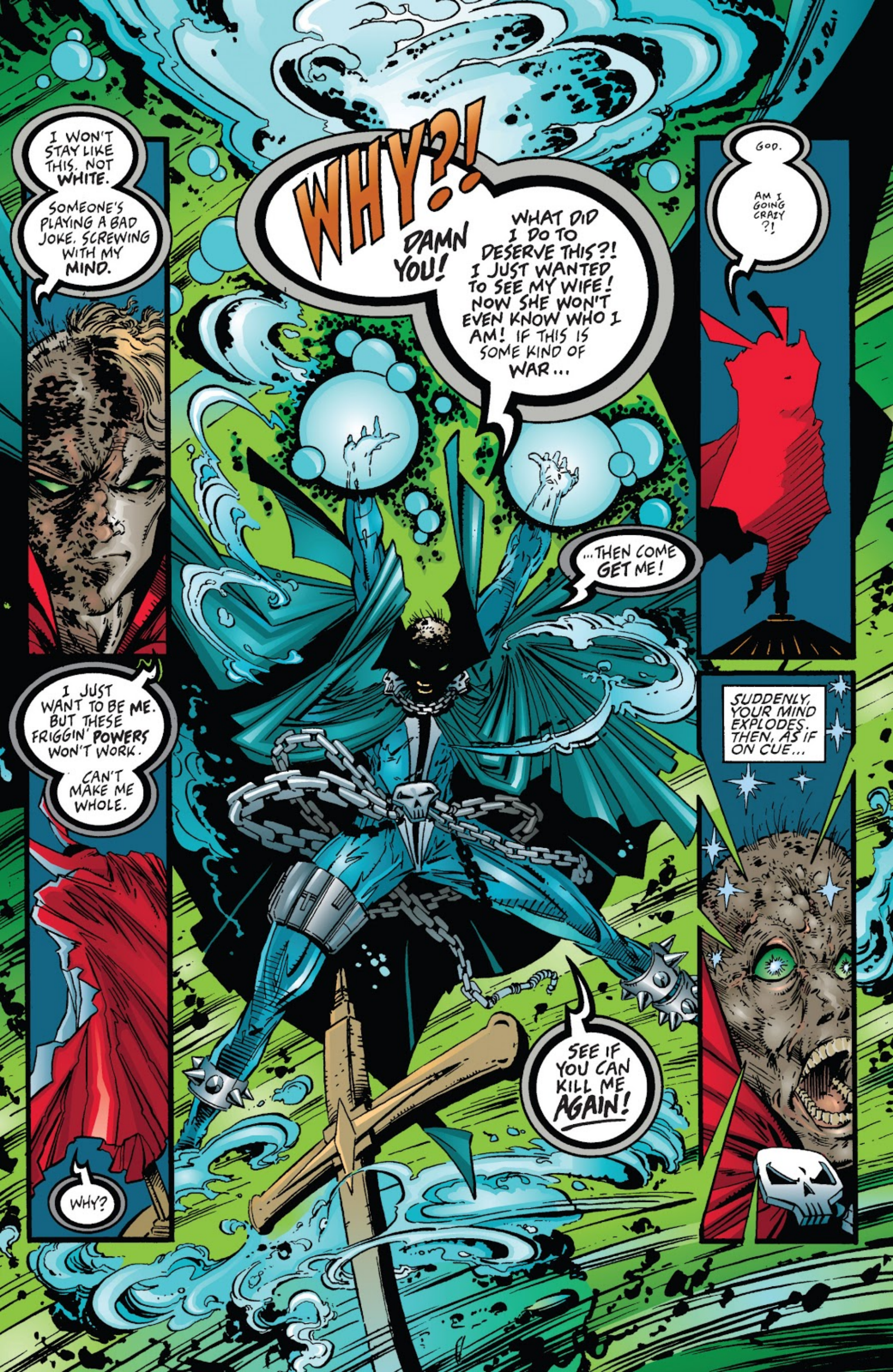
I JUST
WANT TO BE ME.
BUT THESE
FRIGGIN' POWERS
WON'T WORK.

CAN'T
MAKE ME
WHOLE.

SUDDENLY,
YOUR MIND
EXPLODES.
THEN, AS IF
ON CUE...

SEE IF
YOU CAN
KILL ME
AGAIN!

WHY?





ANOTHER FLASHBACK.
ANOTHER CLUE.

JASON WYNN.
HE WAS YOUR BOSS...
THE ONE THE
PRESIDENT SAID
WOULD TAKE CARE OF
YOU. BE YOUR MENTOR.

HE TAUGHT YOU,
ALRIGHT. TAUGHT
YOU HOW TO FIGHT.
HOW TO KILL.
HOW TO OBEY.

FOR A TIME YOU WERE
LIKE BROTHERS. BUT
ALL SIBLINGS EVEN-
TUALLY LOCK HORNS.

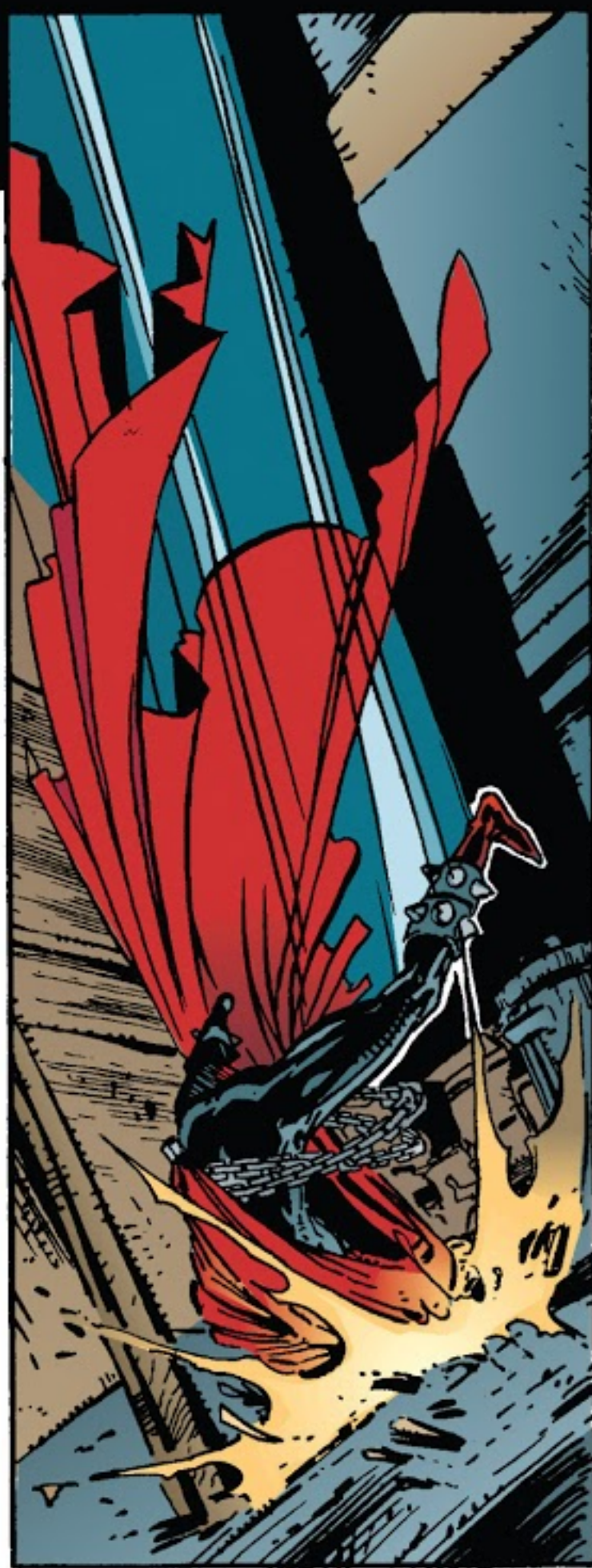
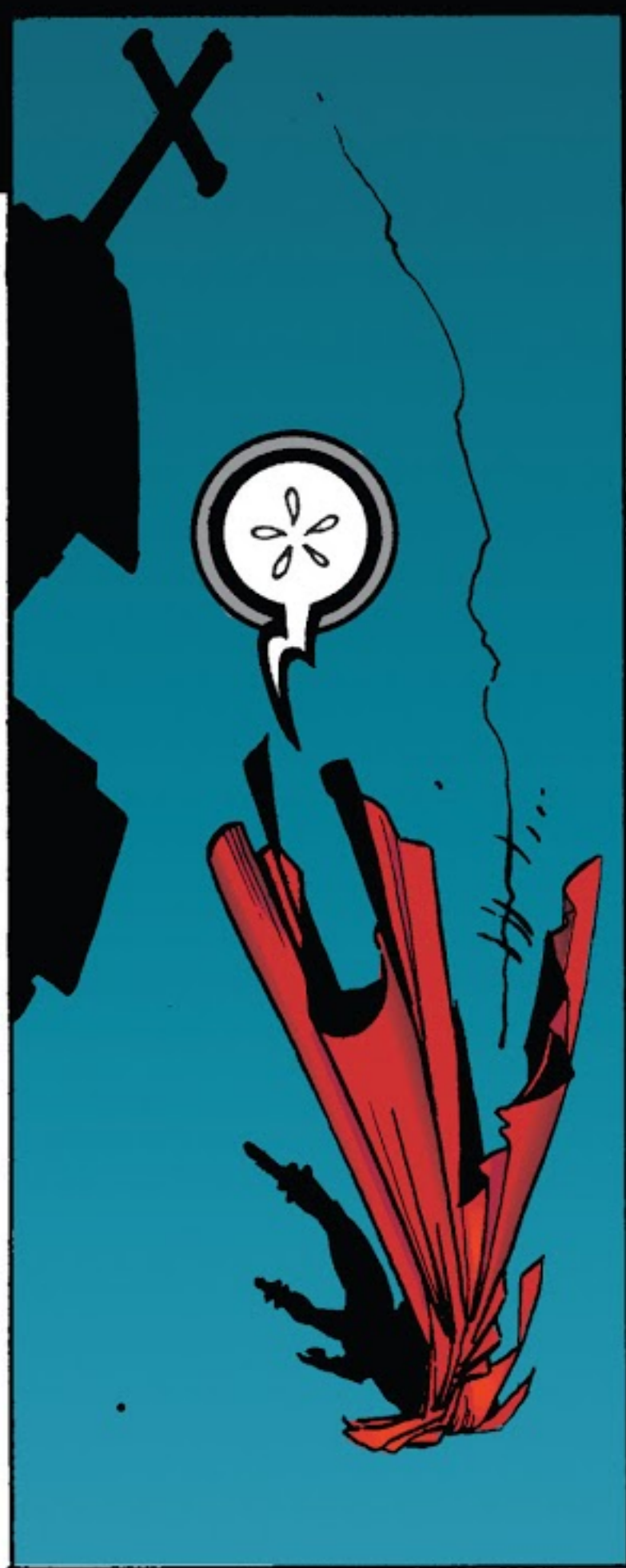
THE FIGHTS BECAME MORE
FREQUENT--THE INTENSITY
MUCH HIGHER. YOU SMELLED
COVER-UP TOO MANY TIMES.

LIBERTIES WERE BEING
TAKEN, RULES BROKEN,
ALL IN THE NAME OF
DEMOCRACY. FREEDOM.
BUT THE PRICE PAID WAS
OBSCENE: INNOCENT
PEOPLE WHOSE CHOICES
WERE TAKEN AWAY...

...WHOSE OPTIONS
HAD BEEN TAKEN
FROM THEM.

AMERICA HAD BECOME A BULLY, OR SO
YOUR CLOUDED MIND WAS CONVINCED.
ONLY ONE THOUGHT MADE YOU ANGRIER:

...THAT HE
DIDN'T CARE.



9:4:3:2







I DO
GET IT. SO HOW
DO YOU KNOW
ABOUT
ME?

God...

DO
YOU KNOW
WHERE
MY WIFE
IS?!

NEVER
SEEN
THE
CHICK!

AND STOP
USING THAT
G-WORD.
HURTS
MY EARS.

SINCE
MY COVER'S
BEEN BLOWN,
LET ME TELL
YOU WHY I'M
HERE.

WHETHER
YOU BELIEVE IT
OR NOT, I COULD BEAT
YOU SILLY WITH ONE HAND
BEHIND MY BACK. OR I COULD
RIP THE **TOENAILS** FROM
YOUR FEET AND SEVER THE
TENDONS IN YOUR
CALVES.

AND
ANOTHER THING,
MR. BIG SHOT, I COULD
RIP YOUR SPINE OUT AND USE IT
LIKE A **WHIP**! -AND I COULD
SNAP YOUR BONES LIKE THE
BRITTLE CHUNKS THAT THEY ARE!
-AND I COULD **TEAR YOUR**
HEAD OFF AND USE IT FOR
A **BASKETBALL**!
-**AND** I COULD CUT YOU UP
INTO BITE-SIZE **PIECES**
AND **MAIL** YOU ACROSS
FIFTY **ZIP CODES**!

ARE
YA
SCARED
YET?





...HAVE A
HEART!



NEXT ISSUE:
SPAWN vs.
the **TRUE**
VIOLATOR!



®

SPAWN®

image

3
AUG

DIGITAL
EDITION

MCFARIANE
Kiko





WANDA!

THAT'S IT!

FINALLY, I REMEMBER HER NAME. **WANDA BLAKE**. I REMEMBER HOW HER GRANDMA HAD A FIT AT THE WEDDING, WHEN SHE FOUND OUT WANDA WASN'T GOING TO TAKE MY LAST NAME.

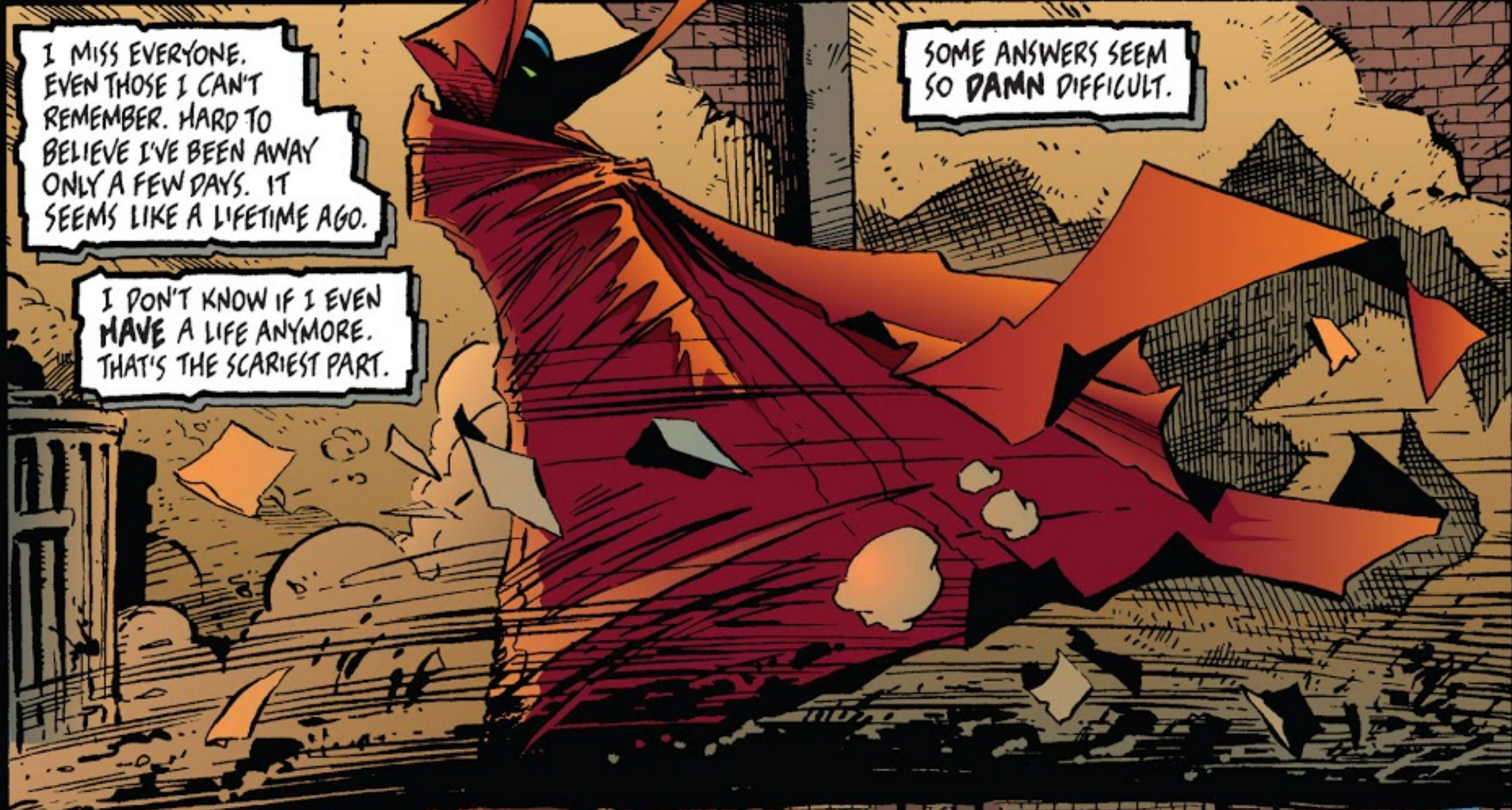
WONDER HOW GRANDMA BLAKE IS THESE DAYS. SHE COULD BE DEAD FOR ALL I KNOW. HELL, **EVERYONE** I KNEW COULD BE DEAD. STILL CAN'T RECALL ALL MY LIFE, BUT THE PIECES ARE COMING TOGETHER FASTER NOW.

EVERY FLASH OF MEMORY ADDS ANOTHER STRING OF INFO. FUNNY HOW BEING A WALKING DEAD MAN CAN SCREW UP YOUR LIFE.

AT LEAST I REMEMBERED WANDA'S NAME. WAS DRIVING MYSELF **CRAZY** KNOWING I HAD A WIFE I COULDN'T IDENTIFY. ONLY THING IS, I DON'T KNOW IF **SHE'S** ALIVE EITHER.

WITH FIVE YEARS OF MY LIFE MISSING, **ANYTHING** MIGHT BE POSSIBLE NOW. AFTER I FIND HER, I CAN CHECK ON MY BROTHERS... AND MOM AND DAD.

HOPE THEY DON'T MIND HAVING A GHOST WALK INTO THEIR LIVES.



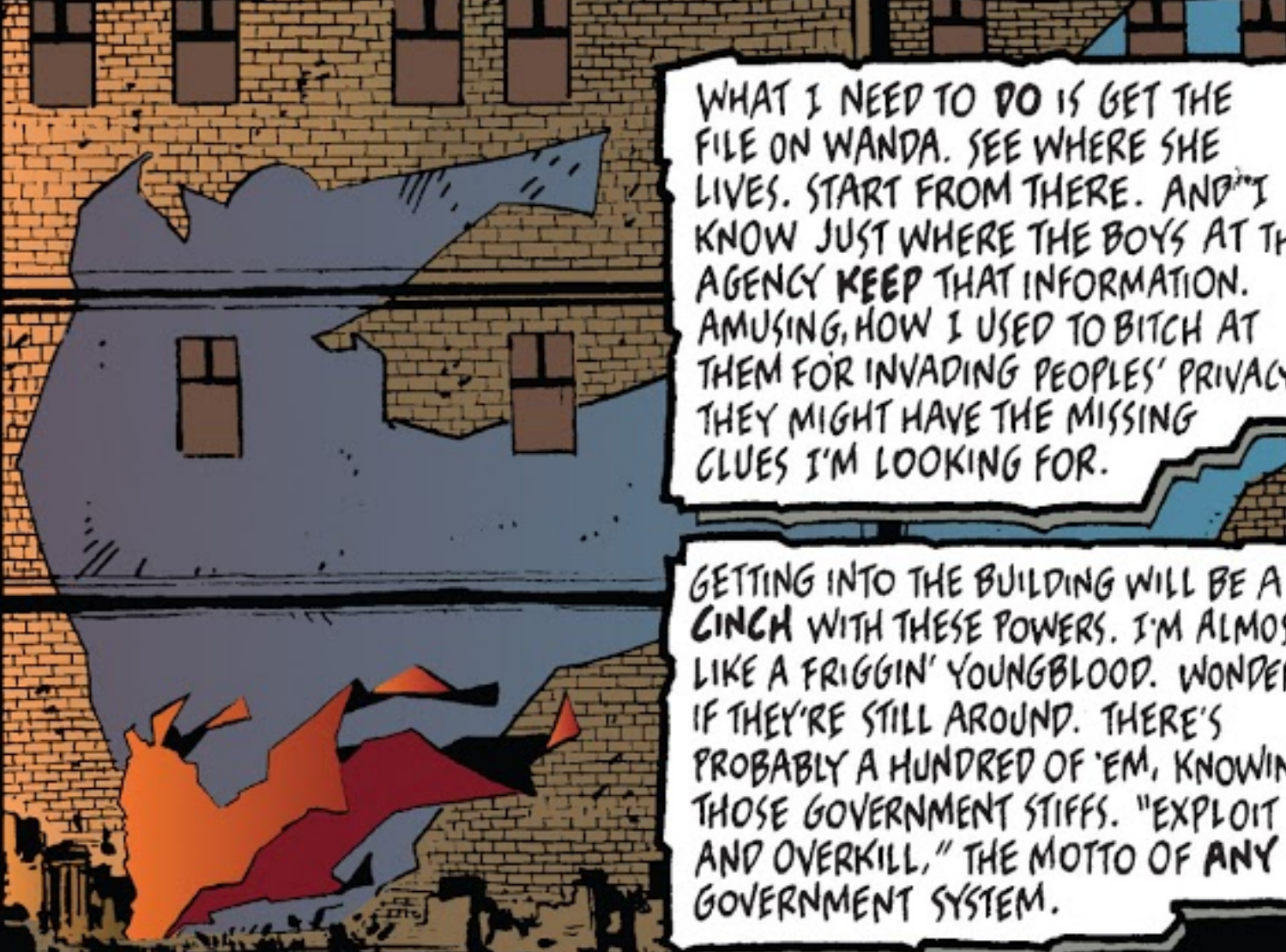
I MISS EVERYONE.
EVEN THOSE I CAN'T
REMEMBER. HARD TO
BELIEVE I'VE BEEN AWAY
ONLY A FEW DAYS. IT
SEEMS LIKE A LIFETIME AGO.

I DON'T KNOW IF I EVEN
HAVE A LIFE ANYMORE.
THAT'S THE SCARIEST PART.

SOME ANSWERS SEEM
SO DAMN DIFFICULT.



LIKE, THAT LITTLE FAT GUY LAST
NIGHT-- WHAT WAS THAT ALL ABOUT?
AND WHAT WAS THE PURPOSE OF THAT
FACE PAINT OF HIS? I WAS SO SURE
HE HAD SOME KNOWLEDGE OF ME.



WHAT I NEED TO DO IS GET THE
FILE ON WANDA. SEE WHERE SHE
LIVES. START FROM THERE. AND I
KNOW JUST WHERE THE BOYS AT THE
AGENCY KEEP THAT INFORMATION.
AMUSING, HOW I USED TO BITCH AT
THEM FOR INVADING PEOPLES' PRIVACY...
THEY MIGHT HAVE THE MISSING
CLUES I'M LOOKING FOR.

GETTING INTO THE BUILDING WILL BE A
CINCH WITH THESE POWERS. I'M ALMOST
LIKE A FRIGGIN' YOUNGBLOOD. WONDER
IF THEY'RE STILL AROUND. THERE'S
PROBABLY A HUNDRED OF 'EM, KNOWING
THOSE GOVERNMENT STIFFS. "EXPLOIT
AND OVERKILL," THE MOTTO OF ANY
GOVERNMENT SYSTEM.

WE'VE GOT A FEW SCORES
TO SETTLE, UNCLE SAM AND
I. LIKE, NUMBER ONE...

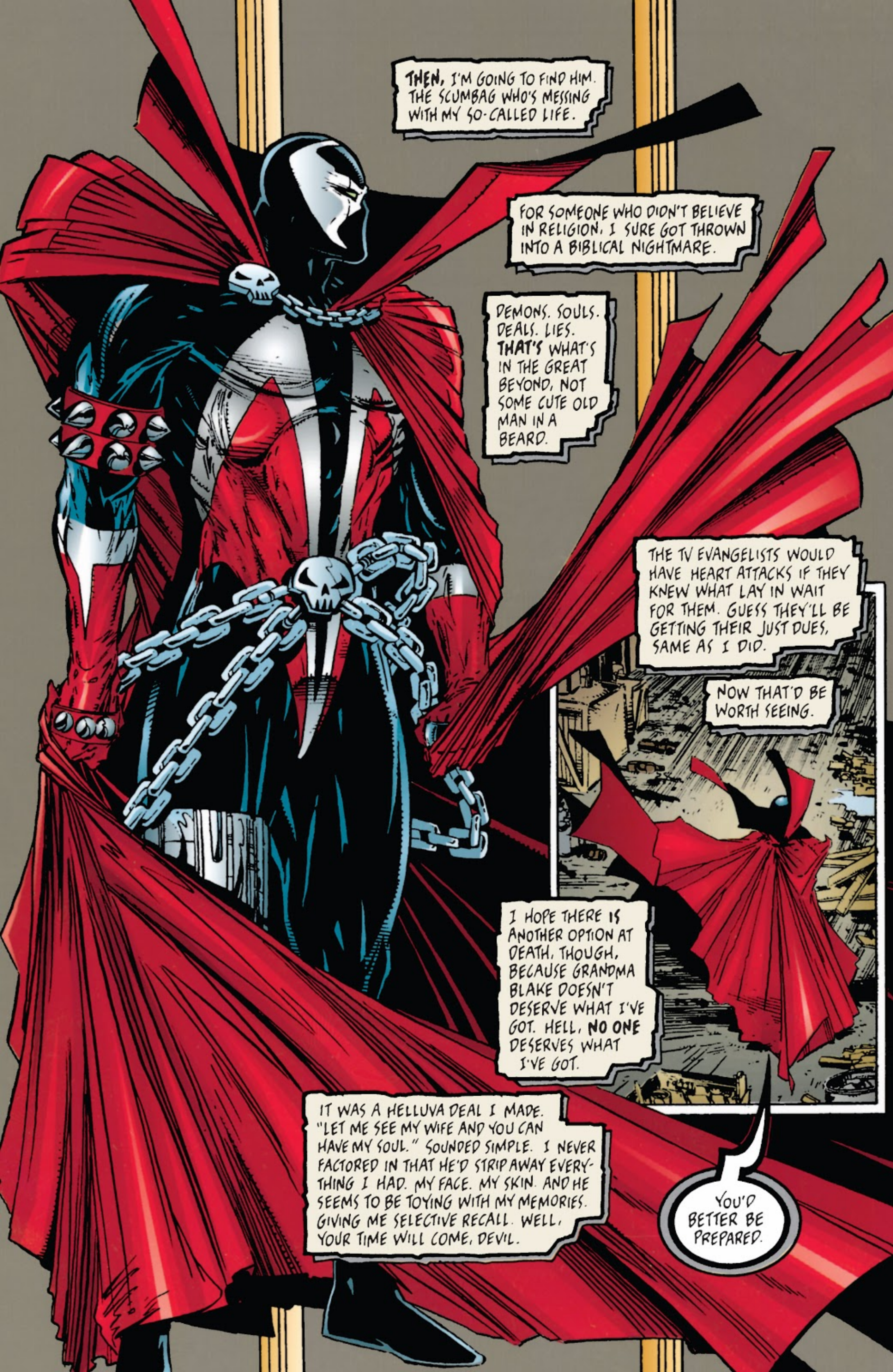
... HOW DID I DIE.
THAT ONE STILL
HASN'T COME BACK
TO ME. I'LL PUT
THAT ONE ON THE
BACK-BURNER...

... FOR NOW.

AN OBNOXIOUS PAIN IN THE ASS
IS WHAT HE WAS. STILL, THERE
WAS SOMETHING FAMILIAR ABOUT
HIM. AH WELL, HE'S THE LEAST
OF MY PROBLEMS.



HAVE TO FIGURE THIS CRAP OUT ONE
BIT AT A TIME. FIRST, I HAVE TO SEE
WANDA... SHE'S THE ONLY REASON
I'M EVEN BACK.



THEN, I'M GOING TO FIND HIM.
THE SCUMBAG WHO'S MESSING
WITH MY SO-CALLED LIFE.

FOR SOMEONE WHO DIDN'T BELIEVE
IN RELIGION, I SURE GOT THROWN
INTO A BIBLICAL NIGHTMARE.

DEMONS. SOULS.
DEALS. LIES.
THAT'S WHAT'S
IN THE GREAT
BEYOND, NOT
SOME CUTE OLD
MAN IN A
BEARD.

THE TV EVANGELISTS WOULD
HAVE HEART ATTACKS IF THEY
KNEW WHAT LAY IN WAIT
FOR THEM. GUESS THEY'LL BE
GETTING THEIR JUST DUES,
SAME AS I DID.

NOW THAT'D BE
WORTH SEEING.

I HOPE THERE IS
ANOTHER OPTION AT
DEATH, THOUGH,
BECAUSE GRANDMA
BLAKE DOESN'T
DESERVE WHAT I'VE
GOT. HELL, **NO ONE**
DESERVES WHAT
I'VE GOT.

IT WAS A HELLUVA DEAL I MADE.
"LET ME SEE MY WIFE AND YOU CAN
HAVE MY SOUL." SOUNDED SIMPLE. I NEVER
FACTORED IN THAT HE'D STRIP AWAY EVERY-
THING I HAD. MY FACE. MY SKIN. AND HE
SEEMS TO BE TOYING WITH MY MEMORIES.
GIVING ME SELECTIVE RECALL. WELL,
YOUR TIME WILL COME, DEVIL.

YOU'D
BETTER BE
PREPARED.

[illegible]

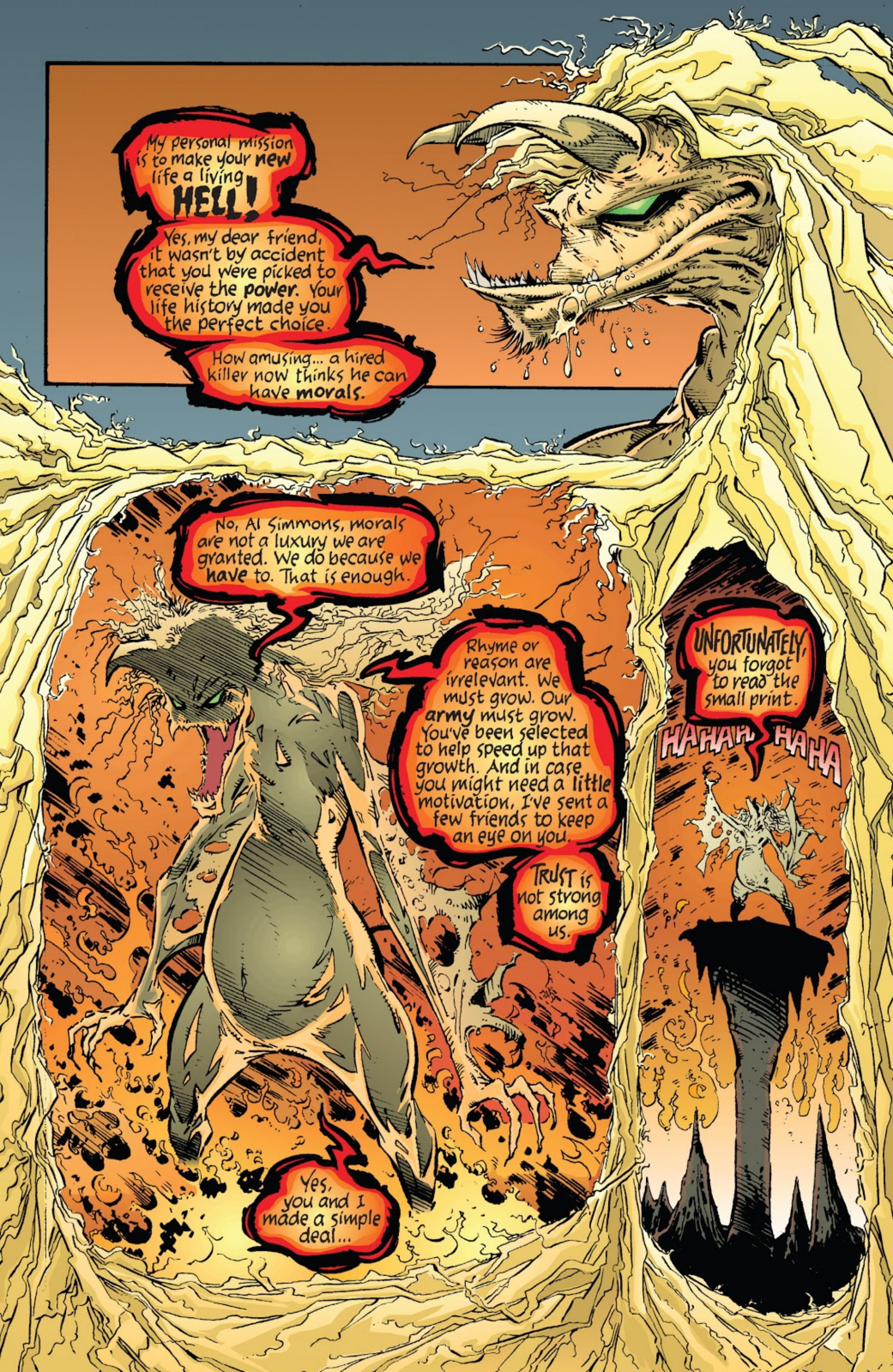
HA
HA
HA
HA
HA

Oh, my.
Simmons, you
poor, pathetic
FOOL!

Threaten away,
you little maggot.
It'll do you no good,
'cause you've been
locked into a deal.
I can't lose.

I've dealt with your kind a million times. Always begging for more. Always needing something. Well, now you have something...

...something **BIG** and **MEAN** and **UGLY!!**



My personal mission
is to make your new
life a living
HELL!

Yes, my dear friend,
it wasn't by accident
that you were picked to
receive the **power**. Your
life history made you
the perfect choice.

How amusing... a hired
killer now thinks he can
have **morals**.

No, Al Simmons, morals
are not a luxury we are
granted. We do because we
have to. That is enough.

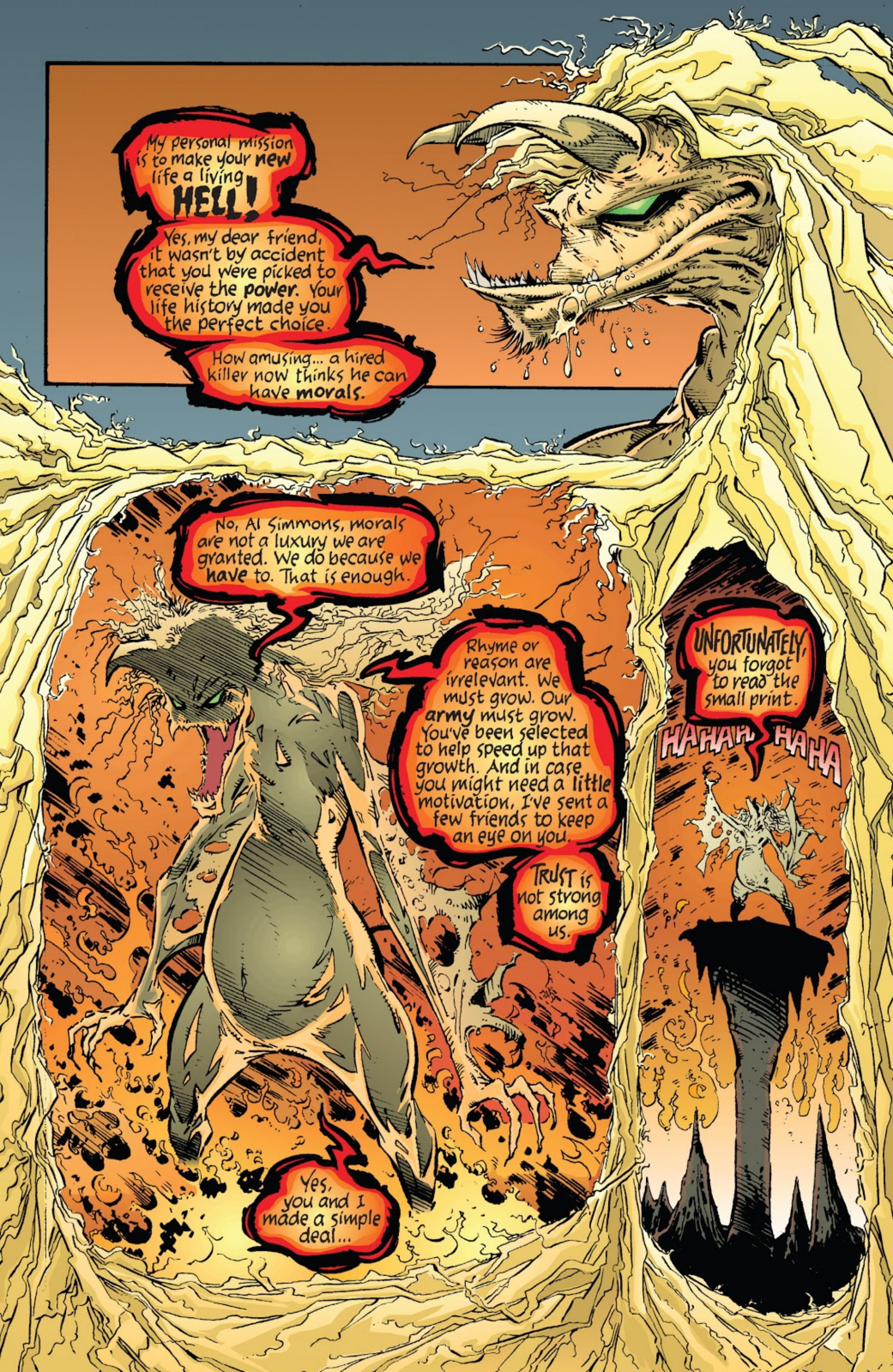
Rhyme or
reason are
irrelevant. We
must grow. Our
army must grow.
You've been selected
to help speed up that
growth. And in case
you might need a little
motivation, I've sent a
few friends to keep
an eye on you.

TRUST is
not strong
among
us.

Yes,
you and I
made a simple
deal...

UNFORTUNATELY,
you forgot
to read the
small print.

HAHAH HAHA



My personal mission
is to make your new
life a living
HELL!

Yes, my dear friend,
it wasn't by accident
that you were picked to
receive the **power**. Your
life history made you
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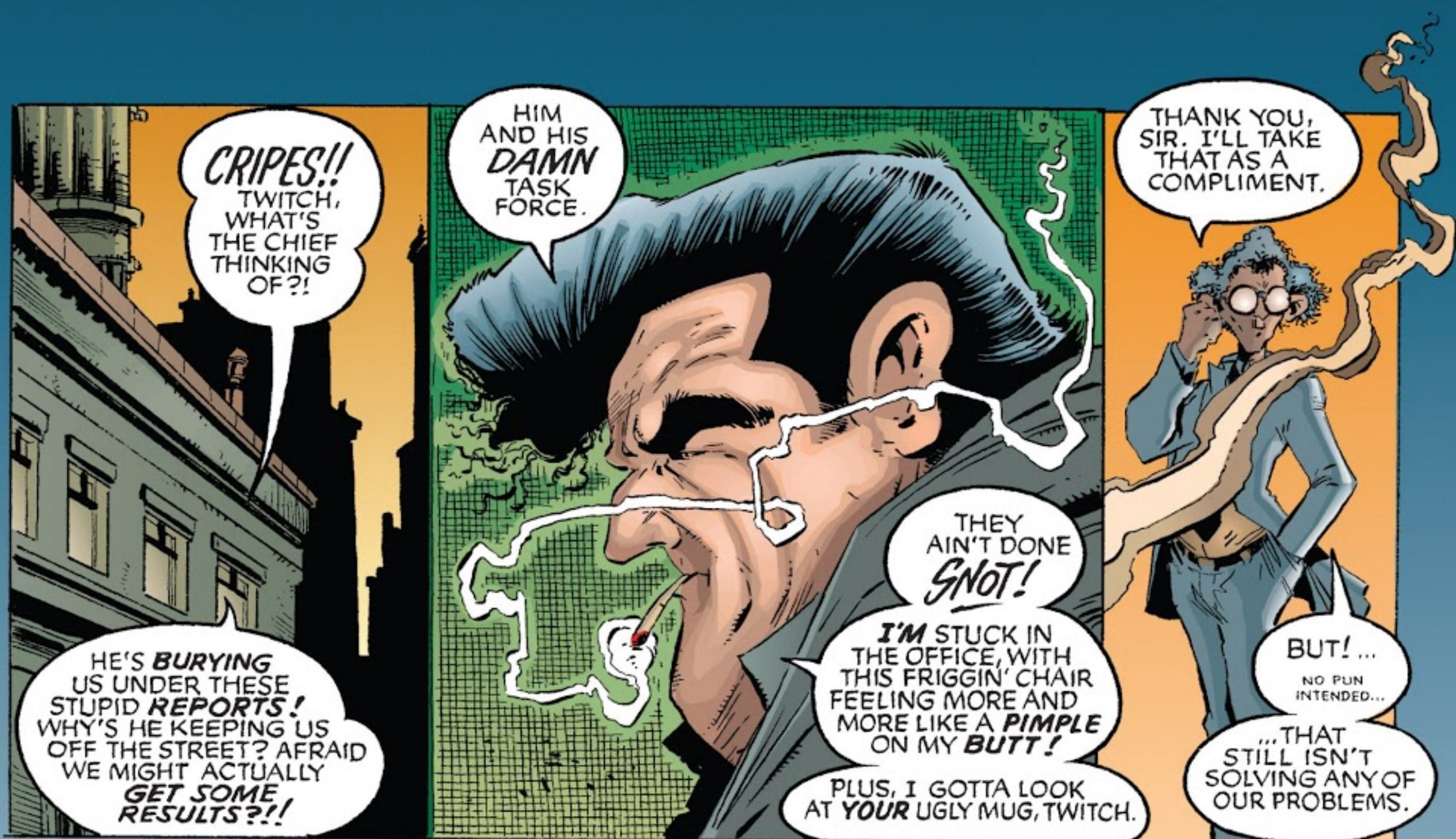
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not strong
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Yes,
you and I
made a simple
deal...

UNFORTUNATELY,
you forgot
to read the
small print.

HAHAH HAHA



CRIPES!!
TWITCH,
WHAT'S
THE CHIEF
THINKING
OF?!

HIM
AND HIS
DAMN
TASK
FORCE.

THANK YOU,
SIR. I'LL TAKE
THAT AS A
COMPLIMENT.

THEY
AIN'T DONE
SNOT!

I'M STUCK IN
THE OFFICE, WITH
THIS FRIGGIN' CHAIR
FEELING MORE AND
MORE LIKE A **PIMPLE**
ON MY **BUTT!**

PLUS, I GOTTA LOOK
AT **YOUR UGLY MUG, TWITCH.**

BUT! ...
NO PUN
INTENDED...

...THAT
STILL ISN'T
SOLVING ANY OF
OUR PROBLEMS.

HE'S **BURYING**
US UNDER THESE
STUPID **REPORTS!**
WHY'S HE KEEPING US
OFF THE STREET? AFRAID
WE MIGHT ACTUALLY
GET SOME
RESULTS?!!

YEAH, YEAH, I
KNOW. WE GOT A PILE
OF DEAD MAFIA WISE
GUYS... **MINUS** THEIR
HEARTS! AND EVEN THOUGH I
AIN'T LOSING MUCH SLEEP
OVER THEM, SOMEONE
SICK IS
RESPONSIBLE.

I DON'T
CARE IF CRIME
IS DOWN...

... WE WERE HIRED
TO UPHOLD THE **LAW.**
I'LL BE DAMNED IF I'M
GONNA LET SOME PENCIL-
NECK POLITICIAN-
WANNABE SLOW
ME DOWN.

Uh,
SIR...

"... I DO SO ENJOY
BEING WITH YOU IN
YOUR **FESTIVE** MOODS."

DEE-LOOP-DEE-LOO!
DEE-LOOP-DEE-LIE!

I KNOW A HERO...
WHO'S
GOING TO **DIE!!**

Hee
hee

I'M A POET
AND I DON'T
EVEN
KNOW IT.

BETTER
YET...

... I'M THE
VIOLATOR!

AND IF
I DON'T KILL
YOU TODAY... I'LL
**TRY-IT-
LATER!**

dang, I'm
good.

THE C.I.A.-- NEW YORK HEADQUARTERS...

GOT MY WIFE'S FILE. THIS SHOULD GIVE ME SOME ANSWERS.

JUST NEED TO TAKE CARE OF ONE SMALL DETAIL.

IT'S ALMOST MIDNIGHT, **LINDA**, WHY DON'T WE CALL IT A NIGHT.

PERHAPS I CAN BUY YOU A DRINK?

Uh... NO THANK YOU, MR. MILLER, MY HUSBAND IS WAITING FOR ME.

AND HOW **IS** THE NEW HUBBY, **ANYWAYS**. SURELY HE WON'T MIND IF YOU'RE NOT **HOME** RIGHT ON TIME.

ACTUALLY, SIR, HE... uh... NEEDS ME TO HELP COOK DINNER.

AT THIS LATE HOUR? NOT MUCH OF A **MAN** IF HE JUST SITS AROUND WAITING FOR YOU TO COOK.

SPEAKING OF COOKING, WHY WASTE THOSE BEAUTIFUL LIPS ON **FOOD**, WHEN I CAN THINK OF A NUMBER OF THINGS I'D **MUCH** RATHER SEE THEM DO.

Hmmmm.

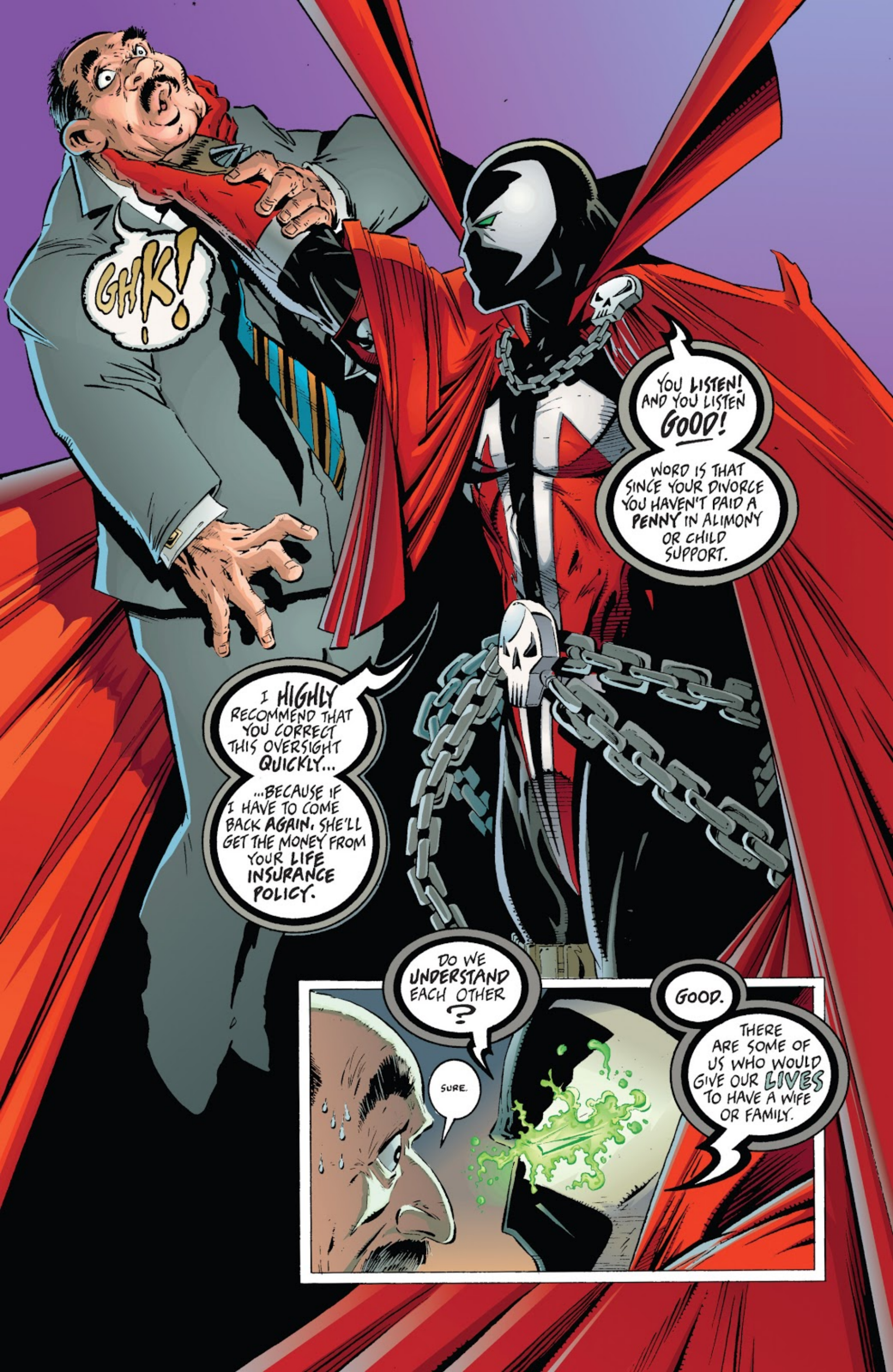
PLEASE, MR. MILLER, I CAN'T--!

OH YES YOU **CAN**. BUT NOT TONIGHT, I GUESS.

OKAY, GATHER YOUR STUFF. I'LL SEE YOU IN THE MORNING. AND WEAR THAT **CUTE** LITTLE BLUE OUTFIT I LIKE SO MUCH.

HEY!!

WHO'S BEEN **SCREWING** WITH MY **FILES**?



GHK!

YOU LISTEN!
AND YOU LISTEN
GOOD!

WORD IS THAT
SINCE YOUR DIVORCE
YOU HAVEN'T PAID A
PENNY IN ALIMONY
OR CHILD
SUPPORT.

I **HIGHLY**
RECOMMEND THAT
YOU CORRECT
THIS OVERSIGHT
QUICKLY...

...BECAUSE IF
I HAVE TO COME
BACK AGAIN, SHE'LL
GET THE MONEY FROM
YOUR LIFE
INSURANCE
POLICY.

DO WE
UNDERSTAND
EACH OTHER
?

GOOD.

THERE
ARE SOME OF
US WHO WOULD
GIVE OUR **LIVES**
TO HAVE A WIFE
OR FAMILY.

SURE.



OH,
YEAH.

IF YOU
EVER TOUCH YOUR
SECRETARY AGAIN,
YOU'LL NEVER USE
THOSE HANDS
AGAIN.

THEY
ALWAYS SAID
YOU WERE SCUM,
BILLY.

UNH?!

HOW
DO YOU
KNOW MY
NAME?

WHERE
ARE YOU,?
DAMMIT?!!

WHO
ARE
YOU?!



PRAY YOU
NEVER LEARN.



YES!

THAT'S IT!
Become
evil!

Vicious!

Violent!!
HaHaHaHaHaHa



SHE STARTED
A SCHOLAR-
SHIP IN MY
NAME, TO HELP
THE UNDER-
PRIVILEGED.



SHE ALWAYS
DID HAVE A
BIG HEART.
BUT WHERE IS
SHE LIVING?

QUEENS?

WHY WOULD
SHE MOVE
THERE WHEN
HER PARENTS
LIVED ON
STATEN ISLAND?
MUST BE A
REASON WHY...

WHAT'S
THIS?!

NO!



GOD
SAVE ME,
NO.



BLAKE, W

IT
CAN'T
BE.



9:4:3:2



QUEENS, THE
NEXT DAY...

A TWENTY-FIVE MINUTE
COMMUTE FROM MANHATTAN
STANDS A NONDESCRIPT
HOUSE. WHITE FENCE.
PORCH. THE PERFECT
LITTLE HIDEAWAY--

--AND THE HOME OF WANDA
BLAKE, WIDOW OF
LT. COL. AL SIMMONS.

TIME TO
CHANGE INTO HUMAN
FLESH AGAIN. WISH I
COULD LOOK LIKE MY-
SELF, BUT THESE POWERS
SEEM TO HAVE A MIND
OF THEIR OWN
SOMETIMES.

I CAN'T EVEN
CHANGE MY
APPEARANCE. KEEP
TURNING INTO THIS
DAMN WHITE
GUY.

WORSE
YET...

...I LOOK
LIKE SOME
CALIFORNIA
BEACH
BUM.

AND OF
ALL THE HAIR
COLORS--
WHY
BLONDE?!

THAT'S
IT, KEEP
JOKING. THEN
MAYBE YOUR
NERVES WILL
SETTLE
DOWN.

OR AT
LEAST YOUR
HANDS WILL
STOP
SHAKING.

FEEL LIKE SOME
STUPID SCHOOL KID
GOING OUT ON HIS
FIRST DATE. NOW
THERE'S A JOKE,
WE DATED THREE
YEARS AND WERE
MARRIED FIVE...

HAVE TO GO SLOW.
FEELS LIKE I'VE
BEEN GONE ONLY A
FEW DAYS, BUT FIVE
YEARS HAVE PASSED
FOR HER. HOPE
SHE'LL REMEMBER.

HOPE I CAN
COUNT ON HER.



GOOD DAY! MAY I HELP YOU?



WHAT'S THE MATTER? IT LOOKS LIKE YOU'VE SEEN A **GHOST**.

EXCUSE MY APPEARANCE...! I WAS JUST TRYING THIS DRESS ON TO SEE IF IT FITS. BIG BUSINESS PARTY TONIGHT. YOU KNOW THE KIND. LOTS OF PEOPLE. LOTS OF FOOD. MINIMAL FUN, BUT IF I **DON'T** GO, THEN THE WHOLE OFFICE GETS UPTIGHT.

SO WHAT DO YOU THINK OF IT?

YOU'RE GORGEO... I MEAN, IT'S GORGEOUS.



SNIFF
SNIFF SNIFF
SNIFF

GRRRRRRRR





THANKS.

ANYWAY, YOU RANG THE BELL. SO WHAT CAN I DO FOR YOU?

SNIFF
SNIFF
SNIFF
SNIFF

ALL RIGHT NOW. YOU'VE ALREADY GONE OVER THIS A DOZEN TIMES. HIT HER WHERE SHE'S GOT A SOFT SPOT.

Uh...

I'M FROM THE S.P.C.A., AND WE'RE GOING AROUND THE NEIGHBORHOOD, CHECKING TO SEE IF THE DOGS HAVE BEEN LICENSED. WE'RE HAVING A SPECIAL THIS WEEK WHERE YOU CAN RENEW THE LICENSE FOR TWELVE DOLLARS, OR REGISTER FOR FIFTEEN DOLLARS IF IT'S THE FIRST TIME. ALSO, WE KNOW IF

MAMA!
MAMA!

WHAT?!



WHY YOU GO, MAMA?

EXCUSE ME.

SWEETY, MOMMY HAD TO GET THE DOOR. A MAN WANTS TO KNOW IF YOUR DOGGIE IS OKAY.

A GIRL!!

THE FILE DIDN'T SAY ANYTHING ABOUT A CHILD. HOW CAN IT BE... WE COULDN'T... I THOUGHT SHE COULDN'T...



I'M SORRY. SHE'S ONLY FIFTEEN MONTHS OLD AND STILL AT THAT CLINGY STAGE. EVERY TIME I LEAVE THE ROOM SHE THINKS I'M ABANDONING HER.

SILLY GIRL. MOMMY WOULDN'T LEAVE YOU.

WE ALWAYS WANTED CHILDREN, BUT SOMETHING WASN'T RIGHT. DOCTORS SAID IT WAS NO USE.

BUT IT WAS ME!

GODDAMMIT, IT WAS ME!!

NOW, WHERE WERE WE AGAIN...?



THANKS.

ANYWAY, YOU RANG THE BELL. SO WHAT CAN I DO FOR YOU?

SNIFF
SNIFF
SNIFF
SNIFF

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BUT IT WAS ME!

GODDAMMIT, IT WAS ME!!

NOW, WHERE WERE WE AGAIN...?



I COULDN'T GIVE HER
WHAT SHE WANTED MOST...

...WHAT I WANTED...

...WHAT...

UNNNHH



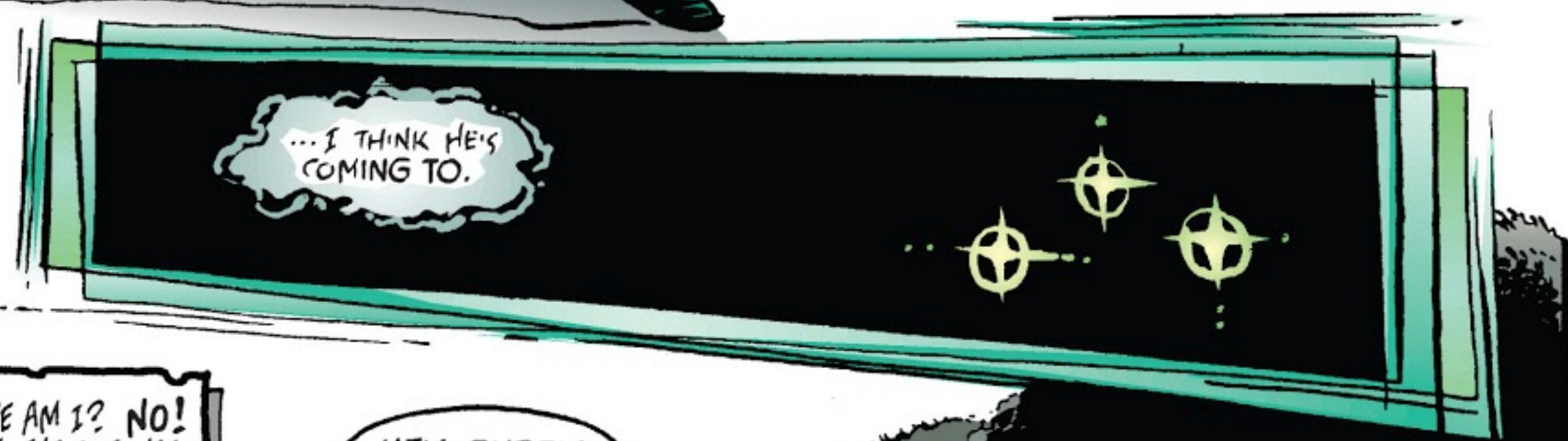
TERRY!

TERRY!
QUICK!!
GET DOWN HERE
NOW! I NEED
HELP!!

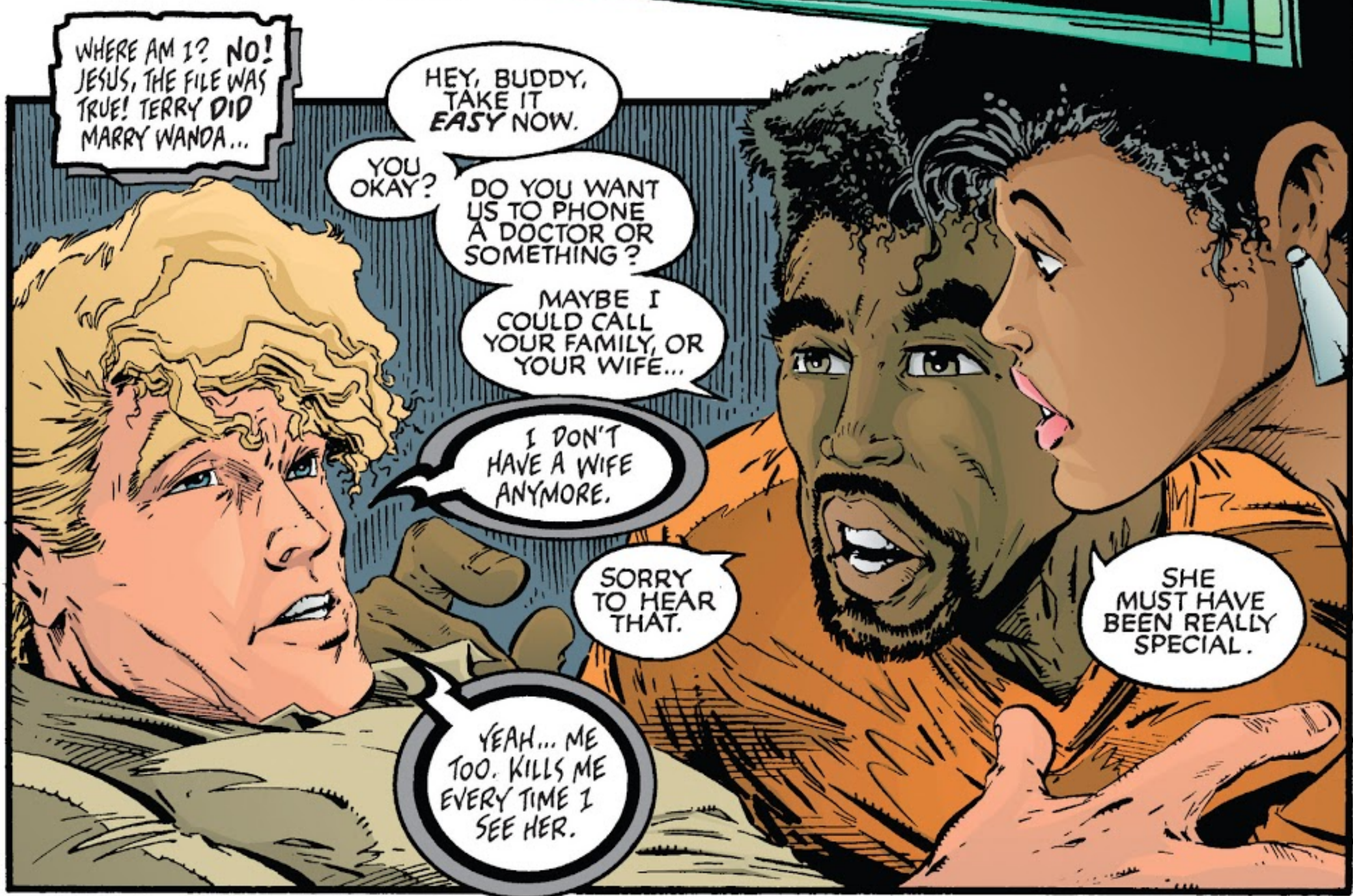
I'M
COMING!

MAMA,
MAN FALL
DOWN!
tee-hee-hee

NYNNHH--!



...I THINK HE'S
COMING TO.



WHERE AM I? NO!
JESUS, THE FILE WAS
TRUE! TERRY DID
MARRY WANDA...

HEY, BUDDY,
TAKE IT
EASY NOW.

YOU
OKAY?

DO YOU WANT
US TO PHONE
A DOCTOR OR
SOMETHING?

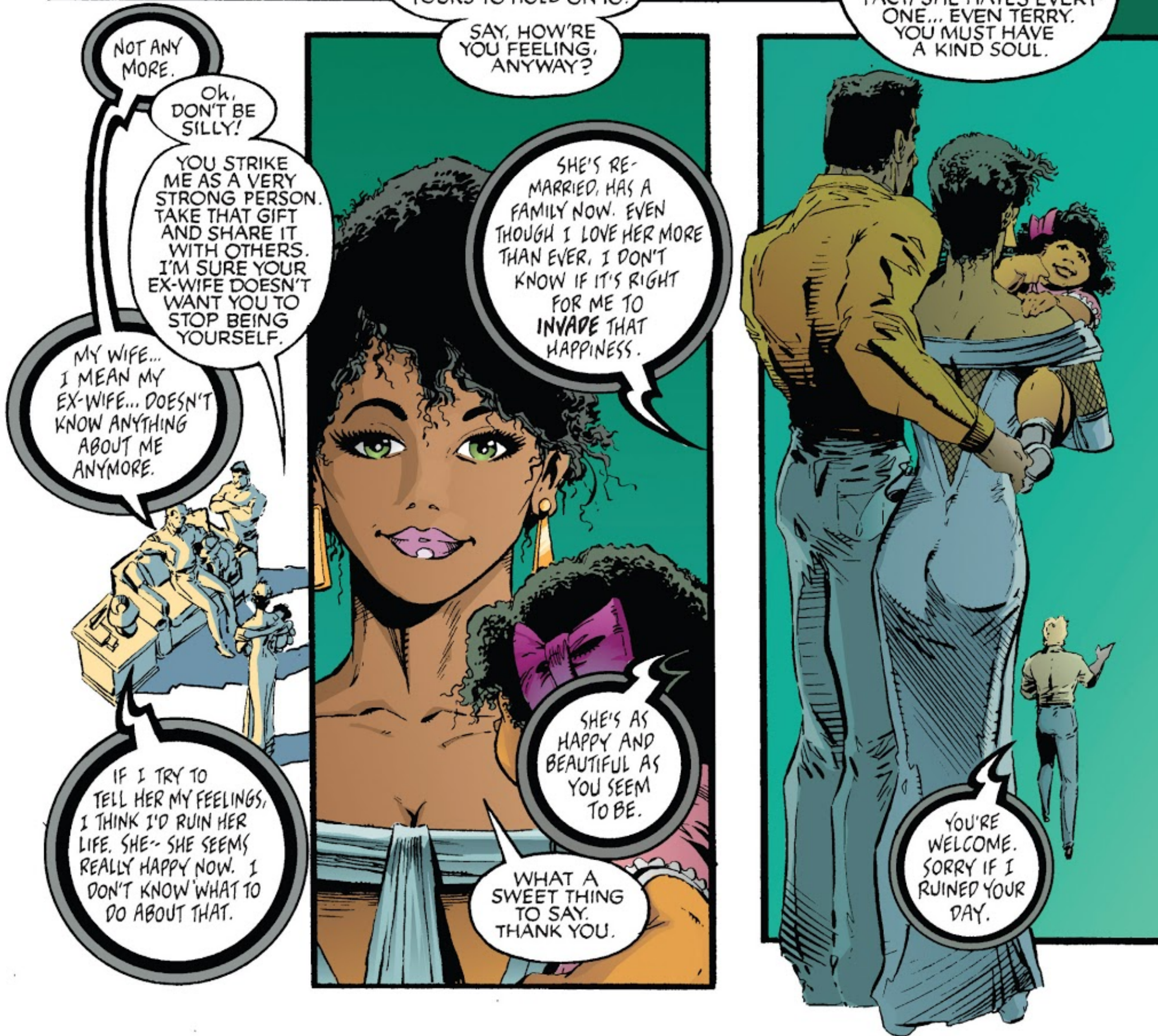
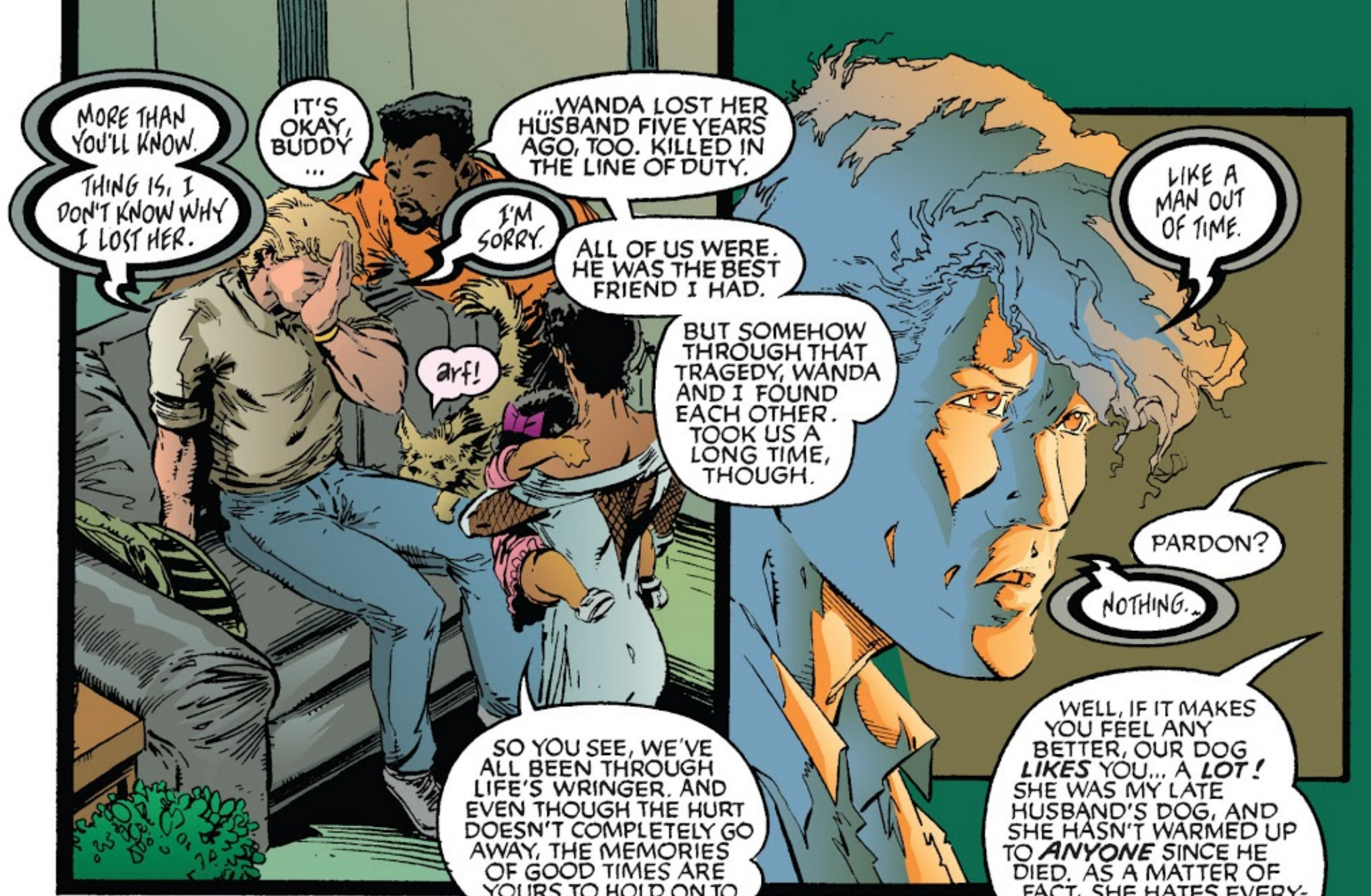
MAYBE I
COULD CALL
YOUR FAMILY, OR
YOUR WIFE...

I DON'T
HAVE A WIFE
ANYMORE.

SORRY
TO HEAR
THAT.

YEAH... ME
TOO. KILLS ME
EVERY TIME I
SEE HER.

SHE
MUST HAVE
BEEN REALLY
SPECIAL.





AS NIGHT FALLS, HIS PAIN ONLY MOUNTS.



WHY??

WHY ARE YOU TORTURING ME?! WHAT KIND OF SADISTIC PLEASURE ARE YOU GETTING FROM THIS??

YOU WANT MY SOUL?

THEN COME GET IT!

JUST TRY AND GET IT!!

I WAS GOING TO GIVE IT TO YOU WILLINGLY! DO YOU HEAR!!

I JUST WANTED MY WIFE! CAN'T YOU UNDERSTAND THAT?? I DON'T WANT THESE POWERS... I NEVER ASKED FOR THEM OR ANYTHING ELSE! I ONLY WANTED ONE THING... TO SEE MY WIFE!

YOU COULD HAVE HAD MY SOUL. YOU COULD HAVE HAD ANYTHING!

BUT YOU'VE LIED AND CHEATED FOR THE LAST TIME, I PROMISE YOU!

YOU'VE STOLEN
WANDA FROM ME...
TAKEN MY FACE, MY VERY
EXISTENCE AWAY. AND YOU
EVEN HAD TO PROVE IT
WAS ME WHO
COULDN'T PRODUCE
CHILDREN.

YOU KNEW
SHE WANTED A CHILD
MORE THAN ANYTHING. NOW
SHE HAS THAT CHILD-- HOW
CAN I ETHICALLY GET IN
THE MIDDLE OF
THAT?!

IF YOU'RE GOING TO
SCREW ME, I'M GOING TO
SCREW YOU!

YOU WANT
MY SOUL--
THEN COME GET IT!
LET'S SEE WHO'S
GOT THE
POWER!

YOU
SCUMBAG.

AS IF ON
CUE...

UH?

LIKE
KILLING
!

AND
MAIMING
!

AND
SLAUGHTER-
ING!

AND
DESTROY-
ING!

Yo!

MR. SPAWN-DUDE!
REMEMBER ME??
WE DIDN'T GET A
CHANCE TO SHARE
OUR COMMON
INTERESTS.

8:8:2:1

ALL THE
THINGS
YA DID
WHEN YA WERE
WITH THE
GOVERNMENT?
REMEMBER?

YOU AND I
COULD HAVE
A MILLION
LAUGHS
TOGETHER

HA

HAHAHAHA



I DON'T KNOW WHO OR WHAT YOU ARE... BUT I GUARANTEE YOU'VE PICKED THE **WRONG** TIME!

IF YOU'RE FROM THE SAME HELLPIT I CAME FROM... THEN I'VE GOT A MESSAGE TO SEND BACK TO YOUR BOSS!

GOOD! THEY SAID YOU HAD A LOT OF **SPUNK!**

SO LET'S SEE HOW MUCH **HEART** YOU HAVE!

GKH!

Hmmm... THAT WAS SURE SIMPLE!

THE **MASTER**'LL BE PLEASED.





I LIVE TO
SERVE THE
MASTER.

OBVIOUSLY,
NOT
ENOUGH.

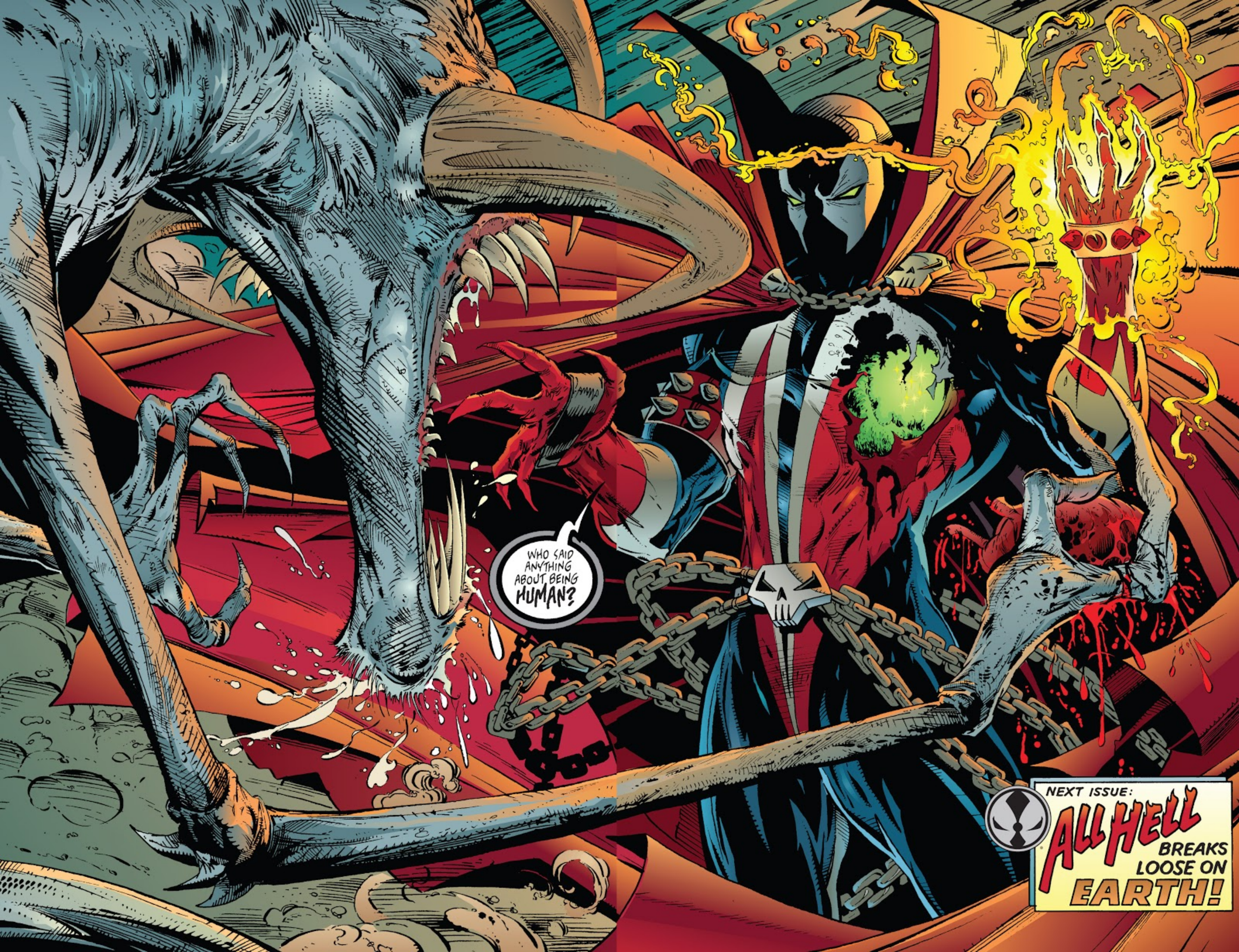
DON'T KNOW
WHY HE WASTED
SO MUCH TIME
ON THIS GUY. I
HEARD HE HAD
SOME SPECIAL
POWERS.

I'M TIRED OF THE
OTHERS ALWAYS
BEING AFRAID OF
SOMEONE ELSE.

IT'S THE
VIOLATOR
THEY SHOULD
FEAR MOST.

NOT SOME SOFT FLESH-
AND-BONES OF A MERE
HUMAN!

VIOLATOR.



WHO SAID
ANYTHING
ABOUT BEING
HUMAN?



NEXT ISSUE:
ALL HELL
BREAKS
LOOSE ON
EARTH!



SPAWN

image

4
SEP

DIGITAL
EDITION



McFARLANE
001/0000

FOR THE PAST WEEK OR SO, LT. COLONEL AL SIMMONS HAS BEEN TRYING TO COPE WITH HIS SO-CALLED REALITY.

THAT REALITY INCLUDES HIM BEING BROUGHT BACK FROM THE DEAD; SELLING HIS SOUL; BEING GIVEN WHAT SEEM TO BE UNLIMITED POWERS; AND GETTING SHOT FIVE YEARS INTO HIS FUTURE, AS A WHITE MAN... WHEN HE IS BLACK.

FATE HAS NOT BEEN KIND TO MR. SIMMONS. WITH THE ADVENT OF HIS DEATH BECOMING A DISTANT MEMORY, HIS LIFE CONTINUED FORWARD. THERE'S THE IRONY.

HIS WHOLE REASON FOR RETURNING FROM THE GRAVE WAS THE UNRELENTING LOVE HE HAD FOR HIS WIFE. EARLIER IN THE DAY HE SAW HER AGAIN. THE DEVIL HAD KEPT HIS END OF THE BARGAIN.

BUT WHILE SEEING HIS WIFE, HE ALSO LEARNED THAT SHE WAS HAPPILY REMARRIED. WORSE THAN THAT... THE ONE THING SHE HAD ALWAYS WANTED, THE ONE THING AL COULD NEVER GIVE HER, HAD BEEN DELIVERED.

A CHILD.

THAT MEANT THAT SIMMONS HAD BEEN THE PROBLEM. NOW HE FEELS LIKE LESS OF A MAN.

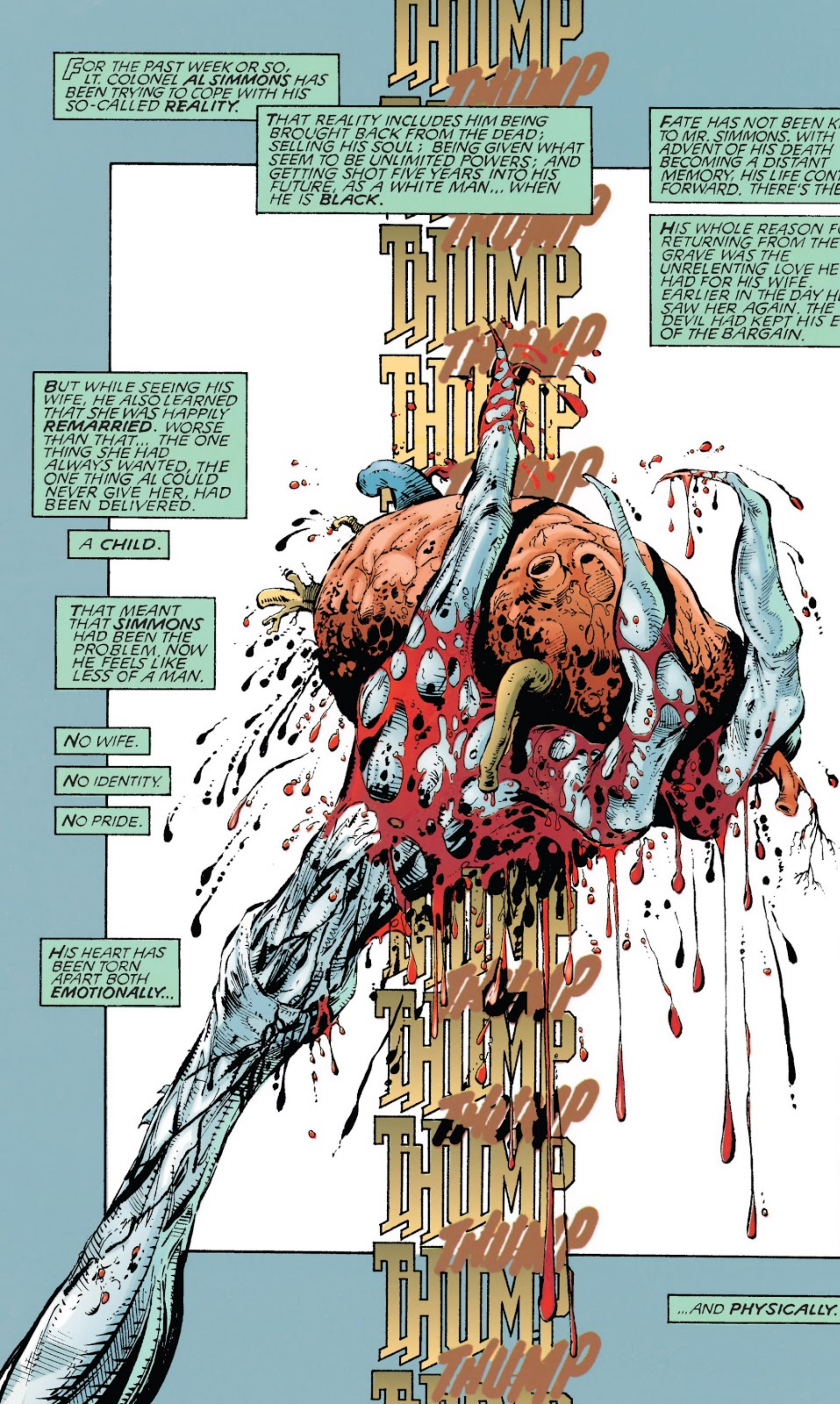
NO WIFE.

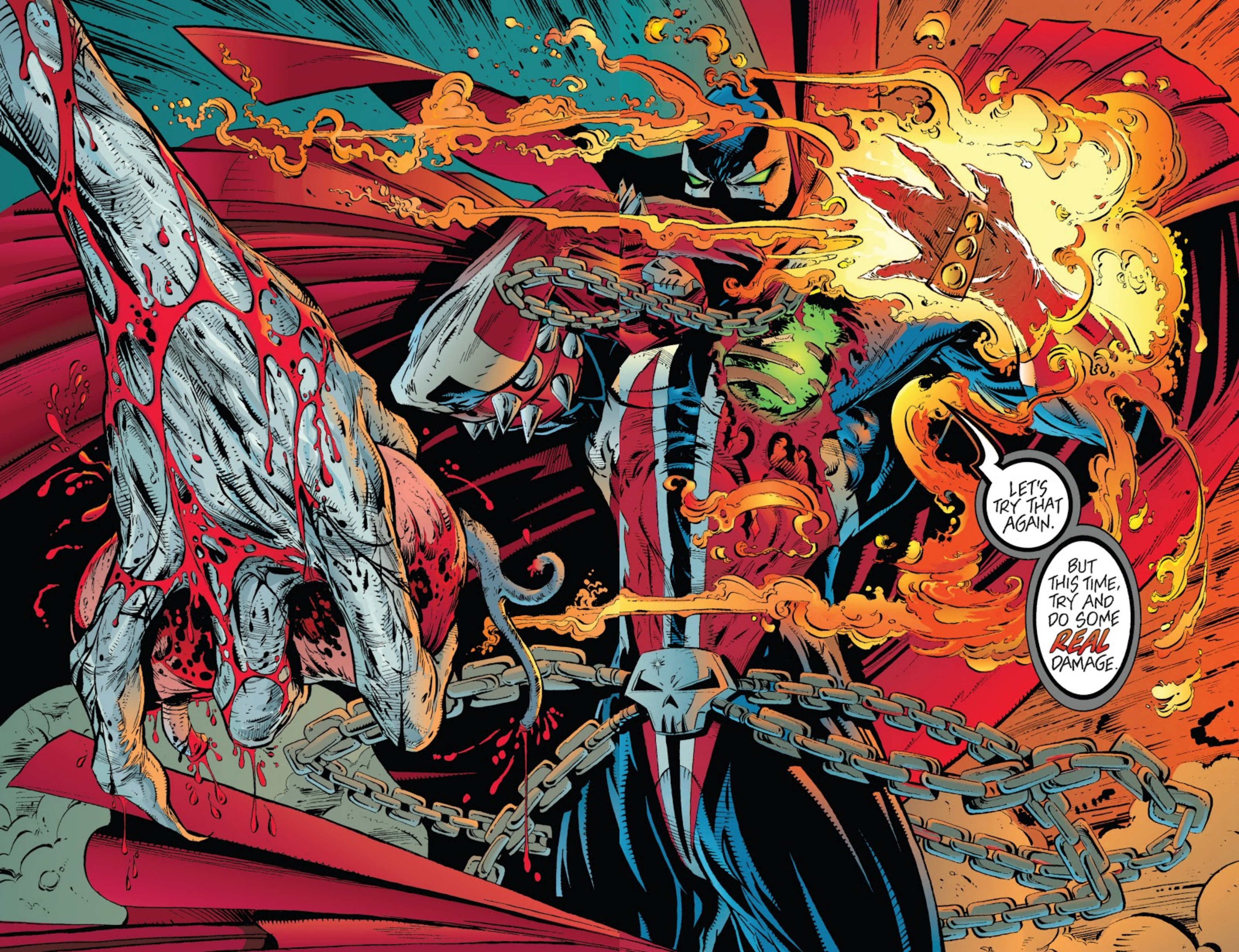
NO IDENTITY.

NO PRIDE.

HIS HEART HAS BEEN TORN APART BOTH EMOTIONALLY...

...AND PHYSICALLY.





LET'S
TRY THAT
AGAIN.

BUT
THIS TIME,
TRY AND
DO SOME
REAL
DAMAGE.

I DON'T BELIEVE IT!

I JUST **DON'T** BELIEVE IT!

WHO GAVE YOU SUCH POWERS?! SINCE WHEN DID HUMANS BEGIN TO RATE? THEY'VE ALWAYS BEEN TOO FRAGILE FOR THIS! I JUST **DON'T** BELIEVE IT!

SAY SOMETHING NEW, SCHOOL-BOY.

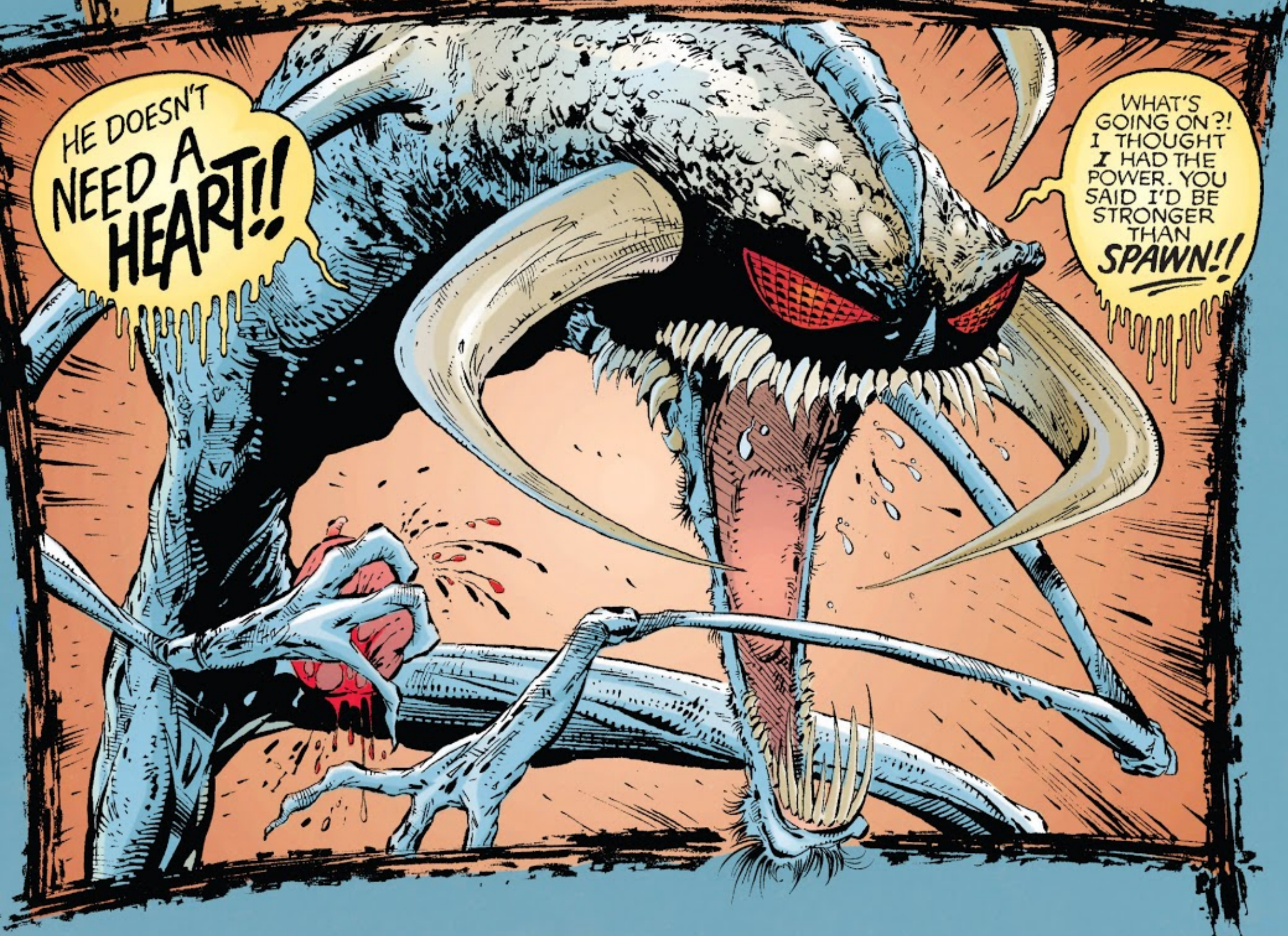


HE DOESN'T NEED HIS HEART.

THUM THUM THUM THUM

HE DOESN'T NEED A HEART!!

WHAT'S GOING ON?! I THOUGHT I HAD THE POWER. YOU SAID I'D BE STRONGER THAN **SPAWN!!**





HOW CAN HE SURVIVE WITHOUT HIS BLOODY **HEART**?! NO ONE WARNED ME, I THOUGHT THIS WAS GOING TO BE AN EASY ASSIGNMENT.

NOT **THIS** SCUM-SUCKING BAG OF FLESH.



THE MASTER AND I ARE GOING TO HAVE **WORDS**.



SPAWN CONTINUES HIS SILENCE, FOR WHAT **DOES** A MAN SAY TO AN OFFSPRING OF THE PIT OF HELL.

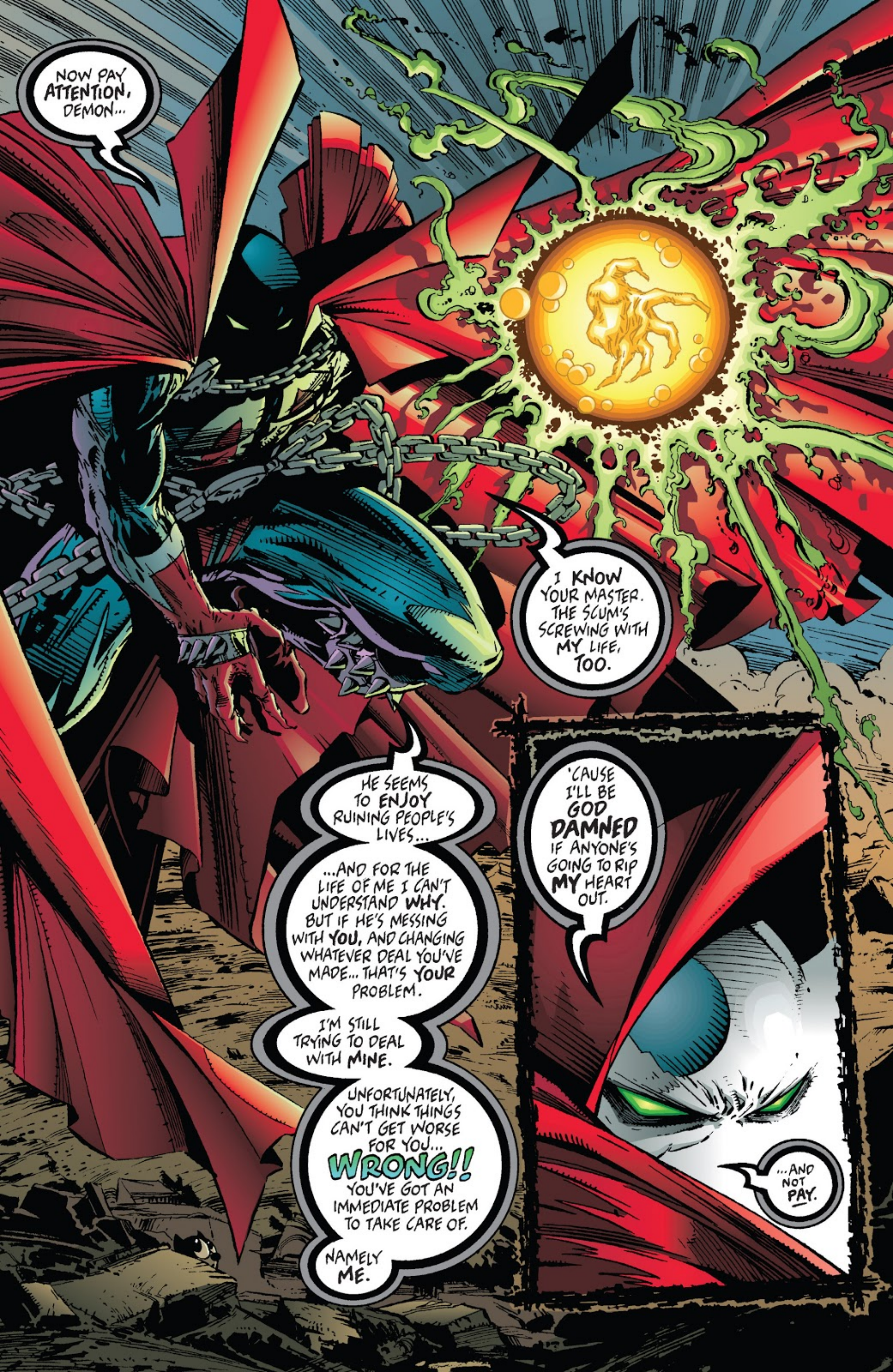
MAYBE THE **OBVIOUS**.



8:6:6:4







NOW PAY
ATTENTION,
DEMON...

I KNOW
YOUR MASTER.
THE SCUM'S
SCREWING WITH
MY LIFE,
TOO.

HE SEEMS
TO ENJOY
RUINING PEOPLE'S
LIVES...

...AND FOR THE
LIFE OF ME I CAN'T
UNDERSTAND WHY.
BUT IF HE'S MESSING
WITH YOU, AND CHANGING
WHATEVER DEAL YOU'VE
MADE... THAT'S YOUR
PROBLEM.

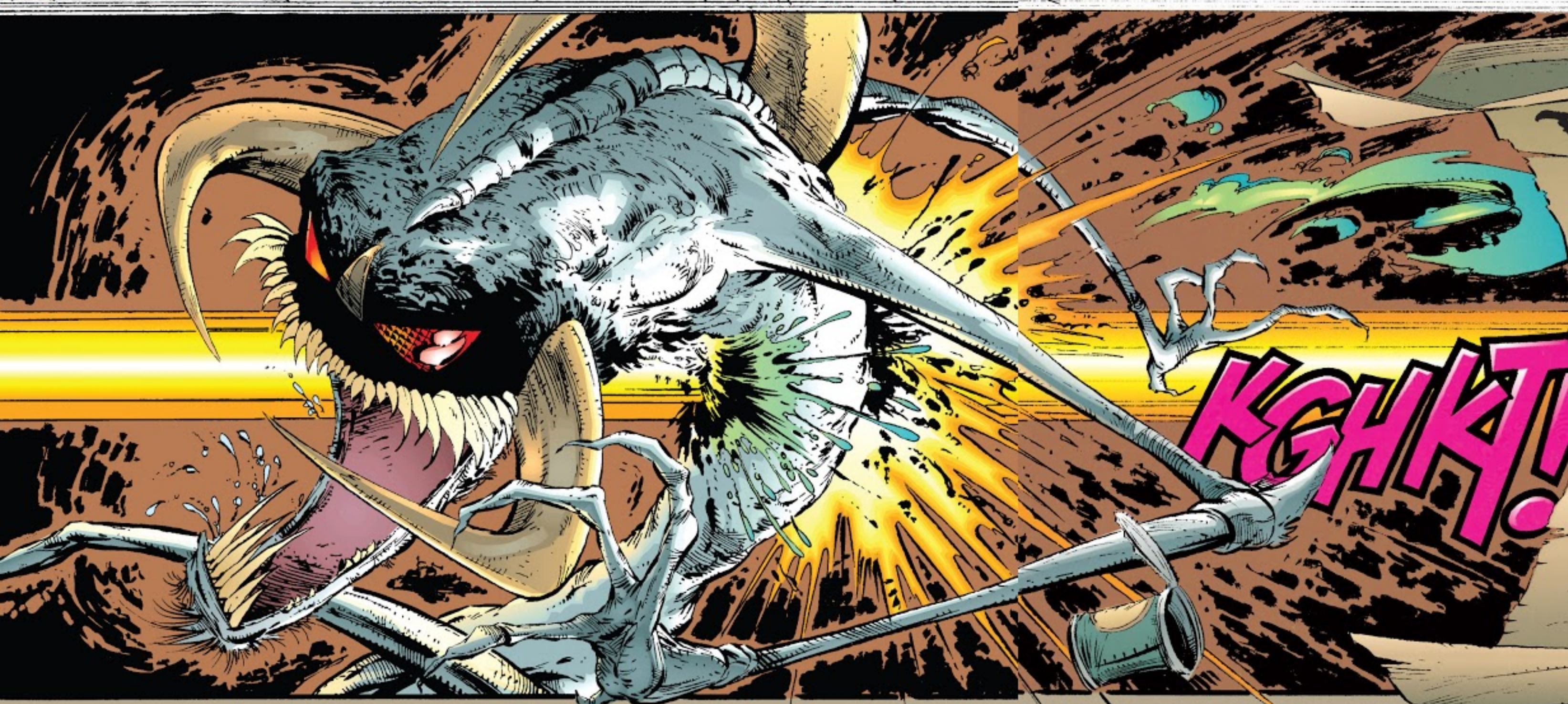
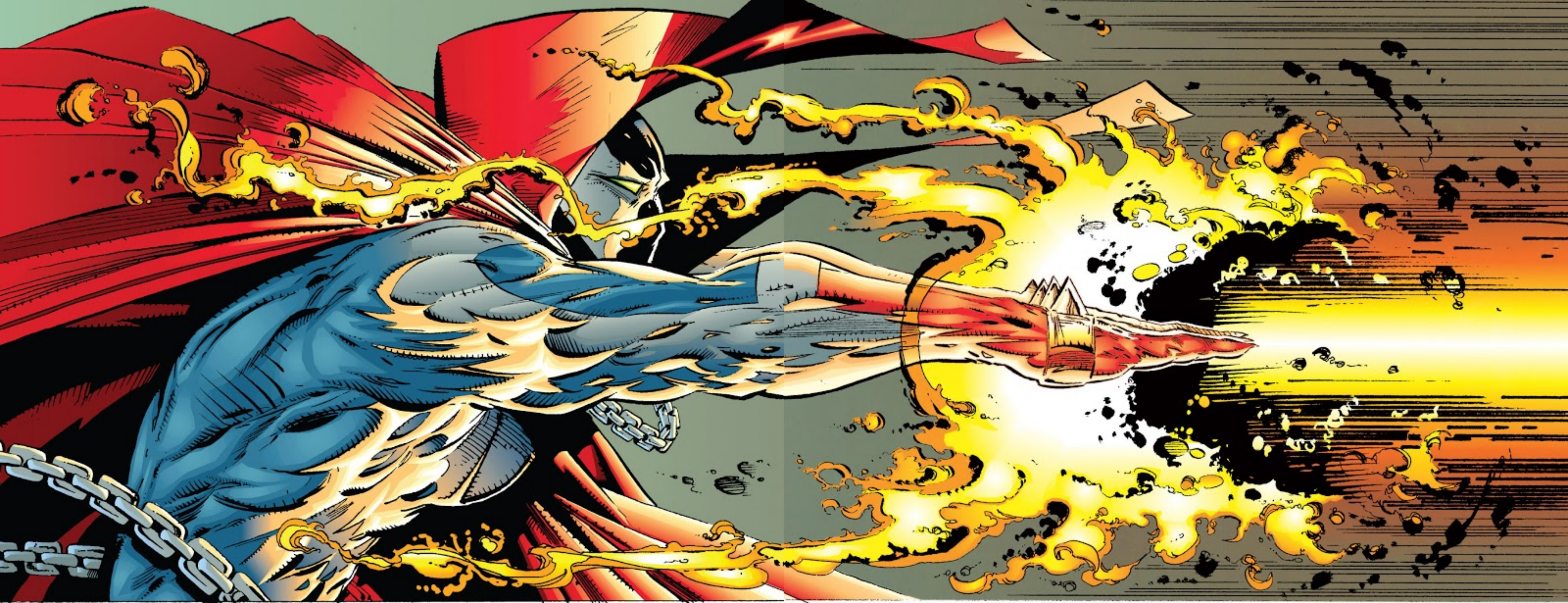
I'M STILL
TRYING TO DEAL
WITH MINE.

UNFORTUNATELY,
YOU THINK THINGS
CAN'T GET WORSE
FOR YOU...
WRONG!!
YOU'VE GOT AN
IMMEDIATE PROBLEM
TO TAKE CARE OF.

NAMELY
ME.

'CAUSE
I'LL BE
GOD
DAMNED
IF ANYONE'S
GOING TO RIP
MY HEART
OUT.

...AND
NOT
PAY.



THE FORCE OF SPAWN'S BLAST CARVES A HOLE THROUGH THE VIOLATOR THE SIZE OF A BASKETBALL. FRAGMENTS OF BLuish, ROTTING CHUNKS VOMIT THEMSELVES IN A HELTER-SKELTER PATTERN. THE BRICK WALLS NOW HAVE A MURAL OF CRIMSON GORE.

AS THE BLOOD RUNS SOFTLY DOWN THE WALL, SPAWN IS TAKEN ABACK FOR A MOMENT. NOT BY THE BLOOD; HE HAS SEEN AND SPILLED FAR TOO MUCH. NOR IS IT THE FORCE OF HIS POWER. IT IS SIMPLY THAT ALL THIS EVEN EXISTS.

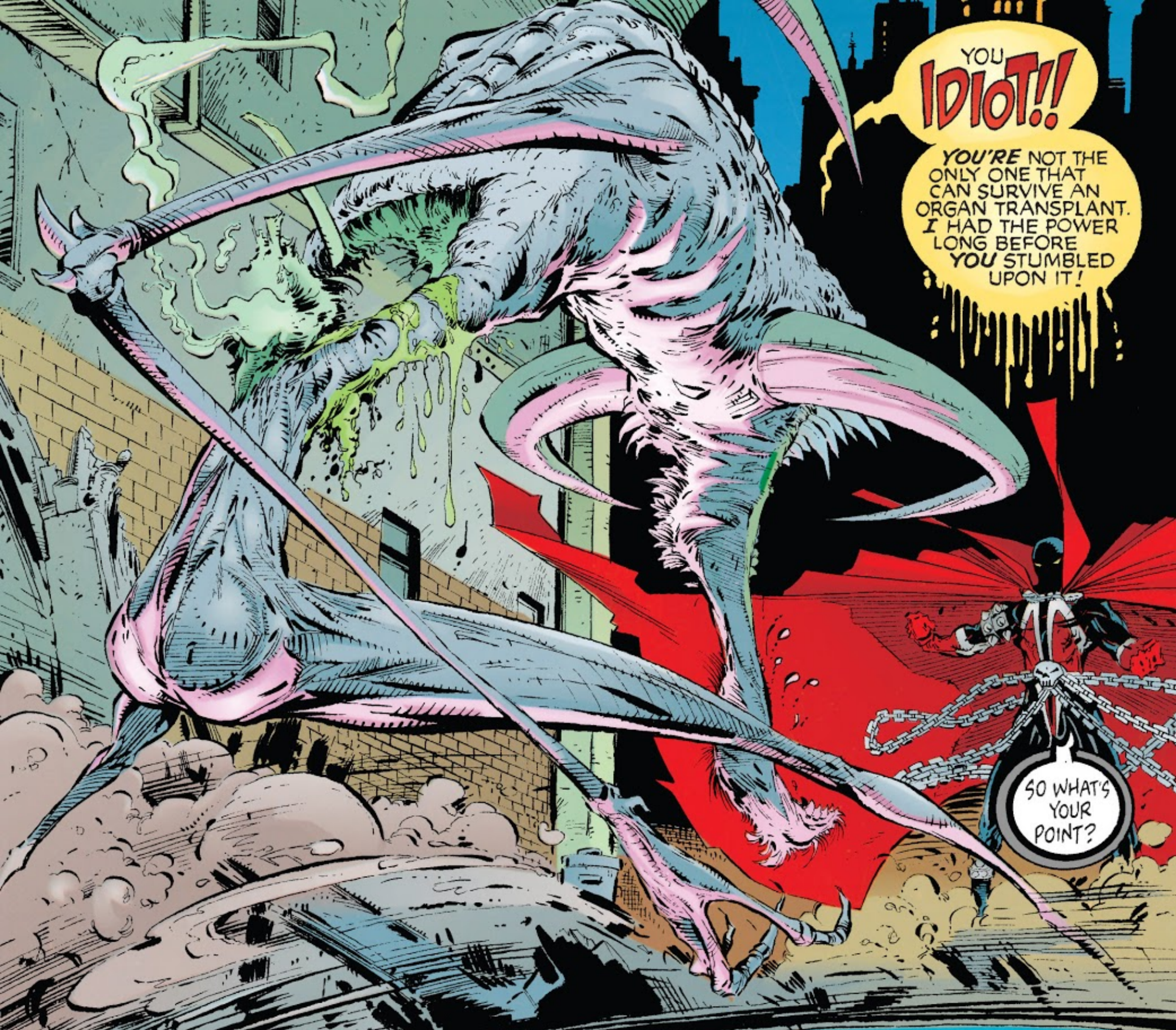
HOW... CAN HE REPAIR A DISMEMBERED HEART?

WHY... DOES HE EVEN HAVE SUCH POWERS?

WHEN... IS ALL THE MADNESS GOING TO END?

WHERE... DOES HE GO, NOW THAT HE HAS LOST EVERYTHING?

THE QUESTIONS RICOCHET THROUGH HIS BRAIN... AND THE SCARIEST PART FOR HIM IS THAT HE IS ALMOST GETTING USED TO ALL THE INSANITY AROUND HIM.



YOU
IDiot!!

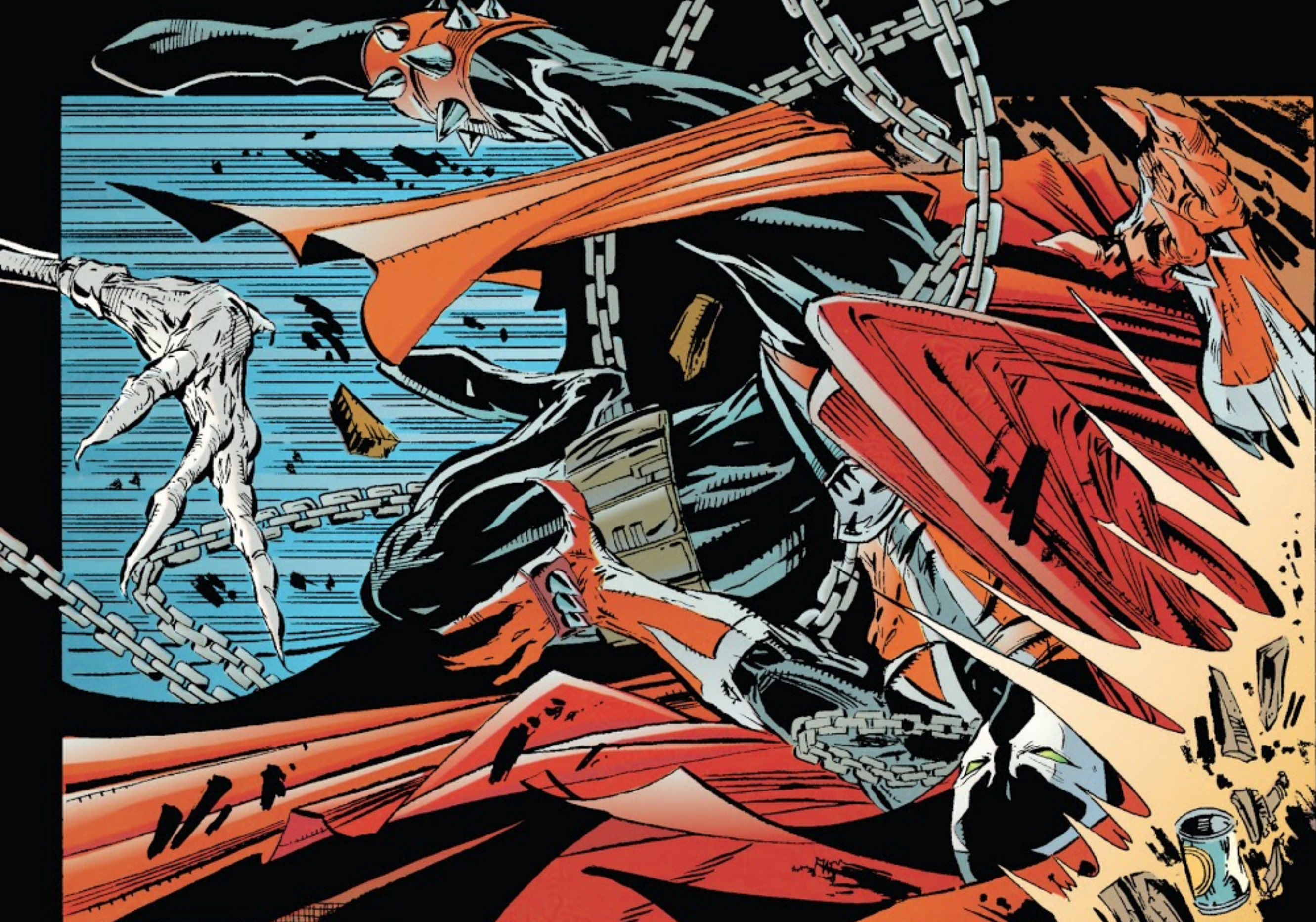
YOU'RE NOT THE
ONLY ONE THAT
CAN SURVIVE AN
ORGAN TRANSPLANT.
I HAD THE POWER
LONG BEFORE
YOU STUMBLED
UPON IT!

SO WHAT'S
YOUR
POINT?

MY POINT, DEAR BOY,
IS-- IF YOU'RE LOOKING
TO PLAY THE OLD
EYE FOR AN **EYE** GAME,
YOU'RE A **BIGGER** FOOL
THAN I **THOUGHT**!

ALLOW ME TO
DEMONSTRATE!





SO
WHAT'S
YOUR
POINT?

LISTEN, I'M
NOT HERE TO
GAME-PLAY. I'M HERE
TO KEEP YOU IN *LINE*--
MAKE SURE YOU
DON'T *STRAY*.

WHY HE'S
MAKING SUCH
A BIG DEAL
OUT OF YOU, I
STILL HAVEN'T
FIGURED OUT.

BUT *UNTIL*
SUCH TIME, IT'S
MY JOB TO
SHOW YOU THE
ROPES.



JUST HOPE I
DON'T **STRANGLE**
YOU WITH
THEM!

NOW WOULDN'T THAT BE A **PITY!**

HAHAHAHAHAHA

HA!

NICE
SHOOTING!
YOU'RE SUPPOSED
TO HIT THE
TARGET,
CHUMP.

ZAKT!!

LET ME
GIVE YOU A
POINTER--

--LIKE
THIS!!

CHUMP

CHUMP

CHUMP

CHUMP

TWASH

NO!
YOU TAKE
THIS!

WASH

AND
THAT!

OW.

BOAT

ENOUGH!

BIG DEAL!
I DIDN'T
NEED THAT
ARM
ANYWAY.

WHAT
ABOUT
YOU?!

UH!



I gave the both of you
far too much credit. It is not
necessary to mutilate each
other... when neither of
you can die...

Like a pair of jealous
siblings, you don't realize
the two of you are part of
the same family.

And like it
or not, I'm your
DADDY!!

And
like a good
parent, I
can see I need
to share some of
my insight, so you
two boys'll know
exactly what's
going on.

**DESTINY
and
DAMNATION**
...you control neither.
So, even though you
struggle to make
sense of what's
happening...

...it doesn't
matter because
I run both
your lives!

**Go To
HELL!**

BELIEVE ME,
SPAWN, HE
ALREADY
HAS.

HAHAHA Vigor
and humor!

What an
unlikely combo.
You boys do
warm my soul!

Don't be so
surprised. I do
have a soul... and
eight billion others!
Nearly enough to
satisfy my needs!

Evil can be
very addictive,
especially after
death. The accumu-
lation of the souls
of the damned can
have only one outcome:
the **Destruction**
of **God!**

Yes, Simmons,
there is a God! For
an atheist like your-
self that might be a
shock. But with all
you've been through,
I'm sure it's not
such a hard
concept to follow.

JESUS!

Call him
what you
will.

He is
now your
enemy!

And it was
your choice.

I don't
have the power
to turn people
away from God.
They have to do
that willingly.
But once they
do I need to
seize that
moment and
make them mine.
Once I have them,
my powers can and
will control them
forever.

Which is
where **you**
come in, my dear
Spawn.

My army of evil is
not quite complete. I
need billions more, for the
forces of **good** are naturally
quite strong. To ensure my
eventual **victory**, though, I
need agents to do my bidding.
Your past **human** life made
you the perfect candidate --
young, brash, destructive,
ruthless, arrogant... and a
hired killer. There's not too
many of you around. As one
of my agents, you needed
powers to set you apart.
That was simple. But I'd
be a **fool** to make it
limitless.

You're wise enough
to have sensed the draining
of the **power**. If not, let me
explain. The more you use your
energy, the **faster** you come to
a **second** death. The **slower** you
use it, the less chance you have
of stopping **evil** around you.
Either way, I eventually
end up owning
your soul!

The only choice you
have is... how fast
you willing to
give it?

HAHA HAHA



hee hee

All this because of some petty little emotion called **Love**.

You humans are **Soooo** predictable.

So you see, my spawn from hell-- I can't lose. It's either the depletion of your power-- which leads to your **death**-- which leads to losing your soul to the darkness...

...and simultaneously killing the so-called **bad guys**, which helps build my army that much faster...

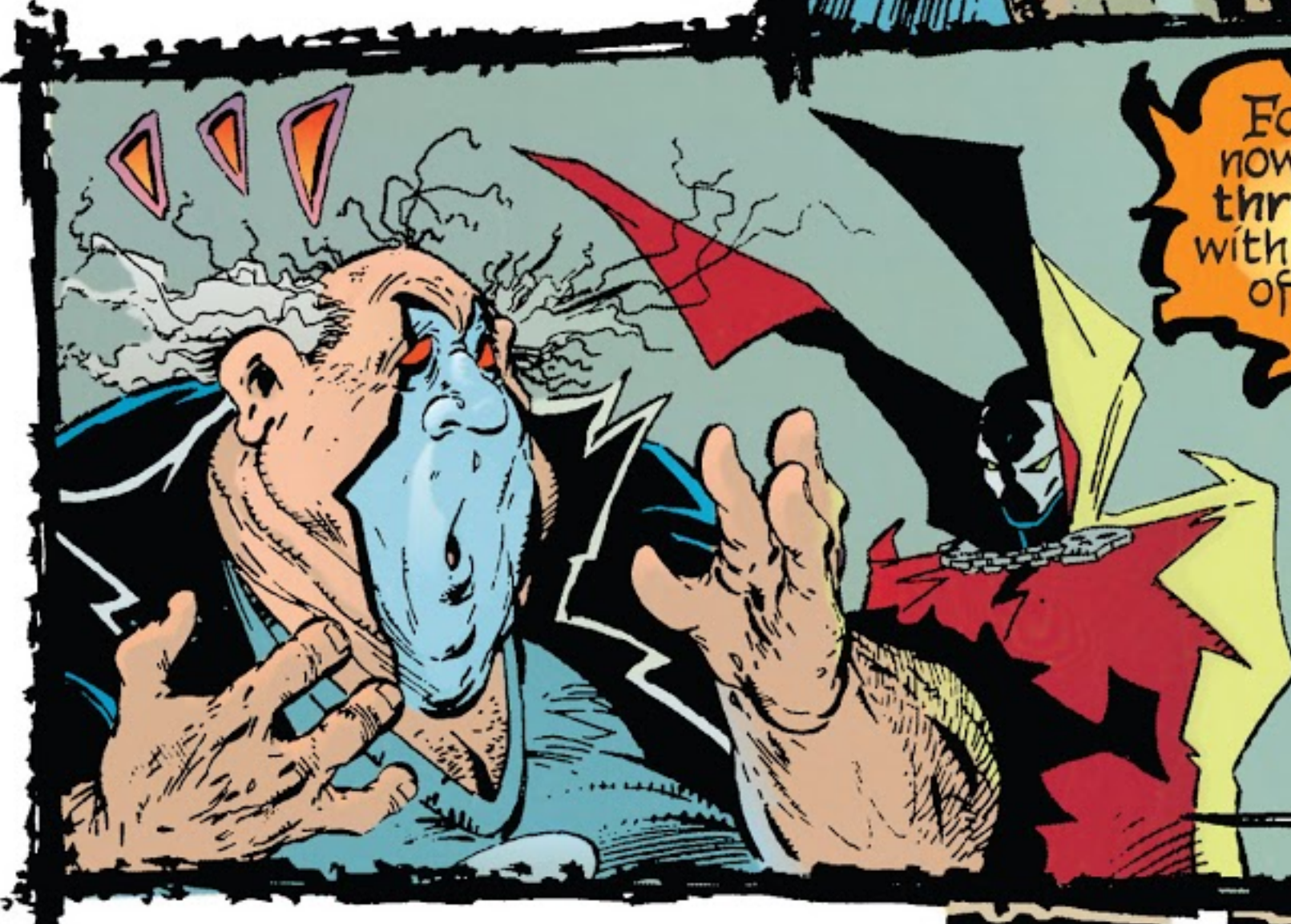
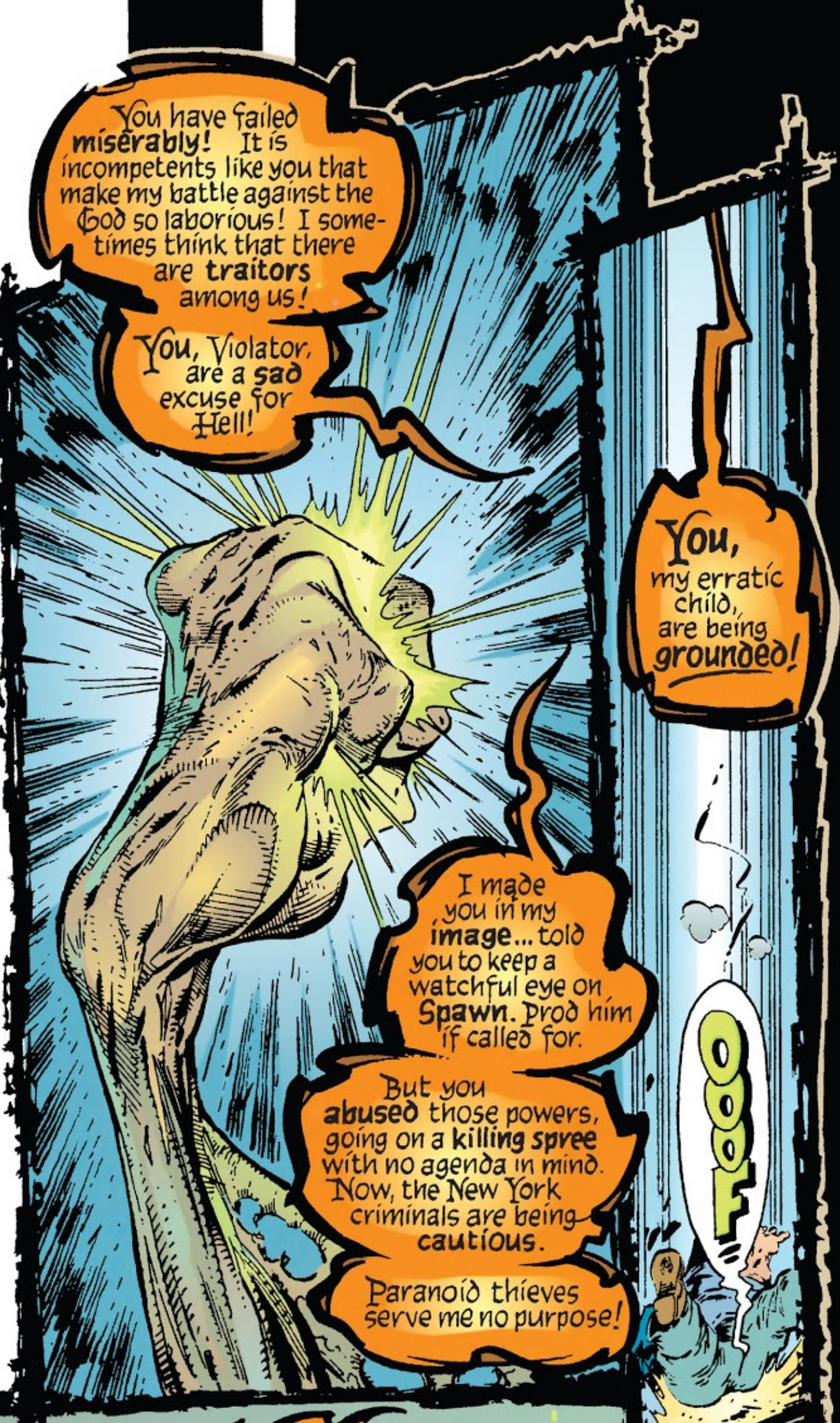
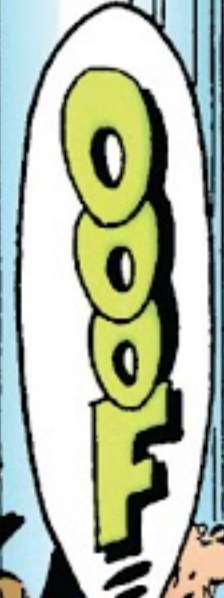
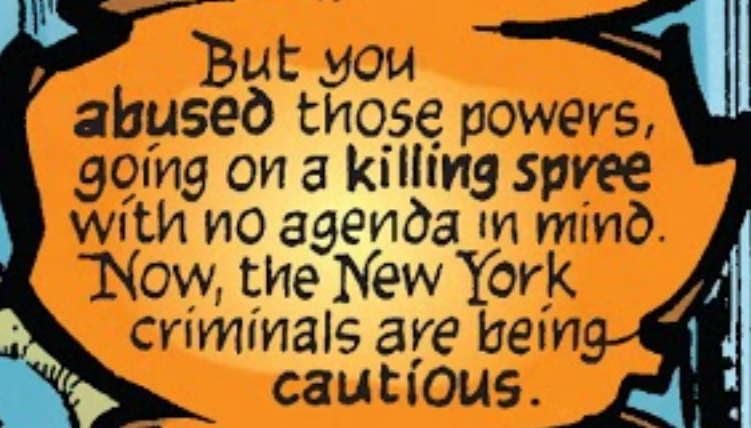
OR...

...you do **nothing!** Just stand by and let the evil and ugliness prosper here on Earth, while your emotions grow colder as you justify to yourself why you needn't do anything to those who prey on the innocent.

Now that you have been fairly warned, let me offer my assistance.

I'll give you the new arm.

No sense you wasting any more power, my child.



A comic book panel showing Spawn, a character with a red and black suit and a skull mask, standing over a large, balding man in a green suit. The man is laughing hysterically. The background is a city street with brick buildings.

Oh
GREAT!

JUST
GREAT!!

GO AHEAD,
KICK ME WHILE I'M
DOWN! THIS IS JUST
FRIGGIN' PERFECT!
I WORK MY **BUTT** OFF TO
TRY AND **PLEASE** YOU
AND WHAT DO I **GET**
FOR MY TROUBLES...

SQUAT,
THAT'S
WHAT!

THERE'S
JUST NO
PLEASING
SOME
PEOPLE!!

BUT
THAT'S OKAY.
I DON'T
MIND BEING
SHORT,
FAT AND
UGLY!

AS A
MATTER OF
FACT, I KINDA
ENJOY IT!
SO IF THIS IS
THE WORST YOU
CAN DO, I'M
NOT
IMPRESSED!

WHO
WANTS TO
LIVE IN HELL
ANYWAYS.
MAKES ME
SWEAT LIKE
A PIG.
AND THIS
SPAWN GUY.

PFFFT!!!
BIG
HAIRY DEAL.

YOU CALL
THAT
AN AGENT?!
DON'T MAKE
ME **LAUGH.**



HMMPF!

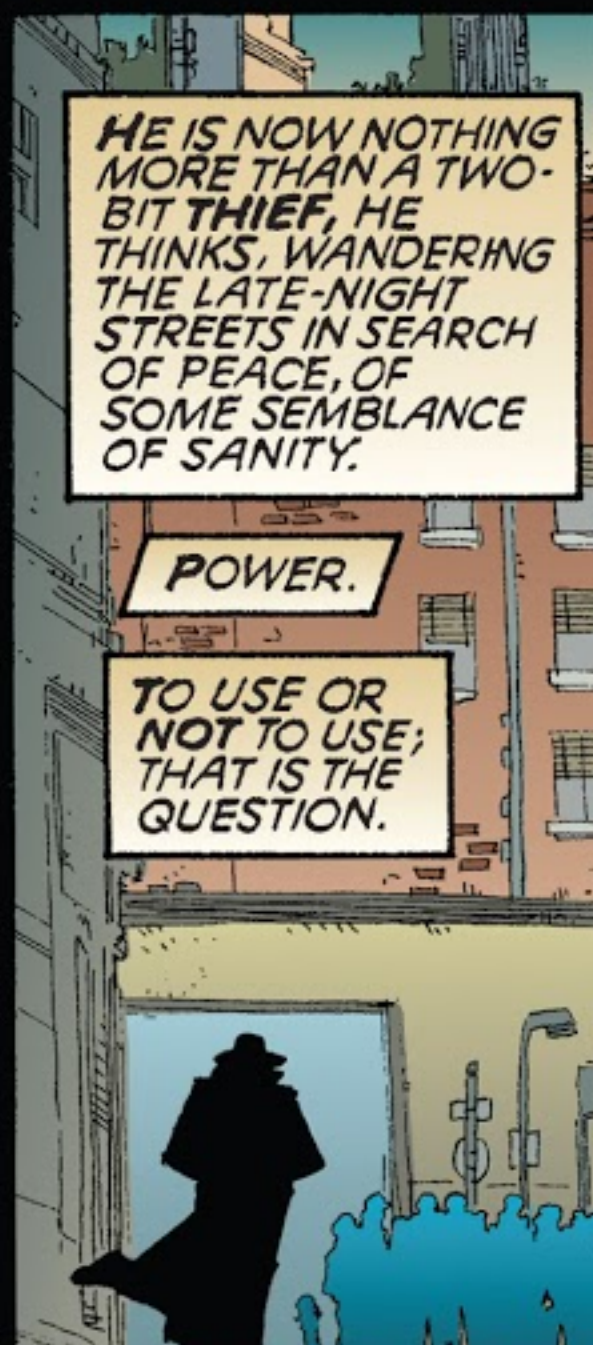


THIS SUCKS THE BIG ONE!

WITH THE BATTLE ENDING SO QUICKLY, THE POLICE ARE ONCE AGAIN TOO LATE TO INTERVENE.

THAT SUIT'S SPAWN'S NEEDS. UNTIL HE SORTS OUT THE DIZZYING EVENTS SURROUNDING HIS NEW LIFE, BEING UNKNOWN AND UNDETECTED WILL BE HIS ONLY SOURCE OF COMFORT.

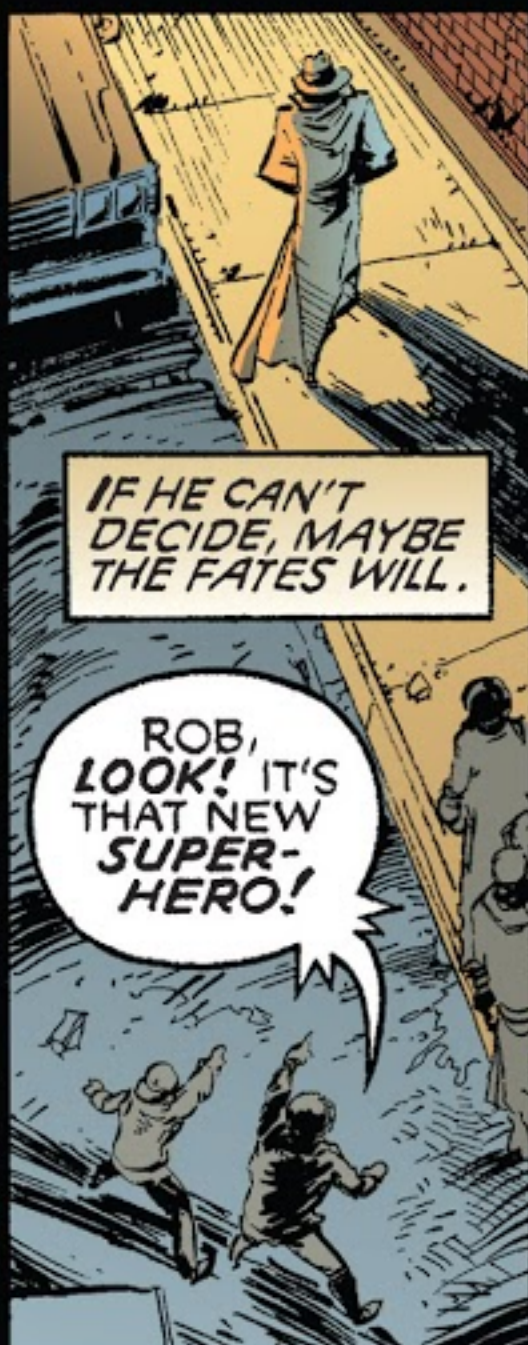
A HAT AND TRENCH-COAT, REMOVED FROM THE BACK OF A CAR, SERVE TO DISGUISE HIM.



HE IS NOW NOTHING MORE THAN A TWO-BIT THIEF, HE THINKS, WANDERING THE LATE-NIGHT STREETS IN SEARCH OF PEACE, OF SOME SEMBLANCE OF SANITY.

POWER.

TO USE OR NOT TO USE; THAT IS THE QUESTION.



IF HE CAN'T DECIDE, MAYBE THE FATES WILL.

ROB, LOOK! IT'S THAT NEW SUPER-HERO!



RIGHT ON, MAN! LET'S CHECK HIM OUT!

COOL! I DIDN'T THINK HE REALLY EXISTED!



I SAW HIM FIRST!



HOW? H-HOW DID YOU KNOW?



HEY MISTER!
WATCH OUT!

Uh?

IT'S THAT
DRAGON DUDE
FROM CHICAGO!

I **TOLD** YOU
HE WAS
RAD!

AWW
COOL, MAN!
LOOK
AT HIM,
ERIK!

HE'S
BETTER THAN
THOSE YOUNGBLOOD!
I BET HE COULD
TAKE **BEDROCK**,
EASY.

Not!

BEDROCK'S
WAY TOUGH.
AIN'T NO ONE
CAN TOUCH
HIM.

GIMME A
BREAK! THE
'ROCK IS A **SISSY**.
HE STILL LIVES
AT HOME
WITH HIS
MOM.

BUT I'M
NOT A
'BLOOD.

YEAH,
WELL,
SO DO
YOU,
HOME-
BOY.

HEROES AIN'T
SUPPOSE TO BE
NORMAL. THEY'RE
SUPPOSE TO BE
BETTER.

THAT'S
WHY
THEY'RE SO
FAMOUS.

"BESIDES,
WHO
WANTS
TO BE
NORMAL
ANYWAY."



2:36 A.M. THE CALM
SILENCE OF SLEEP IS
SHATTERED AS THE
SOUL OF ANOTHER
POOR VICTIM IS DRAWN
FURTHER INTO PLAY.

WANDA,
WHAT
IS IT?! A
DREAM?

AL!
IT WAS **AL!**
I SAW HIM ALIVE,
B-BUT HE WAS
DIFFERENT SOME-
HOW--**CHANGED**. HE
WAS CALLING TO ME,
ASKING FOR HELP--
BEGGING FOR IT!

IT WAS
ALMOST
AS IF--
AS IF--

Oh, **NEVER MIND**.
YOU DON'T...

PLEASE,
HONEY, TELL
ME. I DON'T
EXPECT YOU
TO JUST
FORGET
HIM.

WELL, IT WAS
ALMOST AS IF HE
KNEW I WAS THERE
BUT I COULDN'T
DO ANYTHING. AND
THEN HE STARTED
TO **CRY**, HURT THAT
I DIDN'T WANT TO
COME TO HIS SIDE.
AND THEN...

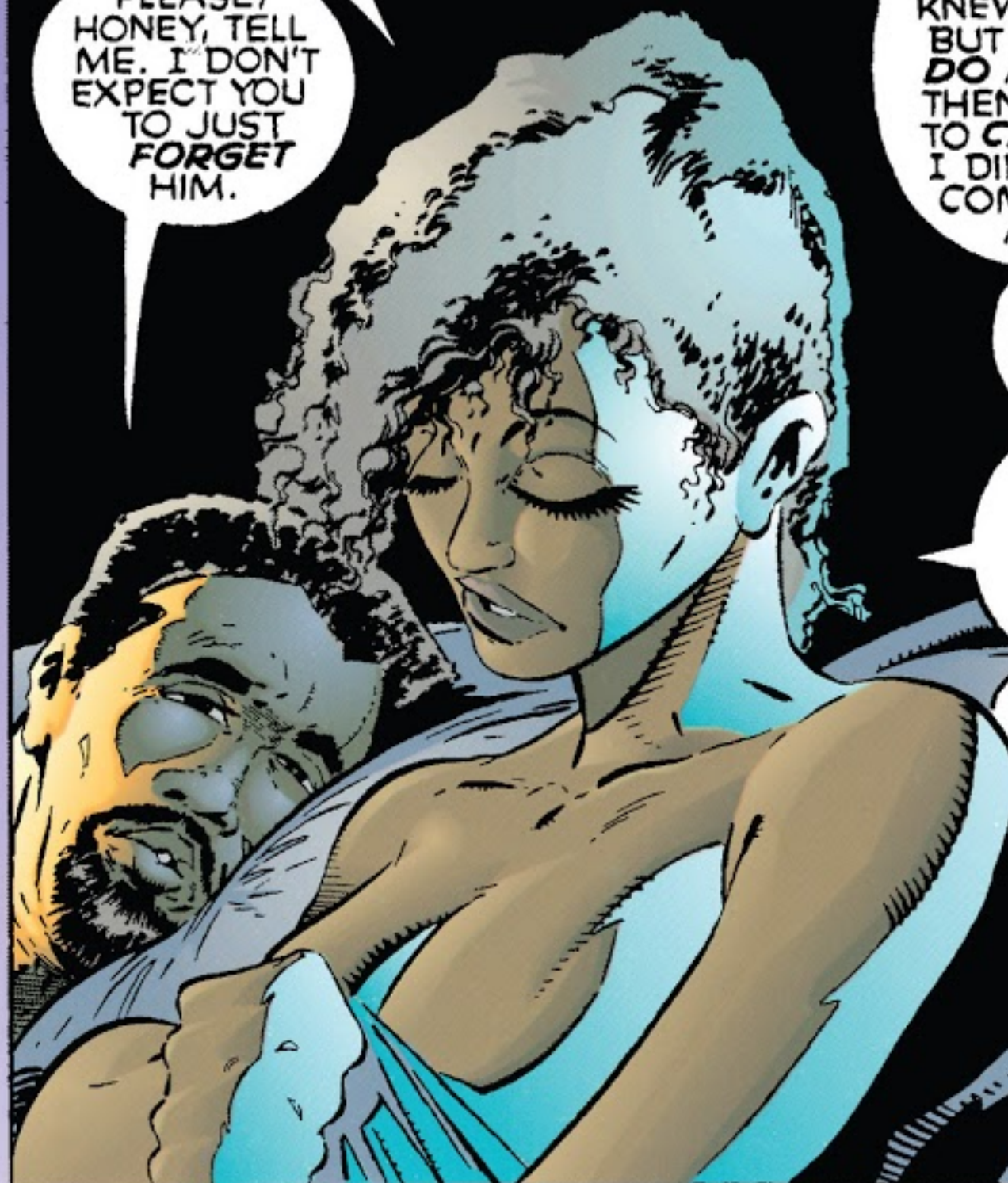
Oh **GOD**,
I THINK
I'M GOING
CRAZY.

I DON'T
KNOW **WHY**
I KEEP
DREAMING
THESE THINGS.
I WISH I COULD
STOP...

BUT
THIS...

IT
FELT SO
REAL.

AL
SEEMED SO
REAL!





image

5
OCT DIGITAL
EDITION

SPAWN



McFARLANE
92
KIKO

I'LL BE
SORRY TO
SEE YOU
LEAVING US,
BILLY.

EVERYONE HERE AT THE INSTITUTE HAS SO
ENJOYED YOUR COMPANY, BUT WE ALL KNEW THIS
DAY WOULD COME. WE JUST DIDN'T KNOW THAT IT'D
BE SO **SOON**. YOU MUST BE PLEASED WITH YOUR
LAWYER'S EFFORTS. HE SOUNDED QUITE PLEASED THAT
THE COURT UPHELD HIS PETITION OF APPEAL, CITING
SOME OBSCURE CASE FROM THE 1930'S. THOUGH I
DON'T PRETEND TO KNOW THAT MUCH ABOUT THE
LAW, WE CAN BOTH FEEL VINDICATED. THE SYSTEM
DOES INDEED WORK.

IT SADDENS
ME TO HAVE TO SAY
THAT THIS WILL BE YOUR
LAST DAY WITH US. HOW-
EVER, WITH THE JUDGE'S
REDUCTION OF YOUR TERM
ON THAT **TECHNICALITY**,
AND DR. REYNOLDS'
TESTIMONY STATING YOUR
COMPETENCE, THERE'S
NO MORE TO BE SAID.
THE SIX AND A HALF YEARS
YOU SPENT HERE AT THE
INSTITUTE WENT BY
FAR TOO QUICKLY.

TOMORROW,
YOU BEGIN A
NEW LIFE. AN
OFFICER WILL
PICK YOU UP AND
TAKE YOU TO THE
COURT HOUSE,
TO SIGN THE
FINAL PAPERS.

UNFORTUNATELY,
I MUST **WARN** YOU,
BILLY. THERE ARE FORCES
OUTSIDE THAT DON'T
WISH YOU ANY KIND OF
HAPPINESS. THEY MIGHT
EVEN TRY AND BRING BACK
SOME OF YOUR BAD
DREAMS. YOU WON'T
ALLOW THAT, WILL YOU?
WE **BOTH** KNOW THAT
YOU'RE **NOT** THE SAME
PERSON YOU
USED TO BE.

YOU ARE CURED,
**BILLY
KINCAID.**

OTHERS MAY NOT
WANT TO BELIEVE THAT, BUT
THE STAFF AND I HAVE
ALWAYS BEEN IMPRESSED
WITH YOUR **MODEL BEHAVIOR**.
ALWAYS THE
GENTLEMAN.

YES,
YOUR TIME
HERE HAS
BEEN **SO**
REWARDING.

SO
UNEVENTFUL.

SO
THERAPUTIC.

SO
CONVINCING.

Uh, SIR,
PLEASE KEEP
YOUR VOICE
DOWN.



BEFORE YOU GO, THE JUDGE WANTED ME TO REMIND YOU THAT YOU'RE **NOT** TO HAVE ANY CONTACT WITH THE **DEAD GIRL'S PARENTS**.

I HAVE ASSURED THEM TO PUT THEIR WORRIES ASIDE... AND THAT THEY WILL HAVE YOUR **FULL CO-OPERATION**.

DO YOU UNDERSTAND, BILLY?

BILLY ?!

YES... WELL... LOOKS LIKE YOU'RE OVERWHELMED BY THE WHOLE PROCEDURE. THAT'S **PERFECTLY UNDERSTANDABLE**.

I MUST ADMIT THIS WAS ALL RATHER SUDDEN FOR **ME, TOO**.

BUT WE ARE **ALL** SATISFIED BY THE END RESULT.

SO, I GUESS THAT JUST ABOUT **WRAPS THINGS UP**. DR. REYNOLDS AND I WILL HAVE OUR REPORTS AVAILABLE IN THE MORNING.

I'LL SEE YOU TOMORROW AT EIGHT O'CLOCK SHARP.

Uh...

... IS THERE ANYTHING YOU'D LIKE TO SAY, BILLY?

I DON'T CARE **HOW** SATISFIED EVERYONE IS, THAT MAN'S A FRIGGIN' **SICKO!** SLAUGHTERED THE KID SO BAD IT TOOK SIX EXPERTS TO FINALLY IDENTIFY THE GIRL.

WE NAILED HIS ASS FOR JUST THE ONE MURDER. I'M NOT HAPPY, TWITCH, BUT IT'S THE ONLY TIME WE CAUGHT 'IM **FLAT**.

JUST LOOK AT HIS EYES...

"... AND TELL ME
THAT MAN'S CURED!"

time.

tomorrow
it becomes
my friend.

but i never forgot.
never stopped
thinking about it.
yes, i have been
so patient and
understanding.

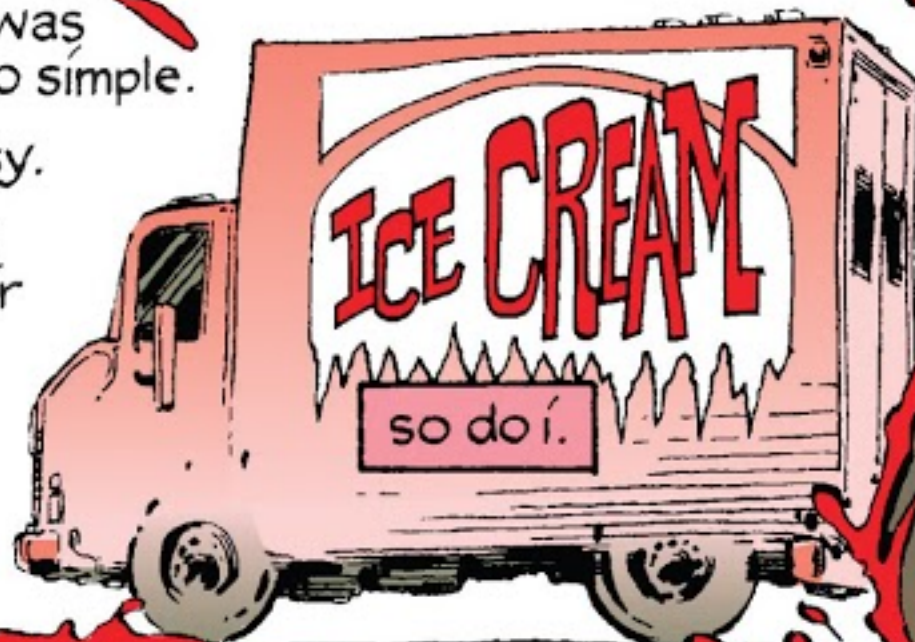
tomorrow i live again.
i have been such a
good boy. always doing
what i'm told. always
being a gentleman.

but it
was well
worth
the wait.

i remember
those good
times...

... it was
all so simple.
so easy.

the children
do love their
sweets.



i like lots
of variety.

terri.
stuart. peter.
david. suzy.
i hate that i
didn't get all
the names.

♪ ♪
you scream.
i scream. we
all scream for
ice cream.
♪

not ever.

but i
know the
number...
twenty-
seven.

those were
such fun
times. i will
never forget.



Ah, **BILLY**.
NICE TO SEE
YOU **SMILING**.
GLAD YOU'RE SO
HAPPY ABOUT
YOUR IMPENDING
FREEDOM.

I'LL SAY
GOOD-BYE
TO THE
STAFF FOR
YOU.

you scream. i
scream. we all
scream for
ice cream.

Huh?

WHAT THE **HELL**
WAS
THAT?!!

JUST A
LITTLE
RHYME
BILLY TAUGHT
EVERYONE
WHILE HE WAS
HERE. RATHER
CUTE, DON'T YOU
THINK?

I DON'T
FIND ANYTHING
CUTE ABOUT THAT
WALKING BUTCHER!

I ASSURE YOU,
DETECTIVE...

...THE
PSYCHIATRISTS
HAVE ALL
AGREED...

SCREW YOUR
PSYCHIA-
TRISTS!!

THAT MAN'S A **FREAK!**
AND IF YOU THINK THAT SITTING
BEHIND **LOCKED** DOORS FOR
SIX YEARS IS A **CURE**, THEN
YOU GUYS ARE EVEN
BIGGER IDIOTS THAN
I **THOUGHT!**

WHAT HE DID
TO LITTLE AMANDA
JENNINGS **WASN'T** AN
ISOLATED EVENT.

OVER **TWENTY**
KIDS DISAPPEARED
FROM HIS TOWN.

I DIDN'T SEE
THAT IN YOUR
REPORT!

YOU DON'T
THINK HE'S CURED...
YOU'RE JUST TOO
DAMNED AFRAID TO
BE **AROUND** HIM
ANY MORE!

I'M SORRY YOU
FEEL THAT WAY,
DETECTIVE-- BUT YOU
CAN PUNISH HIM ONLY WHEN
HE'S BEEN **CONVICTED**. YOU
ARE FAMILIAR WITH THE
CONCEPT OF **LAW**, YES?

NOW, IF YOU'LL BOTH
EXCUSE ME, I HAVE
PATIENTS WAITING...

OH, DO ME
A SMALL **FAVOR**,
BILLY. I'D LIKE
TO SEE YOU
CLEAN-SHAVEN
TOMORROW. THAT
GROWTH IS SO
UNFLATTERING.

THE LAW.

... EVEN
TO THE
POINT OF
FEELING
STRANGLD
BY HIS
OWN MORAL
CONVIC-
TIONS.

HE HAS
NEVER
WAVERED.

(RIPES!)

IT'S SOMETHING DETECTIVE
SAM BURKE UNDERSTANDS
FAR TOO WELL. IN HIS SIXTEEN
YEARS ON THE FORCE, IT'S
BEEN THE ONLY CONSTANT IN
HIS LIFE.

RAPISTS.
JUNKIES.
WACKOS.
MURDER-
ERS.

HE'S SHARED HUNDREDS
OF EVENINGS WITH **ALL**
OF THEM. SOME NIGHTS
GAVE POSITIVE RESULTS,
OTHERS WENT **DEADLY**.
HE LOST A PARTNER TO
ONE OF THOSE.

BUT, THROUGH ALL THE
OBSCENE SITUATIONS HE'S
BEEN SUCKED INTO,
BURKE'S NEVER LOST SIGHT
OF WHAT MATTERS MOST:
THE LAW. TO UPHOLD AND
PROTECT. TO PROTECT AND
SERVE. **AT ALL COSTS.**

HE'S
NEVER
MADE
ROOM
FOR
OBSTA-
CLES.

FOR THE
UMPTENTH
TIME HE
CURSES
HIMSELF
AND HIS
OCCUPA-
TION.

MORALS
HAVE BE-
COME
ONLY A
CAREER
HAZARD.

YES, HE'S
COURTED THE LAW.
UNFORTUNATELY,
IT HASN'T ALWAYS
BEEN A BLISSFUL
BED PARTNER.



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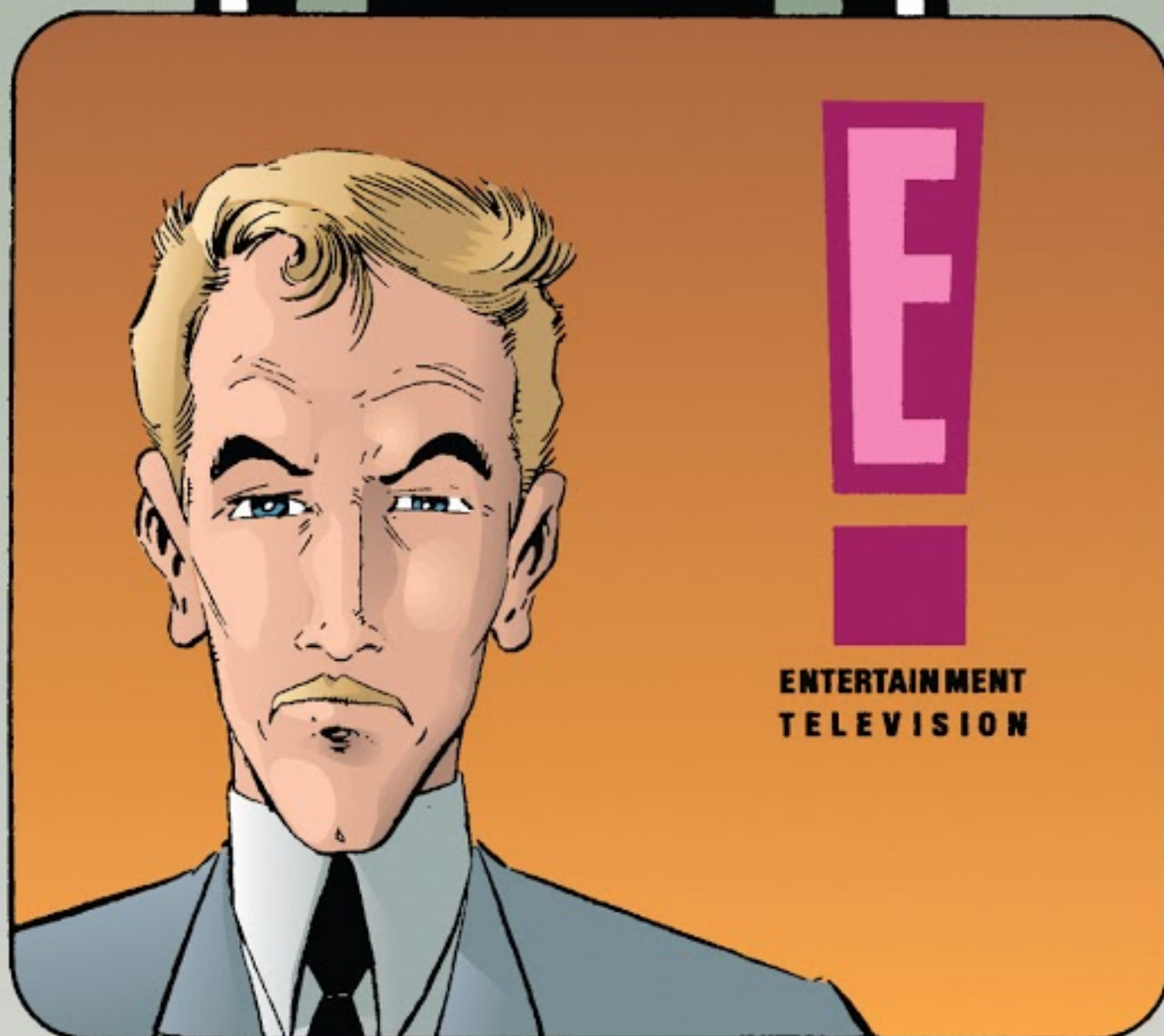




AND IN NEW YORK, JEFF PITMAN, ATTORNEY FOR CONVICTED CHILD KILLER BILL KINCAID, WAS FINALLY SUCCESSFUL IN HIS ATTEMPTS TO MITIGATE KINCAID'S SENTENCE. THE ORIGINAL TWENTY-TWO YEAR TERM WAS REDUCED TO TEN YEARS. THAT, COMBINED WITH TIME OFF FOR GOOD BEHAVIOR AND TIME SERVED, MAKE BILL KINCAID A FREE MAN TOMORROW.

IT WAS NEARLY EIGHT YEARS AGO THAT A JOGGER IN NEW YORK CITY FOUND AMANDA JENNINGS' BODY UNDER THE GEORGE WASHINGTON BRIDGE. THE EIGHT YEAR OLD GIRL WAS THE DAUGHTER OF FORMER SENATOR PAUL JENNINGS.

JENNINGS' HIGH-PROFILE EXTRA-MARITAL AFFAIR TARNISHED HIS RE-ELECTION BID A YEAR EARLIER. SOME SOURCES FELT THAT HIS MORE TRADITIONALLY-ORIENTED FORMER SUPPORTERS IN LAW ENFORCEMENT GAVE THE MATTER LESS ATTENTION THAN IT WARRANTED.



BELIEVE ME, IT WAS ONE TORRID LOVE AFFAIR. SENATOR JENNINGS AND MARLA FLEET WERE THE TALK OF THE TOWN DURING HIS RE-ELECTION CAMPAIGN. VOTERS DIDN'T WANT TO HEAR ABOUT BUDGETS OR TAXES. THEY WERE MORE INTERESTED IN THE STEAMY DETAILS OF HOW SENATOR JENNINGS SWEEPED THE FORMER MISS UNIVERSE OFF HER FEET. MIX IN AN EXTREMELY VENGEFUL WIFE AND THE MEDIA HAD ITSELF A FEAST FOR MONTHS.

THE STORY THAT MADE THE ROUNDS AT THE TIME-- THAT THE FORMER SENATOR'S RAGING HORMONES LED TO LESS OF AN INVESTIGATION OF HIS DAUGHTER'S DEATH-- IS TRULY DISTURBING. THESE WAGS IMPLY THAT WHILE JENNINGS WASN'T MUCH LOVED WHILE IN OFFICE, THE TAWDRY TRUTH BEHIND HIS DOWNFALL MAY HAVE LED TO INADEQUATE INFORMATION REACHING THE INTERESTED PARTIES.

AS A RESULT, BILLY KINCAID RECEIVED A TWENTY-TWO YEAR STRETCH INSTEAD OF THE LIFE SENTENCE WITHOUT PAROLE THAT THE PUBLIC SO DEARLY WANTED.



SURPRISE! SURPRISE!

KIDDIE KILLER KINCAID, FREE TO WALK THE STREETS OF THE BIG APPLE! WE'VE BEEN FAVORED WITH YET ANOTHER AWE-INSPIRING RULING AS THE COURTS ALLOW THIS CHILD-MURDERER HIS FREEDOM. AFTER PESTERING THE JUDICIAL SYSTEM WITH HIS WHINING AND APPEALS THESE PAST FIVE YEARS, KINCAID'S LAWYER FINALLY GOT WHAT HE WANTED-- ANOTHER PSYCHO READY TO ROAM CENTRAL PARK. OH JOY! OH RAPTURE! I FEEL SAFER ALREADY.

C'MON, FOLKS! I HATE REPEATING MYSELF BUT I'M NOT SURE ANYONE'S LISTENING. LOOKIT, THE WAY I SEE IT, KINCAID'S LAWYER DID US ALL A FAVOR. FOR THE PAST SIX YEARS, BILLY'S BEEN HIDDEN FROM US, BUT NOW WE HAVE AN OPEN OPPORTUNITY. I GUARANTEE THAT HE WAS A LOT SAFER ON THE INSIDE.

MY ONLY WISH IS THAT SOMEONE BREAKS HIS BACK. HELLO! ARE YOU LISTENING, MR. SHADOWHAWK?

QUEENS.

NIGHT HAS ENVELOPED A SMALL SUBURBAN NEIGHBORHOOD. AMONG THE HOMES SWALLOWED BY THE DARKNESS IS WANDA BLAKE'S.

SHE IS WIFE.

BUSINESS-WOMAN.

MOTHER.

IT'S THIS LAST ROLE THAT OCCUPIES HER TIME NOW.

Oh, YOU POOR LITTLE ANGEL.

FELL ASLEEP RIGHT ON TOP OF YOUR TOYS! I DON'T KNOW WHERE YOU GET ALL THAT ENERGY, BUT I NEVER WANTED A DOCILE LITTLE GIRL, ANYWAY.

...THOUGH, AT TIMES, IT WOULD BE NICE.

NOW YOUR MOMMY AND DADDY CAN HAVE SOME TIME TOGETHER.

THERE YOU GO.

SHE STANDS AT HER DAUGHTER'S CRIB-SIDE FOR NEARLY TEN MINUTES, SMILING DOWN AT THE CHILD SHE THOUGHT SHE'D NEVER HAVE.

HER ONLY REGRET IS THAT HER BABY IS GROWING UP SO VERY QUICKLY. SHE PRAYS SHE WILL REMEMBER THIS TIME, THIS JOY. AS SHE LEAVES THE ROOM, WANDA WHISPERS A SMALL WISH:

"DREAM WELL TONIGHT, MY SWEETHEART."

I DON'T KNOW WHY MY BLOOD **BOILS** EVERY TIME I THINK OF KINCAID. YOU'D FIGURE I'D BE OVER THIS GUY AFTER SIX YEARS.

DETECTIVE BURKE

201

BUT I'VE GOTTA TELL YOU, TWITCH, HE DID THINGS TO THE JENNINGS GIRL THAT WERE BEYOND BELIEF... HER TEETH PULLED OUT BY PLIERS, MAGGOTS DROPPED INTO HER CUTS, AND...

...AND...

AH, HELL. YOU'VE SEEN THE REPORT.

YES, SIR.

AS YOU KNOW, I HAVE QUITE A LARGE FAMILY.

Y' OUGHT TO COME BY THE HOUSE.

MY SEVEN CHILDREN ARE VERY PRECIOUS TO ME. WHAT KINCAID DID IS UNFORTUNATE. HOWEVER, HIS CONSTITUTIONAL RIGHTS MUST BE UPHELD.

YEAH! YEAH!

I KNOW. I GET REMINDED EVERY TIME I WALK THROUGH THAT DOOR!

YOU KNOW THAT CHIEF BANKS TOOK A CHUNK OUT OF ME FOR THAT TRIP WE TOOK TO THE WINDGATE INSTITUTION THIS AFTERNOON. DOESN'T WANT ME TAKING OUT "SOME PERSONAL VENDETTA" ON THE TAXPAYER'S NICKEL. CAN YOU **BELIEVE THAT!!**

A FRIGGIN' SENATOR'S KID GETS SLICED INTO QUARTER-INCH **CUBES** AND WE CAN'T BE **BOTHERED ?!!**

WHAT'S A PSYCHO GOTTA DO TO GET OUR ATTENTION **ANYWAYS ?**

LIKE OUR FRIENDS IN THE LEGAL PROFESSION, I PRIDE MYSELF ON FINDING LOOPHOLES, SIR...

WELL, THEN, MAY I SUGGEST, SIR, THAT WE SIMPLY KEEP A **VERY CLOSE EYE** ON MR. KINCAID, FOLLOWING HIS RELEASE.

...SO I WAS WONDERING IF YOU'RE **FREE** AFTER WORK FOR THE NEXT TWO WEEKS OR SO, IF YOU'D LIKE TO JOIN ME IN MY **NEW HOBBY...**

MIDNIGHT STAKEOUTS!

JUST A COUPLE OF PALS DOING A LITTLE MALE-BONDING IN THE SAME NEIGHBORHOOD, **BY COINCIDENCE,** AS A CERTAIN KID KILLER.

WHAT DO YOU SAY, PAL?

TWITCH, I LIKE YOUR STYLE.

THANKS, SIR.

TWO DAYS LATER...

you scream.
i scream.
we both screamed
for ice cream.

MISTER!
MISTER!

ALTHOUGH SHE
WON'T NOTICE,
TODAY LITTLE
SHERLEE JOHNSON
WILL BE GETTING
SERVED BY A
NEW VENDOR....

hi! that sure is a
pretty dress
you have...

...so pretty that you
get a free popsicle. go
inside the truck and
get your favorite.

REALLY?

sure,
sure.

take all
you want.
get the best
flavor.

GEE!
THANKS!

four.
five.
six.
seven.
eight.
and nine!
i just love
doing finger-
painting!

one.
two.
three.

it's sooo
fun.

GLUE



but what's
a party without
a few friends?

maybe
tomorrow
we can go find
us a little male
friend.

might
liven
up the
place.



what
do ya
say?

MAMA!

MAMA!
MAMA!

WHAT! WHAT!
WHAT!
SWEETIE.



BOY, ARE
YOU FULL OF
BEANS TODAY.
HOPE YOU WERE
A *GOOD*
GIRL FOR
MRS. PALMER.



HOW WAS
SHE TODAY,
PAM?

SHE'S
ALWAYS
GOOD,
WANDA.

IF I HAD MORE
KIDS LIKE HER AT
THIS DAYCARE IT'D
SURE MAKE MY
LIFE A WHOLE
LOT SIMPLER.

YOU'RE GOING
TO HAVE TO GIVE
ME THE RECIPE TO
THOSE *HAPPY*
PILLS YOU
GIVE HER.

I MISS
YOU,
MAMA.



YEAH, WE'RE
VERY LUCKY. SHE'S
BEEN SUCH A GOOD
BABY FOR US. ALTHOUGH
TO TELL YOU THE TRUTH,
WHEN I FOUND OUT
I WAS PREGNANT,
I'D HAVE TAKEN
ANYTHING THAT
CAME MY WAY.

WELL,
YOU'VE
BOTH BEEN
GREAT
PARENTS
SO FAR.
TERRY HAS
BEEN JUST
AN AMAZING
DAD.

"DAD."

THE NAME TEARS THROUGH SPAWN'S HEART LIKE A BULLET. IT'S A NAME THAT HE SO DESPERATELY WANTED TO BE CALLED DURING HIS LIFE WITH WANDA.

NOW HE KNOWS THAT WILL NEVER HAPPEN. WHAT MAKES IT WORSE IS THAT HE CAN'T BLAME THE DEVIL FOR THIS ONE.

EVEN BEFORE HIS DEATH, HE'D BEEN CURSED.

SO, HE CONTINUES TO WATCH FROM A DISTANCE AS THE WOMAN HE LOVES-- HIS WIFE-- PLAYS GLEEFULLY WITH THE CHILD CONCEIVED BY HER CURRENT HUSBAND.

I'M GONNA GET'CHA!

Hee... MAMA... DON'T... Hee--

AFTER A TIME, HE RETREATS...

...TO A PLACE WHERE HE SPENDS HIS NIGHTS, LOST AMONG LOST SOULS.

...WHEN JOHNNY CALLED ME THE "DESTRUCTOR OF SOCIETY," I ABOUT PEE'D MYSELF.

SO I SAYS TO HIM-- "JOHNNY, OLD SON, HOW CAN I BRING DOWN SOCIETY WHEN I CAN'T EVEN SPEAK JAPANESE OR FRENCH?!"

WHEN ALL THE CHEAP WINE HAS VANISHED AND THE FIRE HAS STARTED TO DIE OUT...

...THESE TEMPORARY FRIENDS HUDDLE TOGETHER FOR A FEW HOURS' REST...

...TRYING TO ESCAPE THE GHOSTS THAT HAUNT THEM. FOR A SHORT TIME SLEEP IS ALMOST A CURE.



AND THAT AIN'T THE FUNNY PART...

TONIGHT, THESE OUTCASTS OF THE WORLD HAVE BANDED TOGETHER FOR COMPANIONSHIP, A FEW LAUGHS, A FEW SLIGHTLY EXAGGERATED STORIES.

ALMOST.

WHEE-O WHEE-O WHEE-O

CRIPES!
DAMN BUMS
BLOCKING ANOTHER
ALLEY. ALWAYS
SLOWING US
DOWN!

K-KASH
KANGG

TUNCH!

GOT A
ROBBERY IN
PROGRESS AND
I CAN HARDLY
SEE WHERE I'M
GOING!

SOMEONE
OUGHTTA
RUN THESE
LOSERS
OUTTA
TOWN!

JEEZ!

C'MON, GEORGE,
SLOW IT DOWN!
A BIT! YOU'RE
DRIVING LIKE
A LUNATIC!

SPHASH

SPATCH KNGH-KKT

JOEY?

HEY, JOEY, C'MON MAN

STOP KIDDIN'!

JOEY!

GOD.

HOLY--! LOOK WHAT THEY'VE DONE TO HIM! THOSE DAMN COPS DIDN'T EVEN SLOW DOWN.

PLOWED RIGHT THROUGH WHERE HE WAS LYING.

THEM **BLOODY** COPS DON'T GIVE A **CRAP** ABOUT US! WE AIN'T EVEN WORTH BRAKING FOR BEFORE THEY **RUN US DOWN!**

SUPPOSED T' BE PROTECTING THE LAW--

HA!

THEY BREAK THE LAW EVERY TIME NO ONE'S LOOKIN'--

I TOLD HIM NOT TO SLEEP UNDER THEM BOXES.

BUT YOU KNOW HOW JOEY WAS, YOU COULDN'T TELL HIM **NOTHIN'!**

THIS AIN'T GOT NOTHING TO DO WITH JOEY!

AND THEY AIN'T PROTECTING ME FROM **SQUAT!**

THEM BUGGERS CALL IT JUSTICE-- WELL, LOOK AT **THIS!**

KINCAID!
FREE!

ALREADY... IT CAN'T... damn! KEEP FORGETTING FIVE YEARS HAVE GONE BY.

RUNNING DOWN AN INNOCENT MAN TRYING TO FIND WARM FROM THE WIND... AND LETTING THIS **KINCAID** FELLOW GO, AFTER KILLING **BABIES!**

THAT AIN'T JUSTICE, THAT'S

NUTS!

GOOD! I WON'T LOSE OUT A SECOND TIME.

New York Times
BULL REEL
"BILLY" KINCAID FREED; MURDER CHARGE REDUCED



I REMEMBER JENNINGS' HIRING ME TO KILL KINCAID. SAID HE COULDN'T STAND TO SEE HIS EX-WIFE SUFFER.

EVEN THOUGH HE WASN'T WITH THE GOVERNMENT ANYMORE, HE KNEW WHAT I WAS ALL ABOUT.

A MILLION BUCKS FOR THE HIT. NO ONE WAS TO KNOW ABOUT IT-- NOTHING I COULDN'T HANDLE.

FIGURED I COULD RETIRE A BIT SOONER, FROM ALL THE GARBAGE I WAS DEALING WITH AT HEADQUARTERS.

WANDA AND I WOULD HAVE BEEN SET FOR LIFE. UNFORTUNATELY, JENNINGS STILL HAD PLENTY OF ENEMIES. INFORMATION

BY THE TIME I LOCATED KINCAID, THE COPS HAD BEAT ME TO HIM.

THE SICK PART WAS THAT KINCAID WAS SMILING MORE BROADLY THAN THE COPS.

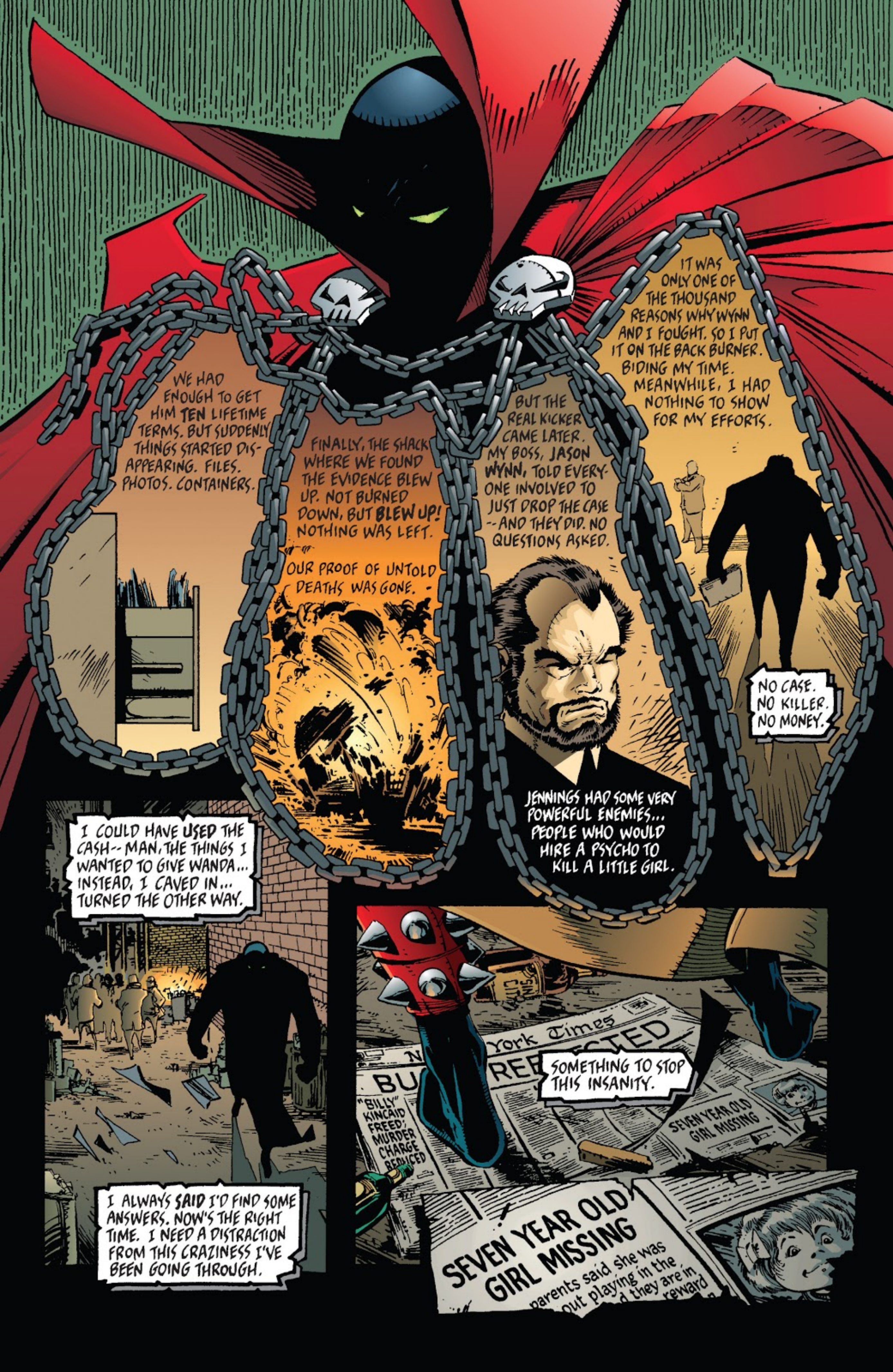
I DIDN'T UNDERSTAND THAT. WHY WOULD HE BE LAUGHING?

EVEN DURING HIS TRIAL HE HAD THAT SICKLY SMIRK ON HIS FACE. WHEN THE JUDGE PUT HIM AWAY, HE LAUGHED AGAIN. WHY?

I FOUND OUT TWO WEEKS LATER.

IN AN ABANDONED SHACK IN NORTH-WEST VIRGINIA WERE... REMAINS. MULTIPLE BODIES. ALL KIDS. ALL SO MUTILATED WE NEVER DID GET A FINAL BODY COUNT.

THAT SHACK BELONGED TO BILLY KINCAID.



WE HAD ENOUGH TO GET HIM TEN LIFETIME TERMS. BUT SUDDENLY THINGS STARTED DISAPPEARING. FILES. PHOTOS. CONTAINERS.

FINALLY, THE SHACK WHERE WE FOUND THE EVIDENCE BLEW UP. NOT BURNED DOWN, BUT BLEW UP! NOTHING WAS LEFT.

OUR PROOF OF UNTOLD DEATHS WAS GONE.

BUT THE REAL KICKER CAME LATER. MY BOSS, JASON WYNN, TOLD EVERYONE INVOLVED TO JUST DROP THE CASE -- AND THEY DID. NO QUESTIONS ASKED.

IT WAS ONLY ONE OF THE THOUSAND REASONS WHY WYNN AND I FOUGHT. SO I PUT IT ON THE BACK BURNER. BIDDING MY TIME. MEANWHILE, I HAD NOTHING TO SHOW FOR MY EFFORTS.

NO CASE. NO KILLER. NO MONEY.

JENNINGS HAD SOME VERY POWERFUL ENEMIES... PEOPLE WHO WOULD HIRE A PSYCHO TO KILL A LITTLE GIRL.

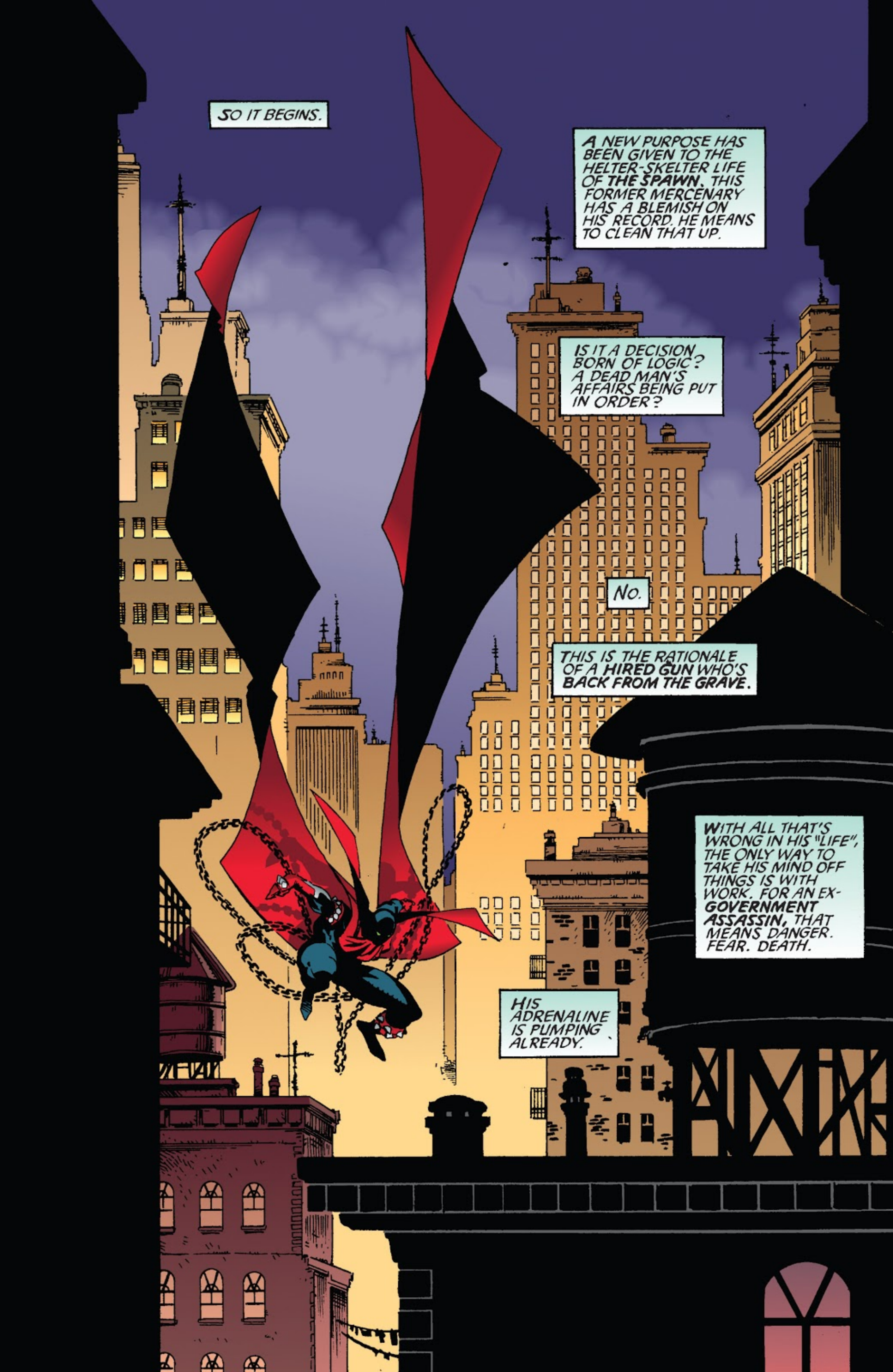
I COULD HAVE USED THE CASH-- MAN, THE THINGS I WANTED TO GIVE WANDA... INSTEAD, I CAVED IN... TURNED THE OTHER WAY.

I ALWAYS SAID I'D FIND SOME ANSWERS. NOW'S THE RIGHT TIME. I NEED A DISTRACTION FROM THIS CRAZINESS I'VE BEEN GOING THROUGH.

SOMETHING TO STOP THIS INSANITY.

SEVEN YEAR OLD GIRL MISSING

parents said she was out playing in the yard and they are in reward



SO IT BEGINS.

A NEW PURPOSE HAS BEEN GIVEN TO THE HELTER-SKELTER LIFE OF THE SPAWN. THIS FORMER MERCENARY HAS A BLEMISH ON HIS RECORD. HE MEANS TO CLEAN THAT UP.

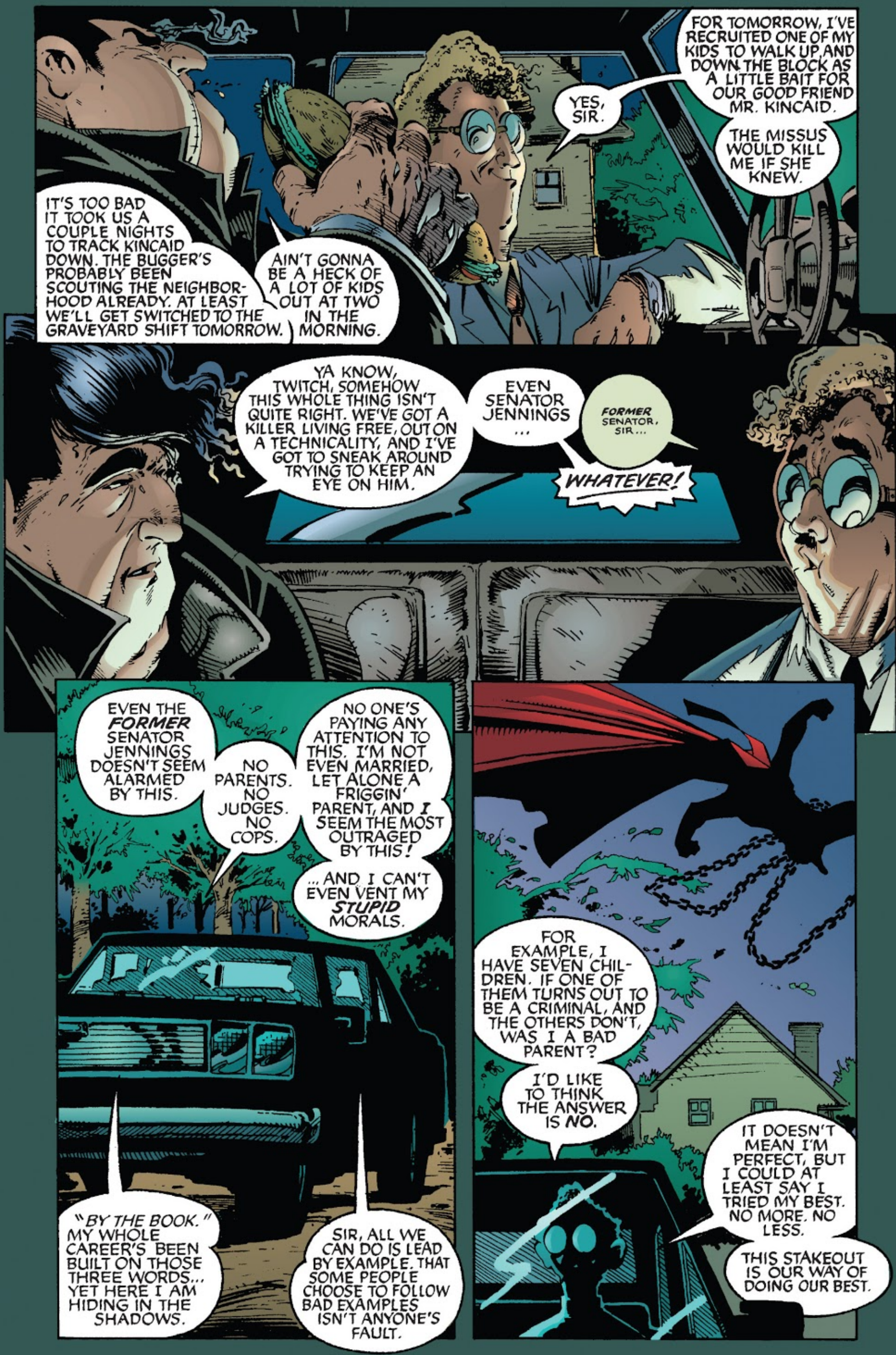
IS IT A DECISION BORN OF LOGIC? A DEAD MAN'S AFFAIRS BEING PUT IN ORDER?

No.

THIS IS THE RATIONALE OF A HIRED GUN WHO'S BACK FROM THE GRAVE.

WITH ALL THAT'S WRONG IN HIS "LIFE", THE ONLY WAY TO TAKE HIS MIND OFF THINGS IS WITH WORK. FOR AN EX-GOVERNMENT ASSASSIN, THAT MEANS DANGER. FEAR. DEATH.

HIS ADRENALINE IS PUMPING ALREADY.



IT'S TOO BAD IT TOOK US A COUPLE NIGHTS TO TRACK KINCAID DOWN. THE BUGGER'S PROBABLY BEEN SCOUTING THE NEIGHBORHOOD ALREADY. AT LEAST WE'LL GET SWITCHED TO THE GRAVEYARD SHIFT TOMORROW.

AIN'T GONNA BE A HECK OF A LOT OF KIDS OUT AT TWO IN THE MORNING.

YES, SIR.

FOR TOMORROW, I'VE RECRUITED ONE OF MY KIDS TO WALK UP AND DOWN THE BLOCK AS A LITTLE BAIT FOR OUR GOOD FRIEND MR. KINCAID.

THE MISSUS WOULD KILL ME IF SHE KNEW.

YA KNOW, TWITCH, SOMEHOW THIS WHOLE THING ISN'T QUITE RIGHT. WE'VE GOT A KILLER LIVING FREE, OUT ON A TECHNICALITY, AND I'VE GOT TO SNEAK AROUND TRYING TO KEEP AN EYE ON HIM.

EVEN SENATOR JENNINGS ...

FORMER SENATOR, SIR ...

WHATEVER!

EVEN THE FORMER SENATOR JENNINGS DOESN'T SEEM ALARMED BY THIS.

NO PARENTS. NO JUDGES. NO COPS.

NO ONE'S PAYING ANY ATTENTION TO THIS. I'M NOT EVEN MARRIED, LET ALONE A FRIGGIN' PARENT, AND I SEEM THE MOST OUTRAGED BY THIS!

... AND I CAN'T EVEN VENT MY STUPID MORALS.

FOR EXAMPLE, I HAVE SEVEN CHILDREN. IF ONE OF THEM TURNS OUT TO BE A CRIMINAL, AND THE OTHERS DON'T, WAS I A BAD PARENT?

I'D LIKE TO THINK THE ANSWER IS NO.

IT DOESN'T MEAN I'M PERFECT, BUT I COULD AT LEAST SAY I TRIED MY BEST. NO MORE. NO LESS.

THIS STAKEOUT IS OUR WAY OF DOING OUR BEST.

"BY THE BOOK." MY WHOLE CAREER'S BEEN BUILT ON THOSE THREE WORDS... YET HERE I AM HIDING IN THE SHADOWS.

SIR, ALL WE CAN DO IS LEAD BY EXAMPLE. THAT SOME PEOPLE CHOOSE TO FOLLOW BAD EXAMPLES ISN'T ANYONE'S FAULT.



"WE'RE NOT BREAKING THE LAW, SIR. WE'RE JUST GIVING IT A HELPING HAND."



i hate nights.

no sun.
no kids.
no fun.



tomorrow
i'll go out and
play, but i need to
find some excite-
ment tonight.



now let
me think.

um.



um.



HE'S AT IT
AGAIN.



IT DOESN'T MATTER WHO
HE TAKES. HE DOESN'T
CARE WHOSE KID IT IS.

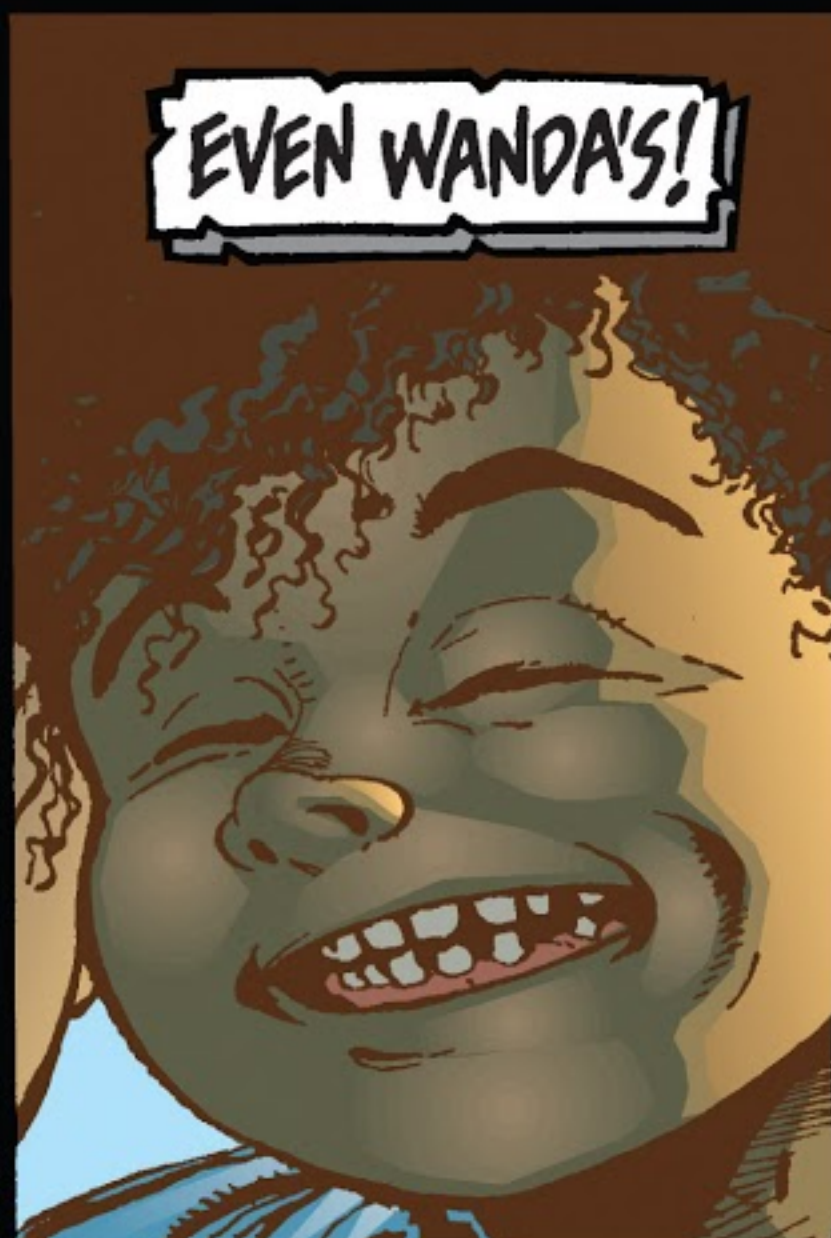
IT COULD BE
ANYONES'.

um.



hee.
hee.
hee.

oh, billy, that's
a good one.

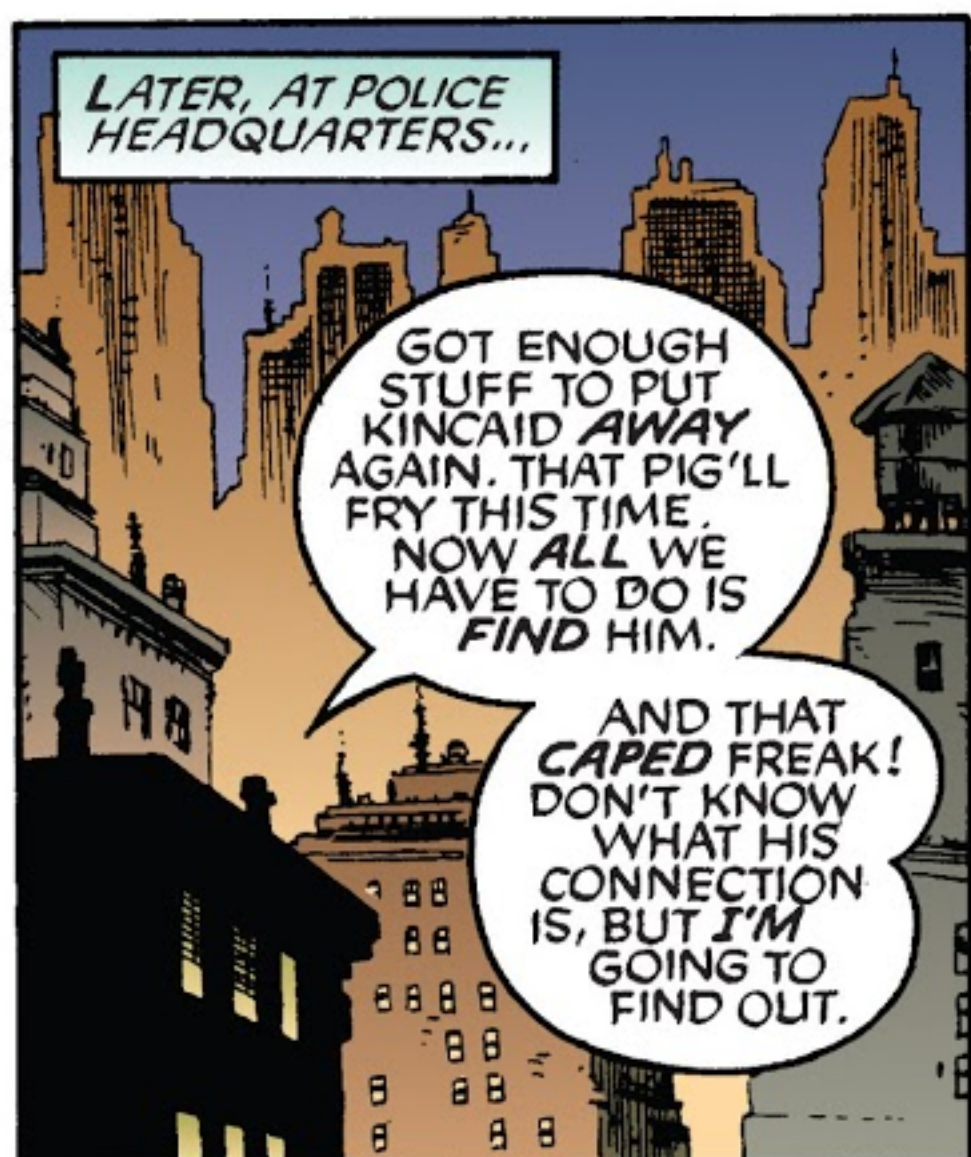
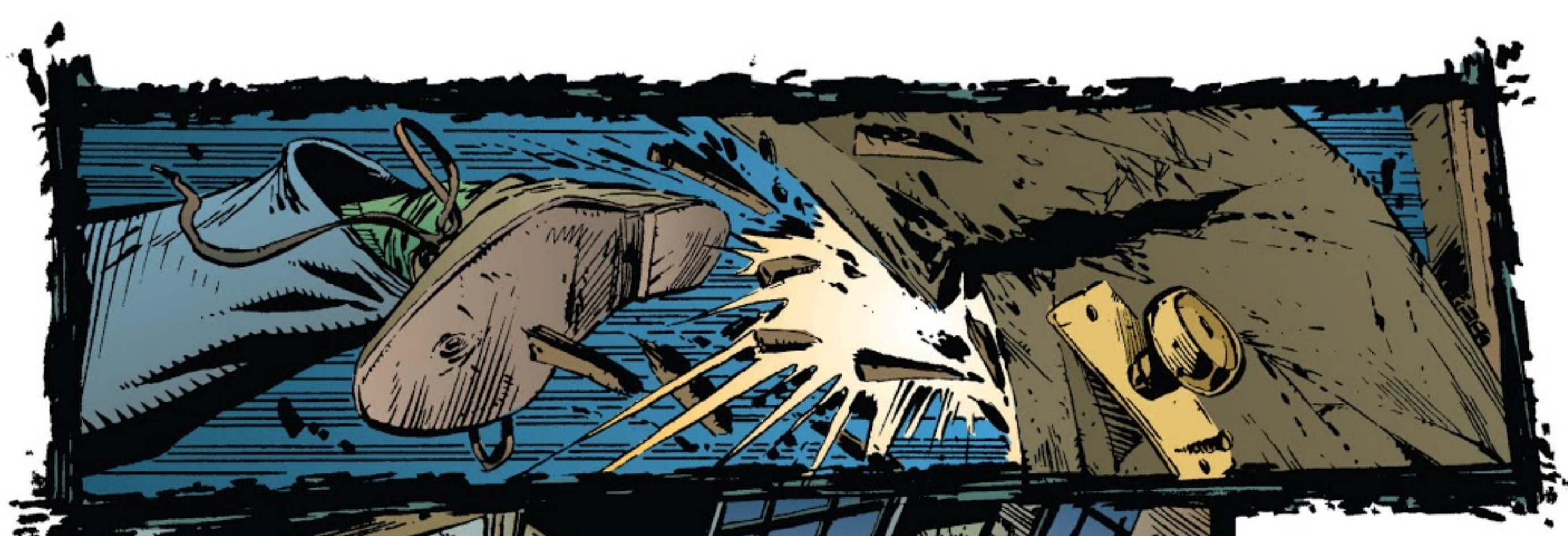




í...

í...

íce cream...
íce cream...
íce cream...



FORTUNATELY,
SOME CAN.

BOYS SCREAMED
AND GIRLS SCREAMED
SO I MADE HIM SCREAM
AND SCREAM
AND SCREAM...





®

SPAWN®

image

6
NOV

DIGITAL
EDITION



MCFARIANF

Andrew

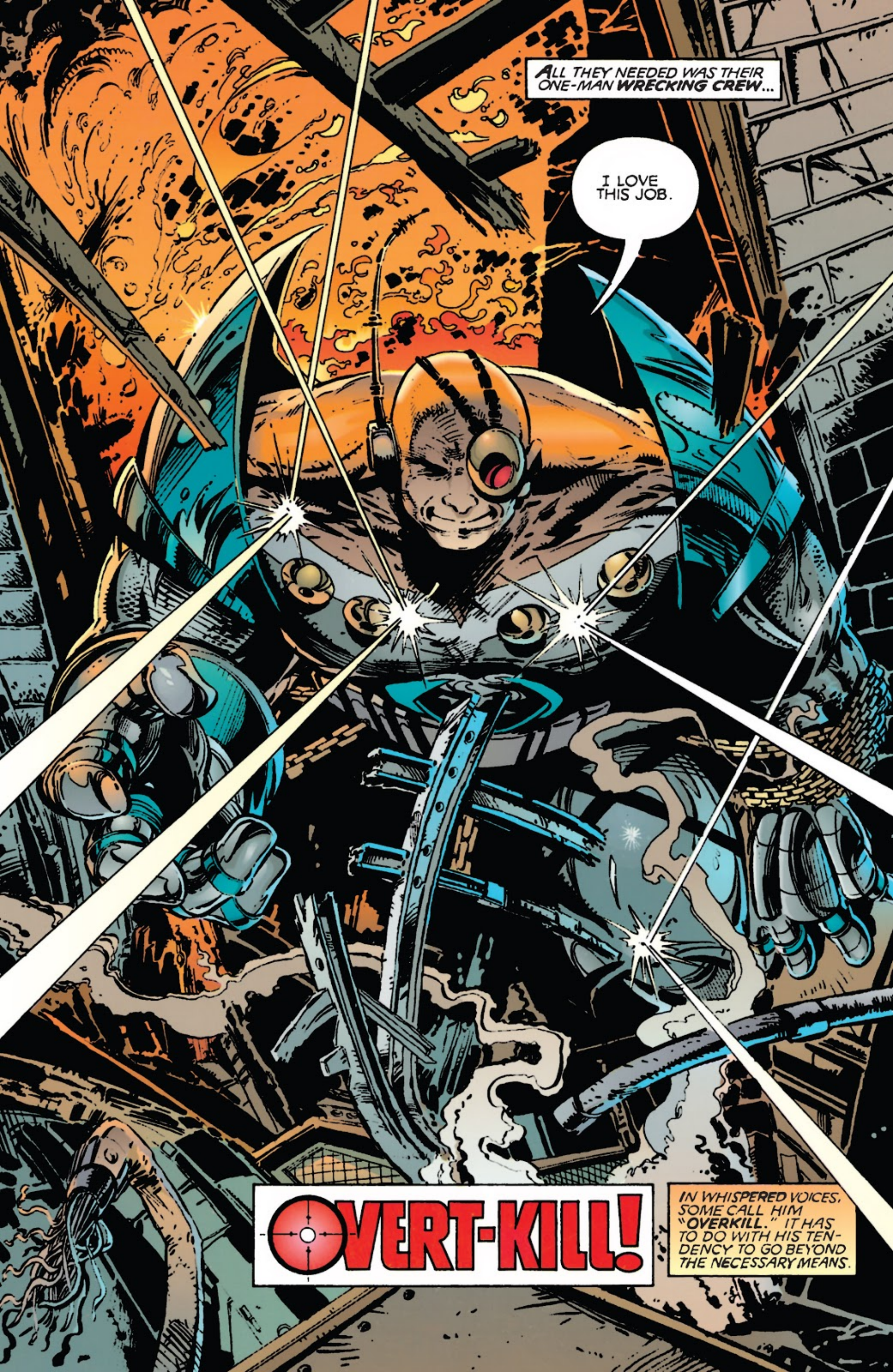
SICILY.

THE MORNING ROUTINES ARE INTERRUPTED BY AN UNSCHEDULED DEMOLITION. HOWEVER, IT COMES AS NO SURPRISE TO THIS ITALIAN ISLAND'S BUSINESS DISTRICT. IN FACT, ALL PARTIES CONCERNED WERE GIVEN NEARLY AN HOUR'S NOTICE.

THE MESSAGE IS CLEAR: MESS WITH THE MAFIA AND THEY'LL MESS YOU UP.

SKKRUMRRK BK

THE MILITARY HAS BEEN CALLED, OF COURSE, BUT THERE'S NOTHING MUCH TO BE DONE. A MULTINATIONAL FIRM HAD REFUSED TO COOPERATE ON ALL LEVELS, SO THE CRIME CARTEL DECIDED TO DO SOME LEVELLING OF ITS OWN.



ALL THEY NEEDED WAS THEIR
ONE-MAN WRECKING CREW...

I LOVE
THIS JOB.

 **OVERT-KILL!**

IN WHISPERED VOICES,
SOME CALL HIM
"OVERKILL." IT HAS
TO DO WITH HIS TEN-
DENCY TO GO BEYOND
THE NECESSARY MEANS.

AS HE EMERGES, WRAITH-LIKE FROM THE FLAMES AND DESTRUCTION, HIS NAME BECOMES AN UNDERSTATEMENT.

HE'S DONE HIS JOB.
TIME NOW TO GO HOME.

HE'S STILL
COMING--

FIRE!

VOOM

VOOM

VOOM

THE ARMY HAS DEALT WITH OVERT-KILL IN THE PAST. THAT'S WHY THEY'VE ARRIVED WITH ENOUGH FIREPOWER TO ENGAGE AN ENEMY BATTALION. TODAY'S ENGAGEMENT, THOUGH, IS ALSO A FEW SANDWICHES SHORT OF A PICNIC. OVERT-KILL CANNOT BE DAMAGED.

K-TING

K-TING

THE MESSAGE
FINALLY SINKS IN.

NOW WHAT?!

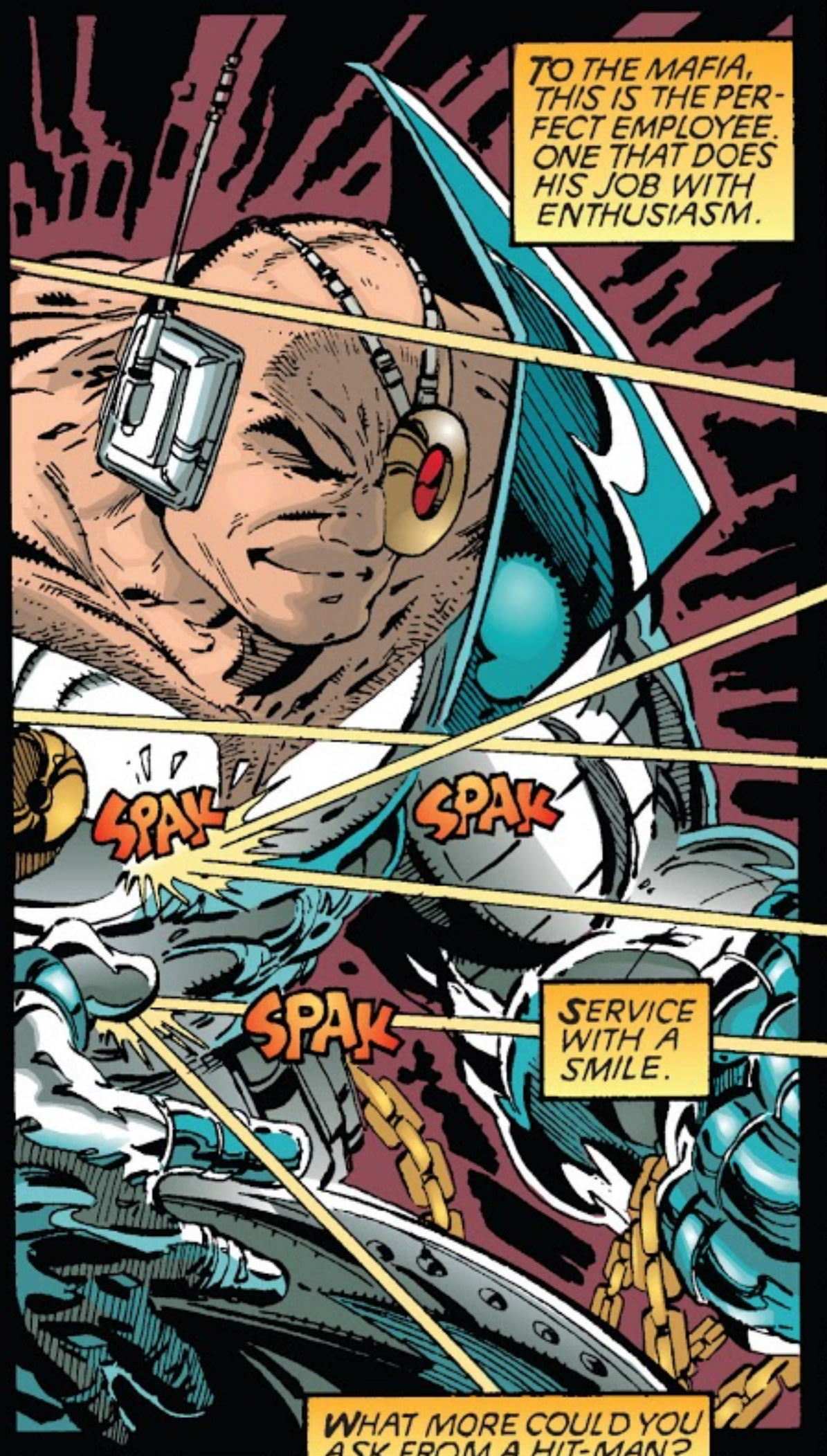
TRY
RUNNING!!



TOO SLOW.

SPAK!

KRUNCHKRUNCHKRUNCH



TO THE MAFIA,
THIS IS THE PER-
FECT EMPLOYEE.
ONE THAT DOES
HIS JOB WITH
ENTHUSIASM.

SPAK

SPAK

SPAK

SERVICE
WITH A
SMILE.

WHAT MORE COULD YOU
ASK FROM A HIT-MAN?



GET OUT OF
HERE BEFORE
I GET
MAD!

KRUNCHKRUNCHKRUNCH

HURRY! GET
THE CANNON
IN POSITION!

I DIDN'T
WANT TO
HAVE TO PUT
THIS INTO
ACTION--

--BUT
HE'S LEFT
ME NO
CHOICE!

SERGEANT ICO,
THAT THING CAN
WIPE OUT **TWO**
CITY BLOCKS!
BETTER HIT HIM
THE FIRST
TIME!

THE POINT BECOMES MOOT
AS OVERT-KILL LEAPS HIGH INTO
THE AIR AND COMES CRASHING
DOWN-- DIRECTLY ON THE
KP-211AF4 SPECIAL...

...A.K.A. THE
SILVER GOD.

THERE ARE
REASONS WHY
THE MAFIA IS
ABLE TO HOLD
ONTO POWER.



I GOT IT.
YOU WANT
IT.

LET'S
DEAL!

sniff

Flick
Flick
Flick



HERE'S
THE
SCOOP!

I *MIGHT* KNOW WHERE
YOU CAN FIND THAT DUDE
WHO'S BEEN ACEING YOUR
ITALIAN BOSSES. PAPER SAYS
THEY ALL HAD THEIR *HEARTS*
MISSING! SUCKER PLAYS
FOR *KEEPS*, 'ey?

sniff

ANYWAY, I THINK I GOT
Y'R MAN: THE FREAK WEARS
THIS WEIRD *OUTFIT* ALL THE
TIME. *sniff* KINDA CORNY.



BUT HE'S *DEFINATELY*
NOT ONE OF US. HE'S ALWAYS
HANGING BY HISSELF. NEVER
SAYS A FREAKIN' WORD! SO,
I WAS THINKIN'... YOU GET
ME SOMETHING *I'M*
LOOKING FOR--

sniff

--AND
TOMORROW WE
CAN SWAP
GOODIES!

Flick

WHAT
YA SAY,
FELLAS
?!



TEN OUNCES OF
YOUR BEST POWDER
BY EIGHT P.M.
TOMORROW AND
WE'RE IN BUSINESS.

sniff

CUT THE
CRAP,
FREDDY! YOU'LL
GET WHAT YOU
WANT. JUST
TELL US WHAT
WE WANT
TO KNOW.

AND
MAKE IT
GOOD.



um...

sniff

YEAH,
OKAY. I
TRUST
YOU
FELLAS.

THE DUDE'S
LIVING OVER...
HEY, YOU GUYS
GOT A SMOKE...

Flick
Flick

DAMN
LIGHTER!

FREDDY!!

YEAH,
OKAY!
OKAY!

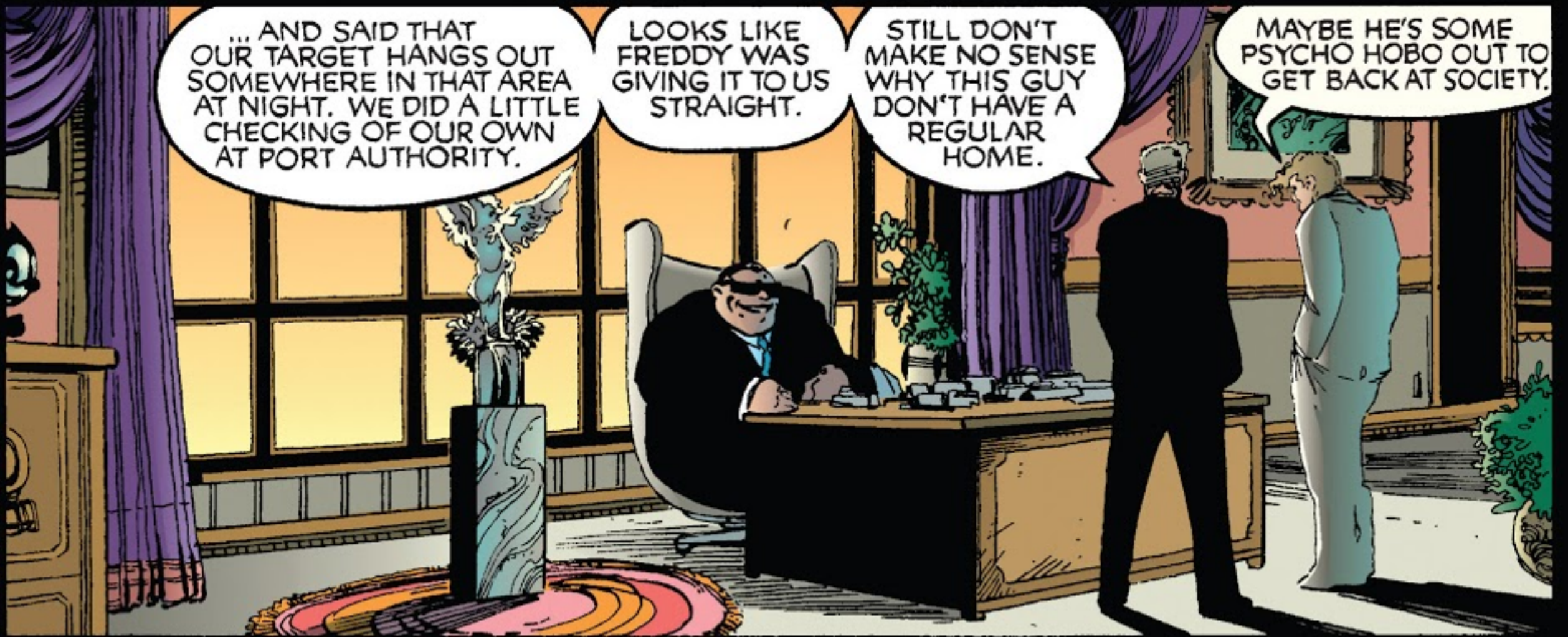
HE'S BEEN
LIVING WITH
THE OLD
GEEZERS BACK
OF 42nd AND
SIXTH. HE
MOVES AROUND
A LOT, THOUGH.

THE BOSS
WILL BE
VERY, VERY
HAPPY
WITH YOU.

BANG



I'M SURE
HE'LL SEND
FLOWERS.

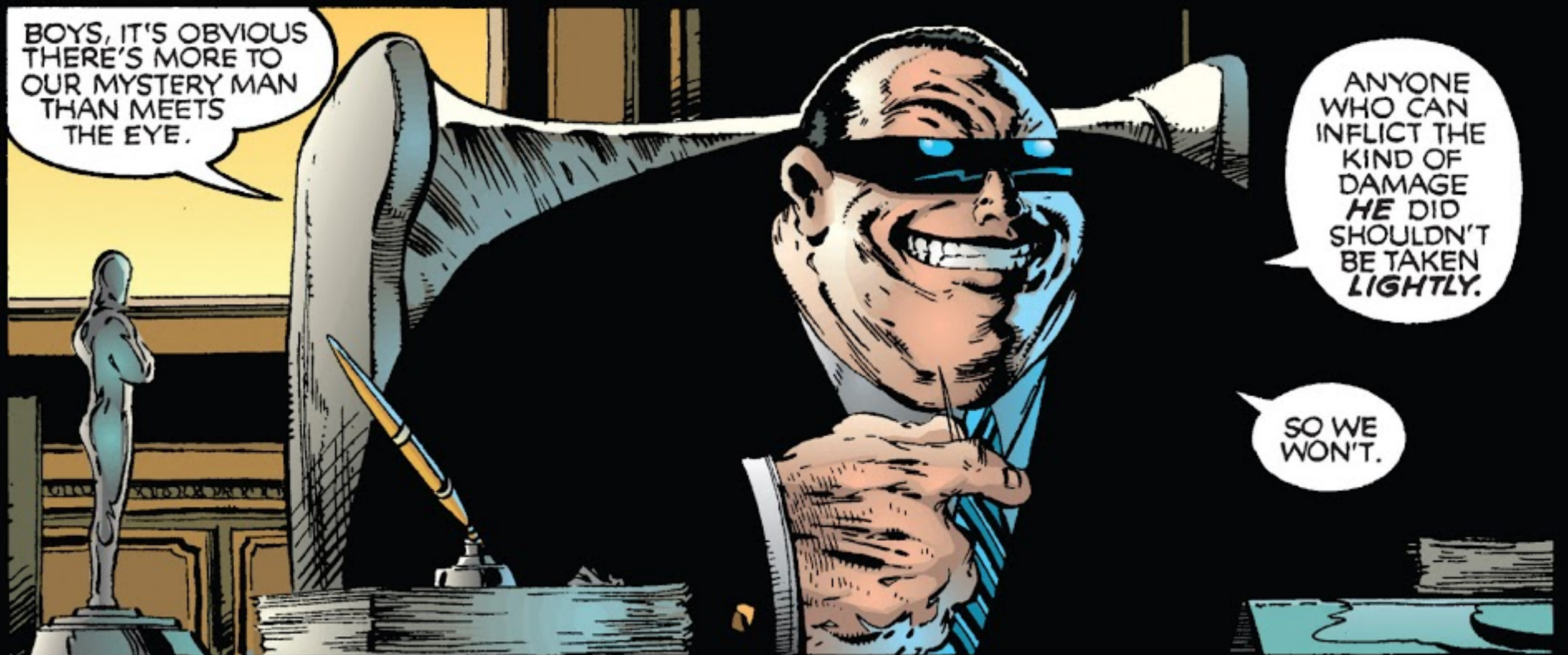


... AND SAID THAT OUR TARGET HANGS OUT SOMEWHERE IN THAT AREA AT NIGHT. WE DID A LITTLE CHECKING OF OUR OWN AT PORT AUTHORITY.

LOOKS LIKE FREDDY WAS GIVING IT TO US STRAIGHT.

STILL DON'T MAKE NO SENSE WHY THIS GUY DON'T HAVE A REGULAR HOME.

MAYBE HE'S SOME PSYCHO HOBO OUT TO GET BACK AT SOCIETY.



BOYS, IT'S OBVIOUS THERE'S MORE TO OUR MYSTERY MAN THAN MEETS THE EYE.

ANYONE WHO CAN INFLECT THE KIND OF DAMAGE **HE** DID SHOULDN'T BE TAKEN **LIGHTLY**.

SO WE WON'T.



I WANT YOU TWO TO MAKE SURE THIS JOB IS DONE QUICKLY AND **QUIETLY**. THE OTHER DONS ARE WAITING FOR RESULTS.

MAKE SURE WE **NEVER** HEAR FROM THIS MAN AGAIN.



YES, BOSS.

OH...

ANOTHER THING. MAKE SURE HE SUFFERS BEFORE YOU KILL HIM.

THEN, BRING ME **HIS** HEART.

YO!

AL, WHY YOU ALWAYS SITTING BY YOURSELF? WE **DISEASED** OR SOMETHIN'?

C'MON, MAN.

WE AIN'T HERE TO GETCHA. WE'RE JUST **HERE**.

WE DON'T CARE WHAT YOU'RE RUNNIN' FROM--!

HELL, WE **ALL** GOT SECRETS. I GOT STORIES THAT'D CHILL YOUR BLOOD-- BUT IT DON'T DO NO GOOD TO KEEP REHASHING THE PAST. **SURVIVING'S** WHAT WE'RE ABOUT.

BUT IN THE MEANTIME, WE CAN GIVE EACH OTHER COMPANY. FOR MOST OF US, THAT'S ALL WE **GOT**. WE DON'T CARE WHERE YA BEEN OR HOW YA GOT THERE ...

... OR EVEN WHY YOU WEAR THAT OUTFIT.

WE JUST DON'T WANT YOU TO BE AFRAID OF US.

INCREDIBLE.

EXTENDING THEIR TRUST TO AN INTRUDER. HOW BASIC THEIR LIVES HAVE BECOME. WARMTH. FOOD. COMPANIONSHIP. THEY WON'T ALLOW MY OR ANYONE'S SELF-PITY IN THEIR DOMAIN. THIS ALLEY-WAY IS THEIR CASTLE.

THE LEAST I CAN DO IS LEARN TO LIVE BY THEIR RULES.

GENTLE-MEN...

IF YOU DON'T MIND, I'D LIKE TO SHARE A STORY WITH YOU...

8:0:9:2

IT'S A STORY THAT TIES DIRECTLY INTO A SMALL FAMILY DWELLING NESTLED AMONG THE CLASSIC TRAPPINGS OF SUBURBIA, U.S.A. THE LOCATION IS **QUEENS**; THE OCCUPANTS ARE QUITE TYPICAL:

A MOTHER, A FATHER AND A BABY.

THE LOVE SHARED BY THESE THREE HELPS KEEP THE FABRIC OF SOCIETY TIGHTLY WOVEN. UNFORTUNATELY, THIS JOY IS BORN OF TRAGEDY.

THAT TRAGEDY HAD A NAME: **AL SIMMONS, A.K.A. SPAWN.**

WHEEEEEEE!

HIS WIDOW, **WANDA BLAKE**, HAS BELIEVED HIM TO BE DEAD FOR THE PAST FIVE YEARS. BUT, WHILE SHE WAS SHATTERED BY AL'S UNTIMELY DEATH, SHE FOUND THE STRENGTH TO MOVE FORWARD. IT WAS THIS KIND OF COURAGE THAT CAUSED AL TO FALL HOPELESSLY IN LOVE WITH HER.

A WHOLE LOT OF THAT LOVE COMES FROM **CYAN**, HER BABY DAUGHTER--THOUGH AT FIFTEEN MONTHS SHE IS HARDLY AN INFANT ANY LONGER.

RUNNING! SCREAMING! BANGING! LONG PERIODS OF SILENCE ARE A THING OF THE PAST...

... AND HER NEW HUSBAND.

NOT ONLY IS **TERRY FITZGERALD** A GOOD FATHER AND CARING SPOUSE, BUT HE WAS THE BEST FRIEND OF **AL SIMMONS**. IF ANYONE COULD TAKE CARE OF **WANDA** BETTER THAN **AL**, IT WOULD BE **TERRY**.

THIS MAKES THE SITUATION EVEN MORE TRAGIC. SHOULD **AL** INTRUDE, OR LEAVE **WANDA** TO LIVE HER NEW LIFE IN PEACE?



NEITHER CHOICE WILL BRING HAPPINESS TO **ALL** INVOLVED. UNTIL OUR HERO REACHES A DECISION, HE'LL BE **HAUNTED** BY THIS "NO-WIN" SITUATION THAT'S SLOWLY TEARING HIM APART.



READY?

NOW SHE IS REMARRIED, AND LOVE IS ONCE AGAIN PART OF HER LIFE.



OH OH!

...AND **WANDA** WOULDN'T TRADE IT FOR ANYTHING. THE GREATEST GIFT OF ALL, A CHILD, HAS FINALLY BEEN GIVEN TO HER...



HERE WE GO!

IT'S A STORY THAT TIES DIRECTLY INTO A SMALL FAMILY DWELLING NESTLED AMONG THE CLASSIC TRAPPINGS OF SUBURBIA, U.S.A. THE LOCATION IS **QUEENS**; THE OCCUPANTS ARE QUITE TYPICAL:

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NOW SHE IS REMARRIED, AND **LOVE** IS ONCE AGAIN PART OF HER LIFE.



...AND **WANDA** WOULDN'T TRADE IT FOR ANYTHING. THE GREATEST GIFT OF ALL, A CHILD, HAS FINALLY BEEN GIVEN TO HER...



IN A GHETTO OF
DISPLACED
HUMANITY, BEHIND
PORT AUTHORITY
BUS TERMINAL...

THIS IS GOING
GREAT. WE'VE LEFT
A TRAIL EVEN A
BLIND MAN
COULD FOLLOW.

DON'T KNOW
WHY THIS HERO'S
SO ATTACHED TO
THESE BUMS **ANY-**
WAYS. GUESS HE LIKES
HANGING AROUND **CRAP,**
Y'KNOW WHAT I
MEAN?

EXCUSE
ME, LOSER.
MAY I HAVE A
WORD WITH
YOU?

wha...
?

OH!

A **SMART-**
ASS, HUH?!

SPAT!

Hee hee
hee

THIS IS A
RIOT! A
COUPLE MORE
AND I GUESS
WE CAN SIT
BACK AND WAIT
FOR THE **CAPED**
DUDE TO
SHOW.

HOW
MANY
IS THIS
NOW? **FOUR?**

FIVE.

BUT WHO'S
COUNTING?

I'M GLAD YOU CAN LAUGH AT THIS, TOMMY. I LEARNED A LONG TIME AGO THAT YOU CAN'T TAKE *ANY* OF THIS PERSONALLY.

Y'KNOW WHAT I MEAN?

YUP.

'CAUSE WHO WANTS TO TAKE THEIR WORK WITH THEM. I'D RATHER WATCH FOOTBALL.

SUCK DOWN A FEW BEERS. RELAX. Y'KNOW WHAT I MEAN?

YUP.

SO WE'LL JUST TAKE CARE OF THIS HIT TONIGHT, REPORT BACK TO THE BOSS ON A JOB WELL DONE, THEN GO FIND US A COUPLE OF BROADS.

YOU UP FOR IT?

YUP.

UH?!
GEURRK ...

YOUR FRIEND IS DEAD! IT'S JUST YOU AND ME, COWARD. NOW I WANT TO KNOW WHO'S AFTER ME...

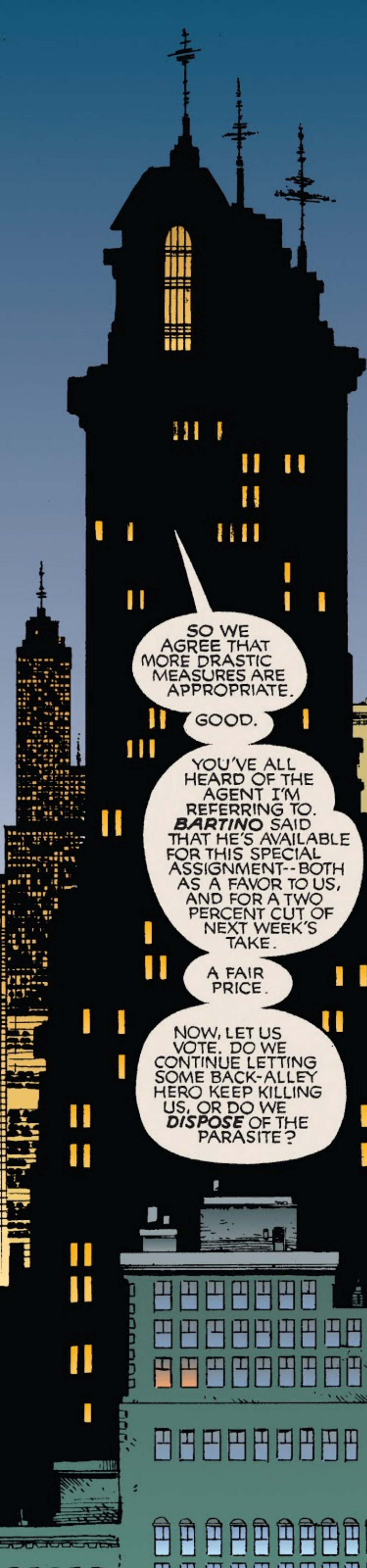
...AND MORE IMPORTANTLY, WHY?!

Y'KNOW WHAT I MEAN?

The New York Times

ALLEY LITTERED WITH BODIES

TWO KNOWN FELONS AMONG THE CORPSES



SO WE
AGREE THAT
MORE DRASTIC
MEASURES ARE
APPROPRIATE.

GOOD.

YOU'VE ALL
HEARD OF THE
AGENT I'M
REFERRING TO.
BARTINO SAID
THAT HE'S AVAILABLE
FOR THIS SPECIAL
ASSIGNMENT-- BOTH
AS A FAVOR TO US,
AND FOR A TWO
PERCENT CUT OF
NEXT WEEK'S
TAKE.

A FAIR
PRICE.

NOW, LET US
VOTE. DO WE
CONTINUE LETTING
SOME BACK-ALLEY
HERO KEEP KILLING
US, OR DO WE
DISPOSE OF THE
PARASITE?



WHACK 'IM.



WHACK HIM.



WHACK
HIM.



DISPOSE
OF HIM.



HEE. HEE.
WHACK
HIM!



KILL HIM.



WHACK
HIM, SIR.



LET HIM LIVE, I SAY!
-- JUST KIDDING.
SLAUGHTER HIM!



VERY FUNNY, TONY.
THEN IT'S
UNANIMOUS.



ADDED TO THAT REQUEST IS THE BROKEN BODY OF ANOTHER HOMELESS VICTIM. SPAWN HAD NEVER MET THIS VAGRANT, AND IS NOT HAPPY THAT ALL THE STREET PEOPLE ARE UNDER THREAT BY IMPLIED ASSOCIATION.

HE INTENDS TO CORRECT THIS SITUATION IMMEDIATELY.

SCUMBAG.

ALWAYS PREYING ON THE WEAK.

LET'S SEE HOW YOU DEAL WITH DEATH WARMED OVER.

THOUGH HE KNOWS HE'S NO ACTOR, AL REALIZES HIS COSTUME LENDS AN ELEMENT OF FEARSOMENESS. IT'S NOT MUCH, BUT HE'LL TAKE IT.

SHOW YOURSELF... IF YOU DARE.

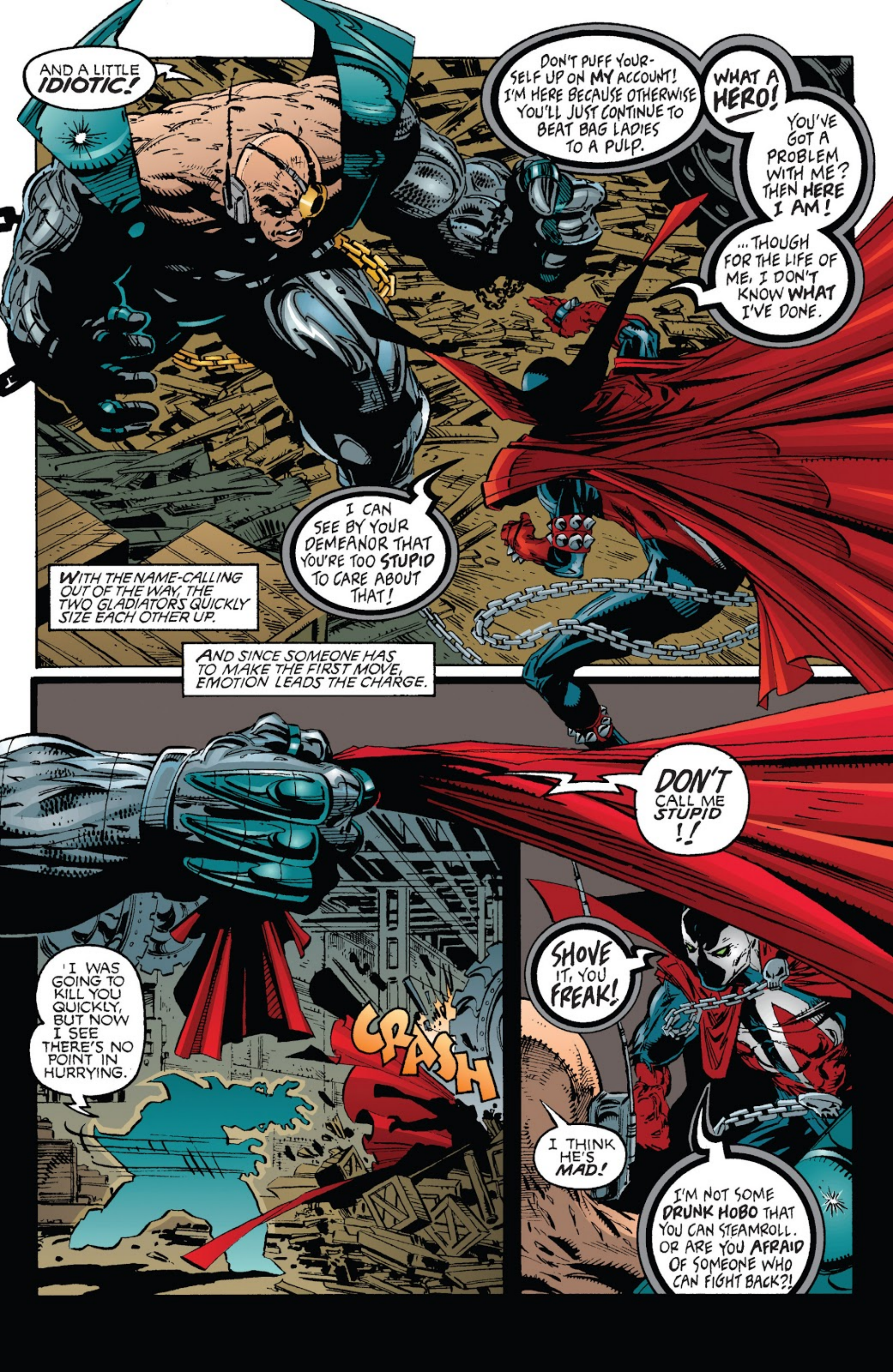
HA!

GOOD ONE, AMERICAN!

I'M GLAD TO SEE YOU **WEREN'T** AFRAID TO FACE ME!

THAT'S ADMIRABLE.

KRAK



AND A LITTLE
IDIOTIC!

DON'T PUFF YOUR-
SELF UP ON MY ACCOUNT!
I'M HERE BECAUSE OTHERWISE
YOU'LL JUST CONTINUE TO
BEAT BAG LADIES
TO A PULP.

**WHAT A
HERO!**

YOU'VE
GOT A
PROBLEM
WITH ME?
THEN HERE
I AM!

...THOUGH
FOR THE LIFE OF
ME, I DON'T
KNOW WHAT
I'VE DONE.

I CAN
SEE BY YOUR
DEMEANOR THAT
YOU'RE TOO **STUPID**
TO CARE ABOUT
THAT!

WITH THE NAME-CALLING
OUT OF THE WAY, THE
TWO GLADIATORS QUICKLY
SIZE EACH OTHER UP.

AND SINCE SOMEONE HAS
TO MAKE THE FIRST MOVE,
EMOTION LEADS THE CHARGE.

**DON'T
CALL ME
STUPID
!!**

I WAS
GOING TO
KILL YOU
QUICKLY,
BUT NOW
I SEE
THERE'S NO
POINT IN
HURRYING.

CRASH

**SHOVE
IT, YOU
FREAK!**

I THINK
HE'S
MAD!

I'M NOT SOME
DRUNK HOBO THAT
YOU CAN STEAMROLL.
OR ARE YOU **AFRAID**
OF SOMEONE WHO
CAN FIGHT BACK?!





DO NOT
LOOK SO
CONFIDENT,
MY FRIEND.

SUCH
SMUGNESS
HAS BEEN THE
DOWNFALL
OF MEN
GREATER
THAN YOU.

THIS **MINOR**
SETBACK WILL
ONLY MAKE THE
BATTLE MORE
CHALLENGING!

A **CYBORG!**

I FOUGHT THEM YEARS
AGO, BEFORE I WAS
KILLED. BUT THEY
WEREN'T NEARLY AS
ADVANCED.

NOR AS
DEADLY.

SAVE IT
FOR SOME-
ONE WHO
CARES.

GNARRK
GRRN
CREAK
CH
CRACK
KUK
POPP!

POPP!



YOU ARE
TOO SLOW, MY
FRIEND!

SWAK

YOUR GOVERNMENT
MUST TRULY BE
DESPERATE, TO HAVE
MADE YOU ONE OF THEIR
YOUNGBLOOD!

WHAT'S HE
TALKING
ABOUT?

COME
ON! GET
UP!

I HAVE SEEN
NO EVIDENCE OF
YOU HAVING THE POWER
TO RIP MEN'S *HEARTS*
OUT! SHOW ME
YOUR SKILLS!

MAKE MY
TRIP TO
AMERICA
WORTH IT!

GLYK

COME ON!
FIGHT!

I SAID...

FIGHT!!

No.

DO YOU
HEAR
ME?

FIGHT!

SHOW
ME YOUR
POWER!
SHOW ME
YOUR
STRENGTH
!!

SINCE YOU
WON'T FIGHT
FOR YOUR COUNTRY,
YOU CAN DO SOME-
THING ELSE...

LET'S SEE
WHAT KIND
OF HEROES
THE U.S.
MAKES!

BAH!

DIE!



DEAD!

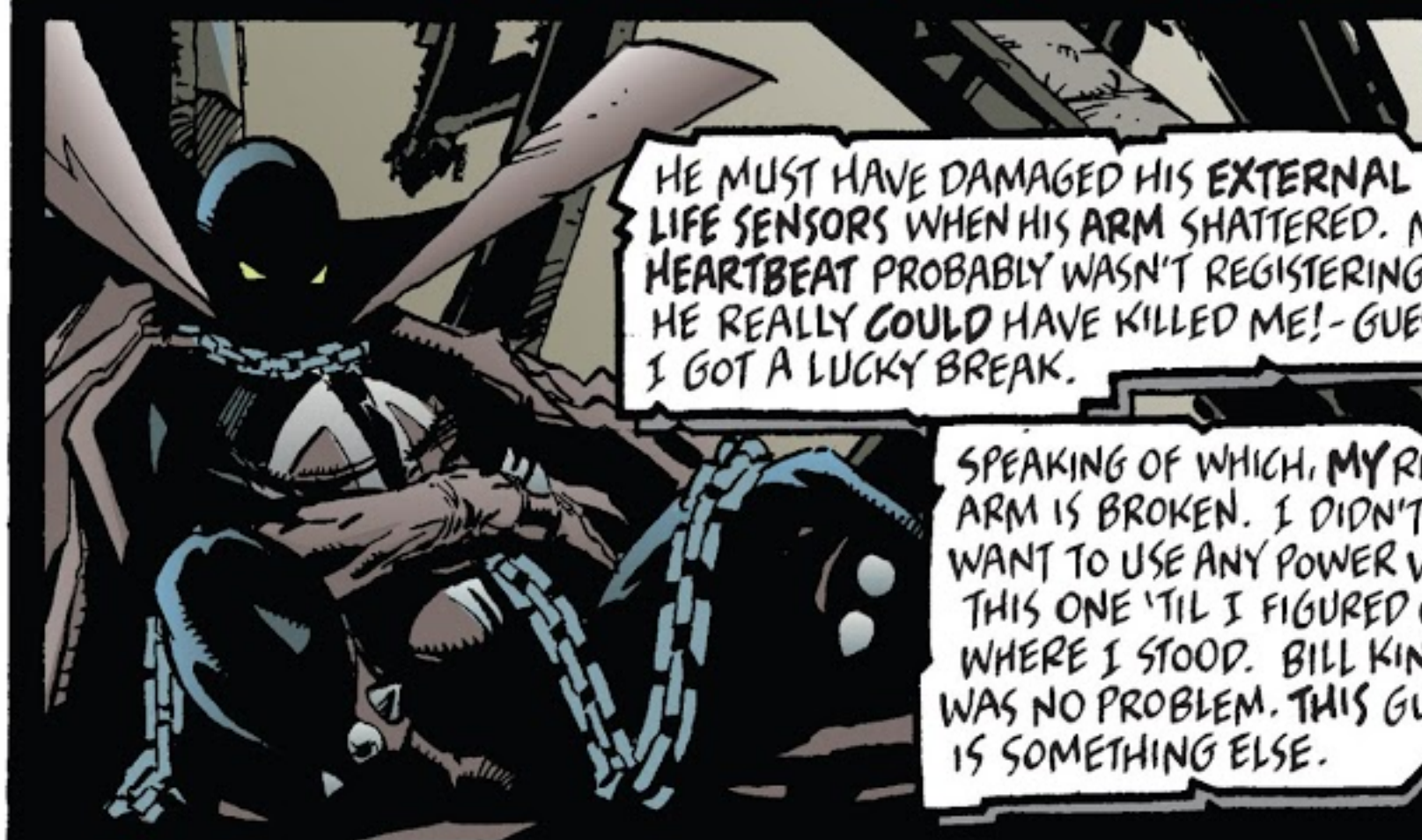
AND I DIDN'T EVEN BREAK A SWEAT! 'COURSE, COME TO THINK OF IT, I **CAN'T** SWEAT!

HAW-HAW.

WHAT A FRIGGIN' WASTE OF TIME. THE GUY COULD JUST HAVE BEEN SHOT BY ONE OF THE LOCAL WISE-GUYS, INSTEAD OF MAKING ME LEAVE MY ASSIGNMENT IN SICILY. STUFF LIKE THIS JUST *PISSES* ME OFF.

I DON'T **NEED** NO EASY KILLS.

DEAD? WHAT'S HE BABBLING ABOUT? HE HAD ME COLD, AND DIDN'T PUT ME AWAY?!



HE MUST HAVE DAMAGED HIS EXTERNAL LIFE SENSORS WHEN HIS ARM SHATTERED. MY HEARTBEAT PROBABLY WASN'T REGISTERING. HE REALLY **COULD** HAVE KILLED ME! - GUESS I GOT A LUCKY BREAK.

SPEAKING OF WHICH, MY RIGHT ARM IS BROKEN. I DIDN'T WANT TO USE ANY POWER WITH THIS ONE 'TIL I FIGURED OUT WHERE I STOOD. BILL KINCAID WAS NO PROBLEM. THIS GUY IS SOMETHING ELSE.

NOW I'VE GOT TO DRAIN MORE POWER.



DAMN.

LATER THAT NIGHT, SPAWN TRAVELS AN ARMY BASE. HIS LIFE, SPENT AS A MERCENARY, DIDN'T END WITH ANY SHORT-AGE OF WELL-KEPT SECRETS.



HOPE THEY'RE STILL STORED HERE.

IT'S TIME I STOPPED RUNNING AROUND WITH MY TAIL BETWEEN MY LEGS...



...AND STARTED USING THE SKILLS I ALREADY HAVE. NO NEED TO WASTE MY POWERS. DIDN'T HAVE THEM BEFORE, NO SENSE USING THEM AS A CRUTCH NOW.



AIN'T NO ONE GOING TO FORCE ME TO USE MY POWERS AGAIN.



ESPECIALLY NOT SOME BLOODY CYBORG HALF-BREED!

GETTING TIRED OF BEING PUSHED AROUND.



CHAK
CLICK
SNAP



I'M
BETTER
THAN
THAT!

U.S. ARMY



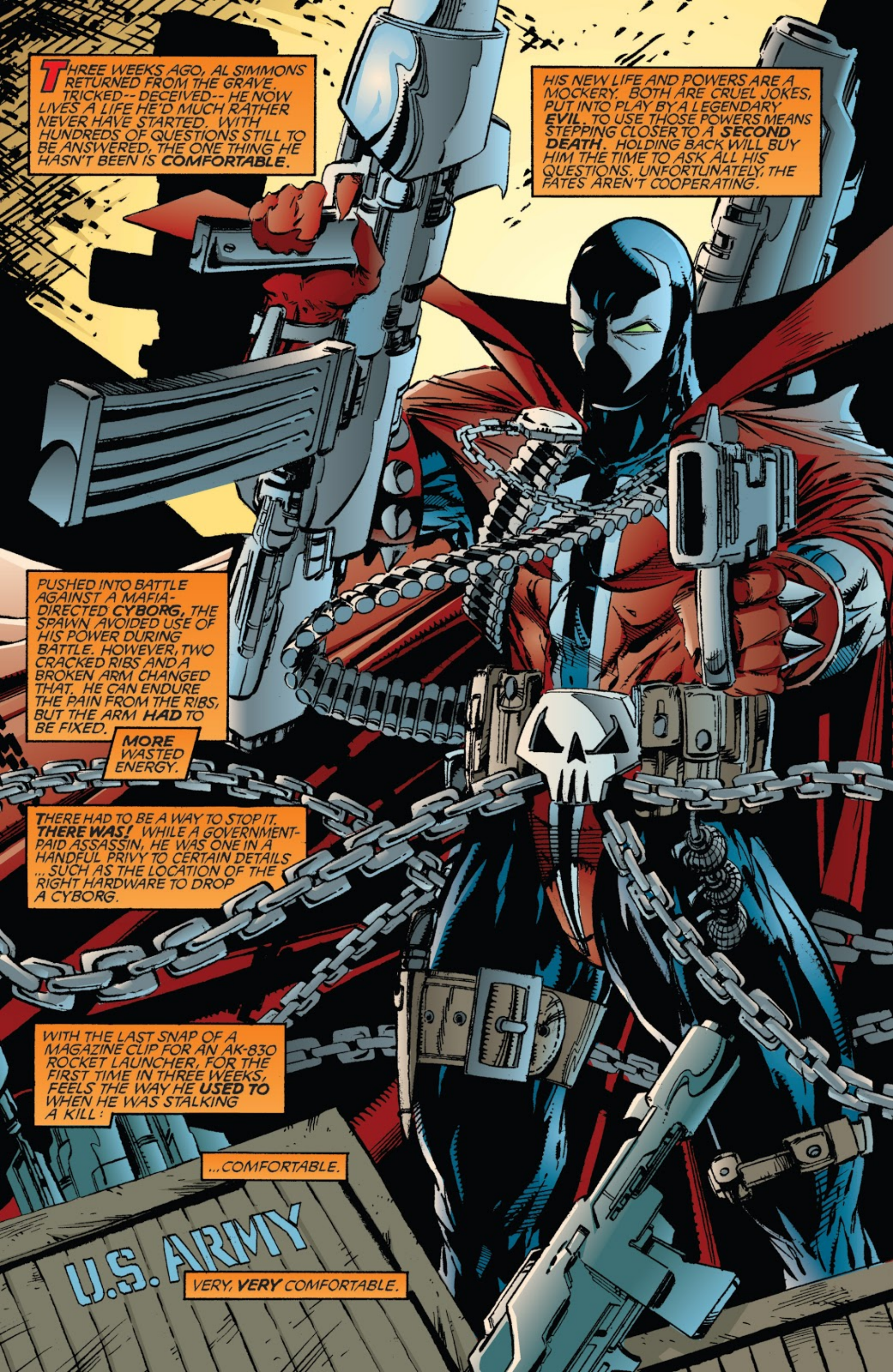
SPAWN

Image

7
AN

DIGITAL
EDITION



A full-page comic book illustration of Spawn. He is depicted from the waist up, wearing his signature red and blue costume with a red cape. He is bound by thick, metallic chains that wrap around his torso and arms. A large, silver skull pendant hangs from a chain around his neck. He has a menacing expression with glowing green eyes. The background is a dark, industrial setting with yellow light sources. Various mechanical components and weapons are visible, including a large gun barrel on the left and a rocket launcher at the bottom.

THREE WEEKS AGO, AL SIMMONS RETURNED FROM THE GRAVE. TRICKED-- DECEIVED-- HE NOW LIVES A LIFE HE'D MUCH RATHER NEVER HAVE STARTED. WITH HUNDREDS OF QUESTIONS STILL TO BE ANSWERED, THE ONE THING HE HASN'T BEEN IS **COMFORTABLE**.

HIS NEW LIFE AND POWERS ARE A MOCKERY. BOTH ARE CRUEL JOKES, PUT INTO PLAY BY A LEGENDARY **EVIL**. TO USE THOSE POWERS MEANS STEPPING CLOSER TO A **SECOND DEATH**. HOLDING BACK WILL BUY HIM THE TIME TO ASK ALL HIS QUESTIONS. UNFORTUNATELY, THE FATES AREN'T COOPERATING.

PUSHED INTO BATTLE AGAINST A MAFIA-DIRECTED **CYBORG**, THE SPAWN AVOIDED USE OF HIS POWER DURING BATTLE. HOWEVER, TWO CRACKED RIBS AND A BROKEN ARM CHANGED THAT. HE CAN ENDURE THE PAIN FROM THE RIBS, BUT THE ARM **HAD** TO BE FIXED.

**MORE
WASTED
ENERGY.**

THERE HAD TO BE A WAY TO STOP IT. **THERE WAS!** WHILE A GOVERNMENT-PAID ASSASSIN, HE WAS ONE IN A HANDFUL PRIVY TO CERTAIN DETAILS ... SUCH AS THE LOCATION OF THE RIGHT HARDWARE TO DROP A **CYBORG**.

WITH THE LAST SNAP OF A MAGAZINE CLIP FOR AN AK-830 ROCKET LAUNCHER, FOR THE FIRST TIME IN THREE WEEKS, FEELS THE WAY HE **USED** TO WHEN HE WAS STALKING A KILL:

...COMFORTABLE.

U.S. ARMY

VERY, VERY COMFORTABLE.

AND SOMEWHERE IN HELL,
A CHILDLIKE GRIN CROSSES
THE FACE OF EVIL.

THIS
SHOULD
JUST ABOUT
DO IT.

GOT
ENOUGH
FIREPOWER TO
LEVEL A SMALL
BUILDING...
OR A **BIG**
CYBORG.

LUCKY FOR
ME, HIS EXTERNAL LIFE
SENSORS WENT HAYWIRE
WHEN HIS ARM WAS
DAMAGED. HE THOUGHT I
WAS DEAD. DON'T KNOW
HOW MUCH MORE I
COULD HAVE TAKEN.

THOUGH IF PUSH
CAME TO SHOVE, I
COULD HAVE BLOWN
THE **CRAP** OUTTA
HIM WITH MY
POWERS.

NOT
NOW!

ANOTHER INTRUSION.
ANOTHER DISTRACTION.
YOUR PRESENCE HAS
BEEN DETECTED SOONER
THAN YOU THOUGHT.

THIS IS THE ARMY,
AFTER ALL. THE
COUNTRY'S ELITE. YOU
WERE ONE OF THEM
NOT LONG AGO.

THE CROW-BAR WEDGED
IN THE DOOR WON'T
KEEP THEM BACK FOR LONG.

GET
THE
DOOR
RAM!

BUMP!

BUMP!
TUMP!



SKAK!

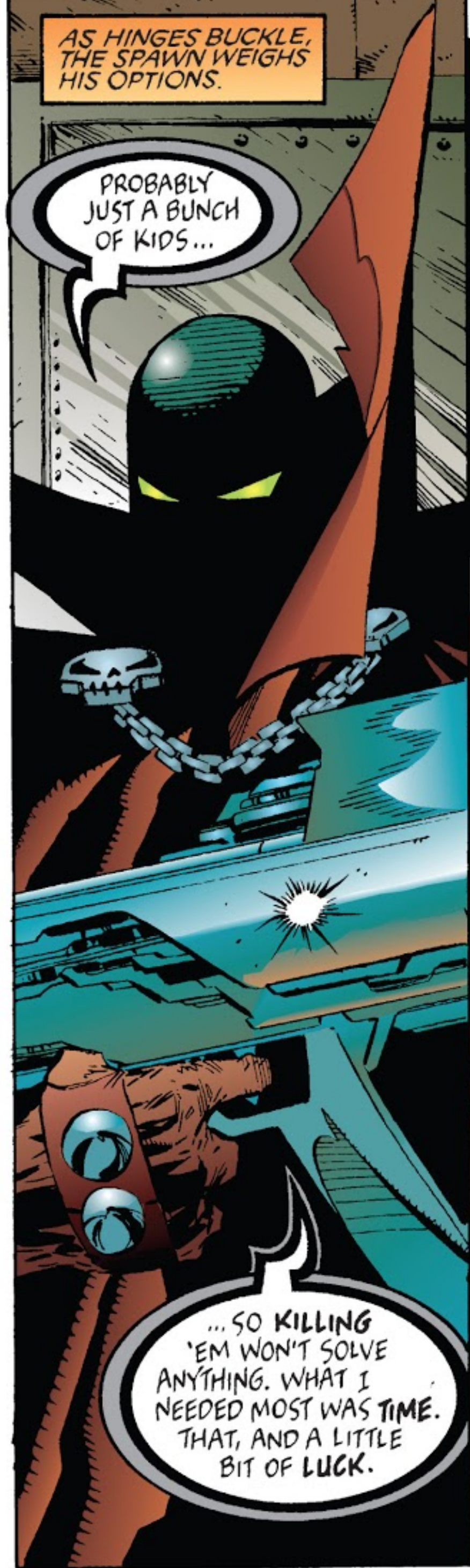
THIS'LL GET THE JOB DONE! C'MON, GUYS! I CAN FEEL IT GIVING!

JOHNSON, WHAT THE HELL'S TAKING OUR BACK-UPS SO LONG?!

I TOLD THEM IT WAS PRIORITY CODE ONE!

THEY'RE ON THEIR WAY, SIR.

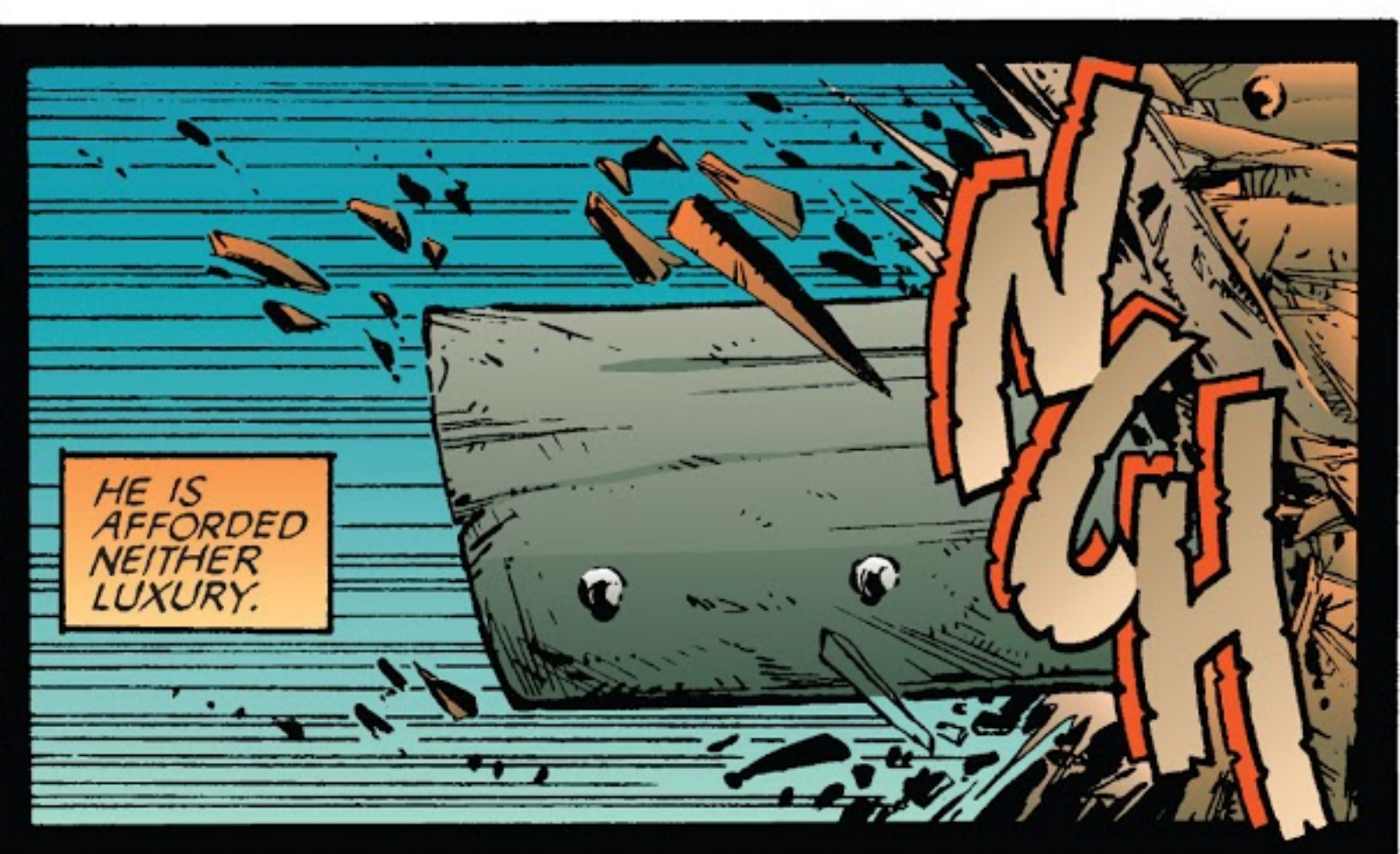
WITH EACH CRUSHING BLOW, THE STEEL RE-ENFORCED DOORS OFFER LESS RESISTANCE.



AS HINGES BUCKLE, THE SPAWN WEIGHS HIS OPTIONS.

PROBABLY JUST A BUNCH OF KIDS...

...SO KILLING 'EM WON'T SOLVE ANYTHING. WHAT I NEEDED MOST WAS TIME. THAT, AND A LITTLE BIT OF LUCK.



HE IS AFFORDED NEITHER LUXURY.

NGH



DAMMIT.

HE CURSES... NOT BECAUSE HE COULDN'T TAKE ON THESE YOUNG ARMY BRATS-- AND WIN!-- BUT BECAUSE HE DOESN'T EVEN WANT TO FIGHT.

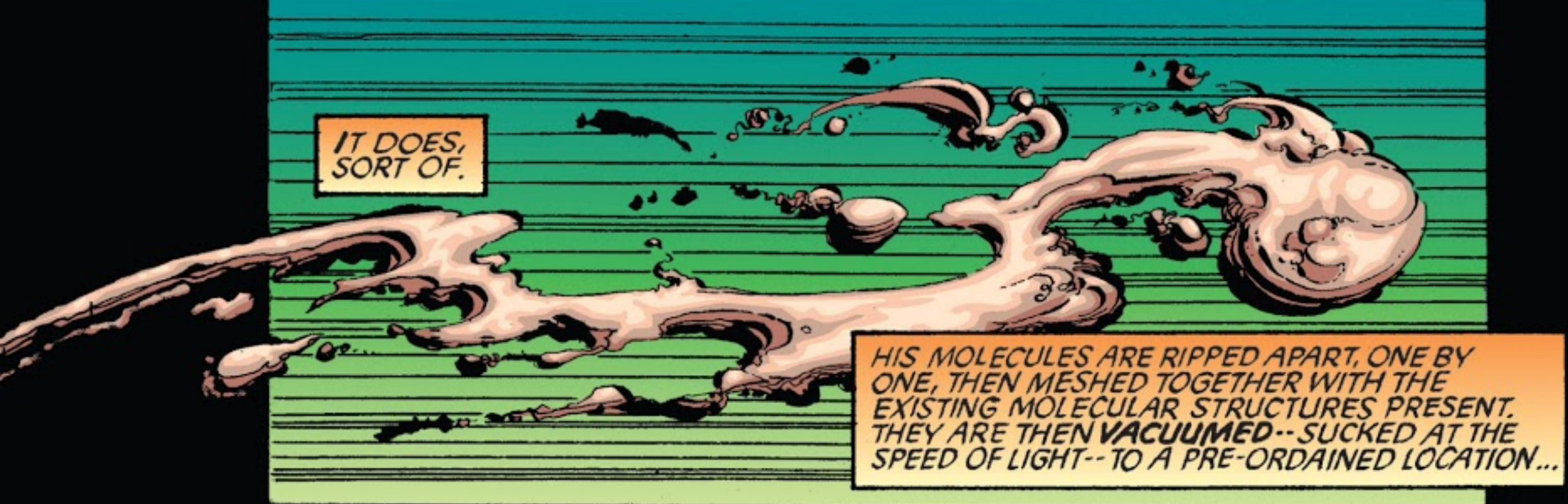
FREEZE! DON'T MAKE A MOVE!

THAT WOULD HAVE BEEN A CONCEPT FOREIGN TO HIM DURING HIS PREVIOUS LIFE.



THOUGH HE'S PRIMED FOR ACTION, THIS IS NOT THE ACTION HE'S LOOKING FOR. HIS SIGHTS ARE SET ON A SPECIFIC TARGET. UNFORTUNATELY, GETTING TO THAT TARGET INVOLVES ANOTHER DRAIN ON HIS POWERS.

TELEPORTATION. HE HASN'T TRIED IT YET. HE HOPES IT WORKS.



IT DOES,
SORT OF.

HIS MOLECULES ARE RIPPED APART, ONE BY ONE, THEN MESHED TOGETHER WITH THE EXISTING MOLECULAR STRUCTURES PRESENT. THEY ARE THEN **VACUUMED**-- SUCKED AT THE SPEED OF LIGHT-- TO A PRE-ORDAINED LOCATION...



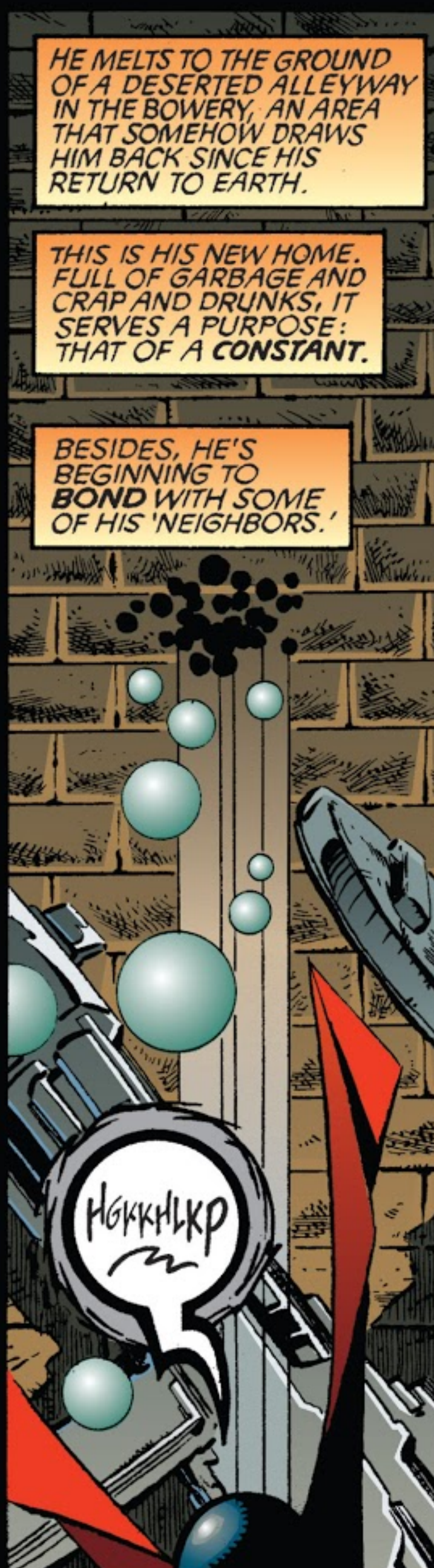
... THEN, REASSEMBLED AS FIERCELY AS THEY WERE SEPARATED.

PUT SIMPLY-- THE SPAWN ISN'T HAVING FUN YET.



HOLY MOTHER!!

I THINK
I'M GOING
TO PUKE.



HE MELTS TO THE GROUND OF A DESERTED ALLEYWAY IN THE BOWERY, AN AREA THAT SOMEHOW DRAWS HIM BACK SINCE HIS RETURN TO EARTH.

THIS IS HIS NEW HOME. FULL OF GARBAGE AND CRAP AND DRUNKS, IT SERVES A PURPOSE: THAT OF A **CONSTANT**.

BESIDES, HE'S BEGINNING TO **BOND** WITH SOME OF HIS 'NEIGHBORS.'

HGKKHLKP



AS HE THRASHES, CRUMPLED ON THE CRACKED PAVEMENT, AN ADVANTAGE OF THIS ARRANGEMENT BECOMES APPARENT.

Yo!

RED
MAN!

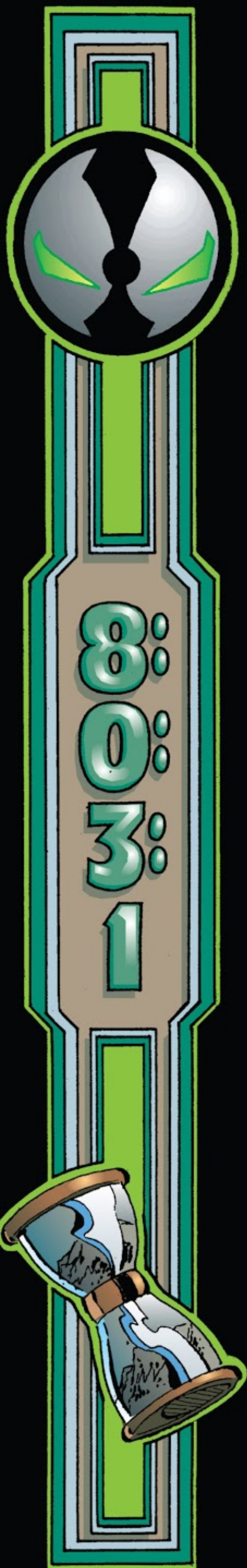
NEVER FEAR!
BOBBY'S
HERE!



YOU AIN'T LOOKIN' SO SOLID. I SAY TO MYSELF, IT'S TIME FOR GOOD OL' **UNCLE BOBBY** TO WEAVE SOME OF HIS STREET MAGIC.

hic

oops!



C'MON, BOY! A BIG STRAPPIN' FELLA LIKE YOU OUGHTTA HAVE MORE STAMINA THAN *THAT*. WHY, WHEN I WAS YOUR AGE I COULD POUND BACK A WHOLE CASE OF SUDS AND NEVER BURP EVEN **ONCE!**

I'M NOT DRUNK. I JUST NEED A MINUTE TO--

--THOUGH MY FARTS WERE PRETTY WICKED...

SURE! SURE! LOOKIT, KID, IT AIN'T **NOTHIN'** TO BE ASHAMED OF.

SOME OF US WAS JUST BUILT WITH STRONG **STOMACHS** AND BIGGER **BLADDERS!**

NOW YOU JUST SIT BACK AND **RELAX**. I'M GONNA WATCH OUT FOR YOU TONIGHT.

YEAH, OKAY... FINE.

hic oops!

THIS IS WHY SPAWN CAME BACK. BECAUSE HE CAN BE WITH THOSE WHO CARE.

AS IMPROBABLE AS IT SEEMS, THE BUMS OF A CERTAIN FOUR BLOCK RADIUS HAVE ACCEPTED THE SPAWN AS ONE OF THEIR OWN.

LET ME ASK YOU A QUESTION, BOY.

WHY YOU **ALWAYS** PARADIN' AROUND IN THAT QUEER LOOKIN' **OUTFIT**? YOU DECIDE TO HEAD TO THE STREETS ON HALLOWE'EN, OR **WHAT?**

I MEAN, HOW'RE YA EXPECTING T' FEEL **ALIVE** WHEN YOU'RE WEARING SOMETHIN' THAT DON'T ALLOW BOTTLED **HAPPINESS** TO REACH YOUR LIPS?

HERE! GIMME THAT!

SPAWN SITS FROZEN WITH THE MOMENT.

WHAT CAN HE SAY NOW?

HEE HEE HAR!

CRIPES, KID, YOU'RE EVEN **UGLIER** THAN MY AUNT MABEL--AND SHE WAS **UGLY!!!**

IT'S OBVIOUS THAT THESE CASTAWAYS GAVE UP ON JUDGING THE SURFACE OF THINGS LONG AGO.

NO!

C'MON, BUD, I WAS ONLY KIDDING.

IN ANOTHER PART OF NEW YORK,
IN THE BUILDING OWNED BY
MAFIA DON VITO GRAVANO,
NERVES ARE LESS FRAYED.

WE ARE ALL
GRATEFUL FOR YOUR
ASSISTANCE, OVERT-
KILL. BARTINO IS
VERY LUCKY TO HAVE
YOU IN HIS RANKS.

THE DAMAGE YOU SUSTAINED
IS UNFORTUNATE, BUT WE WILL
GLADLY COVER THE COST OF ANY
REPAIRS NECESSARY. YOU MAY
ALSO HAVE MY PRIVATE JET AT
YOUR DISPOSAL, WHENEVER
YOU WISH TO LEAVE FOR
YOUR HOMELAND.

I WILL
LEAVE
WHEN I AM
100% AGAIN.
NOT
BEFORE.

MISTER
BARTINO
WILL NOT
UNDER-
STAND MY
ACCIDENT
...

...THOUGH
MY TARGET
WAS FAR
TOO EASY
A KILL--

-- IT WOULD
NOT DO MY
REPUTATION
ANY GOOD
TO GO HOME
LESS THAN
PERFECT. I
HOPE YOU
UNDER-
STAND?

I DO.

TOO BAD BARTINO
DIDN'T HAVE THE SAME
COMPASSION. IF YOU DON'T,
MIND MY ASKING... WHO WILL
YOU WORK FOR WHEN BARTINO
DIES-- HOPEFULLY NOT FOR
MANY YEARS-- BUT SUCH
QUESTIONS NEED TO
BE ASKED.

AND SO IT GOES GRAVANO
TRIES TO SWALLOW
UP MORE **POWER**. HIS
NICKNAME ON THE STREET
IS "**DRACULA**," BECAUSE
HE LIVES TO **SUCK** THE
POWER OUT OF EVERYONE.

Nooooo

EXPLODING PAIN ENGULFS SPAWN'S SENSES, REBOUNDED IN HIS SKULL, LIKE A SATANIC PINBALL GAME. THEN, ANOTHER FLASHBACK SLASHES ITS WAY TO THE SURFACE.

IT'S A PIECE OF FORGOTTEN PAST TRYING TO TIE TOGETHER THE FINAL CLUES ABOUT HIS DEATH.

HE WAS A SOLDIER, A PATRIOT. HE DID WHAT HIS COUNTRY ASKED AND WAS DECORATED FOR IT. AS A COVERT HIT-MAN, HIS SELECTIVE CONSCIENCE WAS AN ASSET. IT WAS MARRIAGE... THOUGHTS OF FAMILY AND FUTURE... THAT SPROUTED THE SEEDS OF HIS DOOM.

INCREASINGLY, HIS LIFE WAS FILLED WITH DOUBT. THE PERFECT KILLER STARTED ASKING QUESTIONS.

HE FELL OUT OF FAVOR, AND WAS MURDERED.

HIS LIFE BECAME A NIGHTMARE.

WHY CAN'T HE RECALL HIS KILLER'S FACE?

WHY IS HE HAUNTED... HOUNDED... BY THIS VISION OF THE GRIM REAPER?

THEN... OUR TRAGIC HERO IS GIVEN A CLUE.

BUT
WHAT DOES IT
MEAN?!

SCUM LIKE YOU
MAKE ME **SICK!**

EVEN IF THEY
HADN'T **PAID**
ME FOR
THIS--

--I'D HAVE
KILLED
YOU FOR
FREE!!!

THERE ISN'T
ANY ROOM FOR
TRAITORS,
SIMMONS!!!
WE'RE AT **WAR!!**
NO TIME FOR MORONS
OR YOUR SELF-
RIGHTEOUS **GRAND-**
STANDING! I'M
GLAD THEY FINALLY
DECIDED TO DO
SOMETHING
ABOUT IT.

THEY WERE
SMART ENOUGH TO
GET THE BEST MAN
FOR THE JOB. ONE
WHO CAN STILL
FOLLOW **ORDERS!**

I'LL SEE YA
IN **HELL, BRO'.**

WHAT DOES
IT MEAN!!

STOPP!

HEY, BUD!

I SAID
I WAS ONLY
KIDDING
ABOUT YOUR
LOOKS!

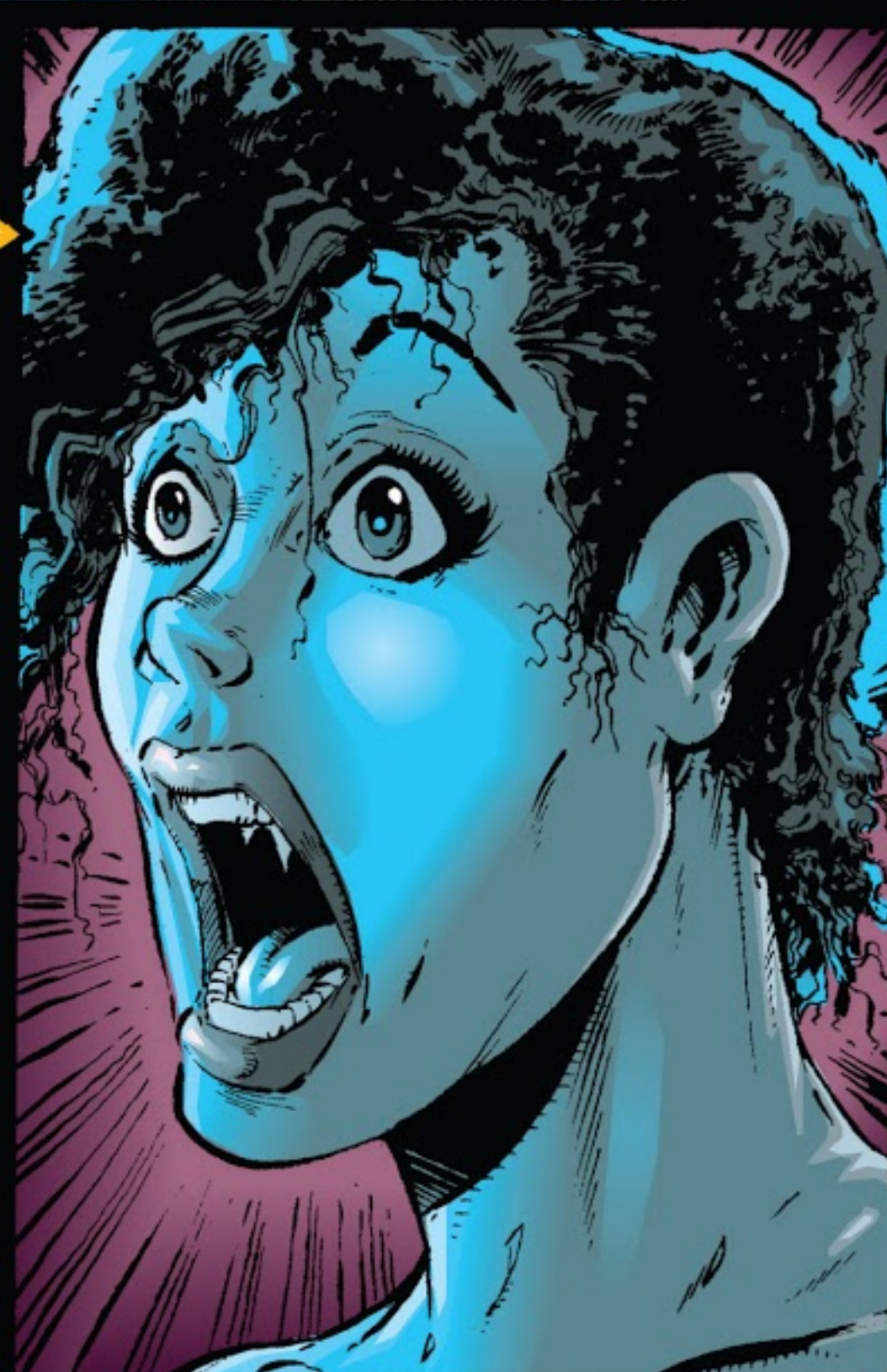


PEACEFULNESS.

IT CAN BE SUCH A
RARE COMMODITY--

STOP!

DON'T
KILL
HIM!!



IT'S BEEN FIVE YEARS
SINCE HER HUSBAND'S
DEATH. WANDA BLAKE
HAD COME TO TERMS
WITH THAT FACT YEARS
AGO, BUT IN THE PAST
THREE WEEKS, HER
SLEEP HAS BEEN
SPORATIC AT BEST. SHE
CAN'T STOP THINKING
OF HIM AND HIS
TORTURED SOUL. AND,
TRY AS SHE MIGHT TO
HIDE IT FROM HER
NEW HUSBAND, THESE
ARE IMAGES SHE
CANNOT ENDURE.

WANDA!
WANDA!

WHAT
IS IT?!

SNAP
OUT OF
IT, SWEET-
HEART!

THERE'S
NOTHING
HERE!

don't kill...
him...

i...

uh?

...ok TERRY, WHAT'S
WRONG WITH ME? SOME-
ONE KILLED HIM! SOMEONE
SHOT AL!! I DON'T THINK
HE WAS KILLED IN ACTION--!

I-- I...
HE COULDN'T...

LISTEN, BABY,
YOU'VE GOT TO LET IT
GO. AL'S DEAD. HE DIED
FOR HIS COUNTRY. BUT HE
WASN'T MURDERED. YOU'VE
SAID SO IN THE PAST.

LOOK.
TOMORROW, I'LL
SEND FOR HIS FILES
AND CHECK
AGAIN.



THAT'S
NOT
ENOUGH.



YOU SEE, MY VERY EXISTENCE IS PUTTING ALL OF YOU IN DANGER. SOMEONE WANTS ME, AND THEY'RE WILLING TO CARVE A PATH THROUGH THESE ALLEYS TO ELIMINATE ME. FOR NOW, THEY THINK I'M DEAD...

JEEZ! LIGHTEN UP, AL! WE DON'T GOTTA WORRY ABOUT 'EM... WE CAN JUST MOVE. WOULDN'T BE THE FIRST TIME...!

...THE PERFECT TIME TO GO ON THE OFFENSIVE. BESIDES, SOMEBODY HAS TO PROTECT OUR TERRITORY. THIS IS OUR HOME, BOBBY.

WE CAN'T LET THEM TAKE ANY MORE.

I CAN'T.

SO PISS ON 'EM, I SAY! LET 'EM HAVE THE STINKIN' GARBAGE! IT AIN'T WORTH FIGHTING FOR.



NO. BUT YOU ARE.

BESIDES, FRIEND, I WON'T MOVE. THESE ALLEYS ARE OURS... NOW, TOMORROW, AND NEXT WEEK. THEY HAVE NO RIGHT, AND THEY HAVE NO GUTS.

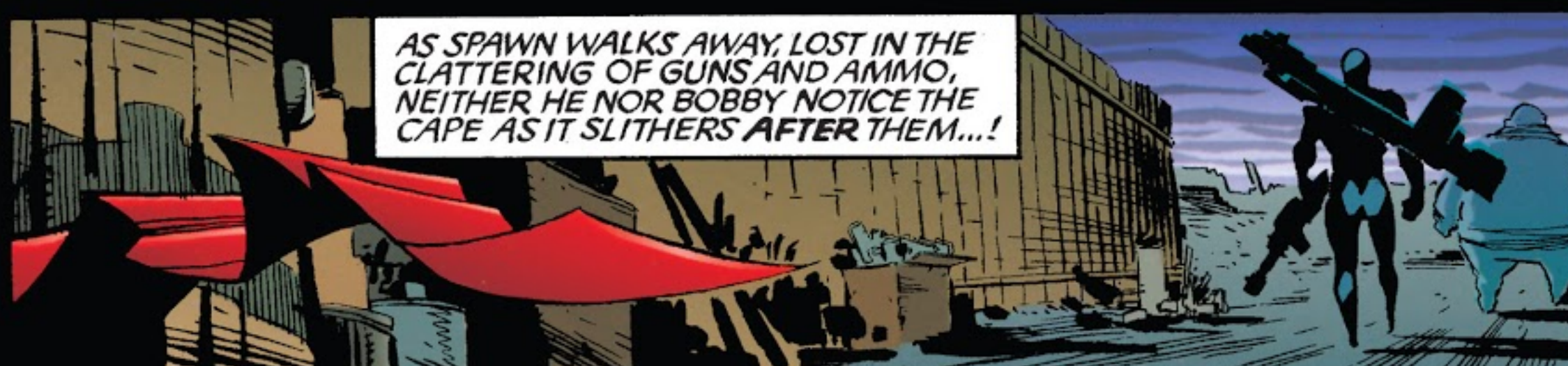


THIS'LL BE EASY. I PROMISE.

HA HA!

SO YOU'RE A REGULAR HERO, ARE YOU?

AND HERE I FIGURED YOU WORE THAT GETUP 'CAUSE YOU WERE SOME KIND'A FRUITCAKE...!



THE NEXT MORNING,
AT THE ANIMAL
SHELTER NEAR
WANDA'S HOME...

YOU HEARD
ME **RIGHT**, MA'AM..
DON'T HAVE **ANY-**
ONE HERE ON STAFF
WHO FITS YOUR
DESCRIPTION.

SOUNDS
LIKE A
MIGHTY
FINE FELLA,
THOUGH.

...EXCEPT,
OF COURSE, ABOUT
HIM POSING AS AN S.P.C.A.
EMPLOYEE. I CAN'T
APPROVE **THAT**
PART.

MIGHT HAVE
BEEN FROM **ANOTHER**
DISTRICT... THOUGH THAT
DON'T EXPLAIN WHY
HE'D KNOW ABOUT
YOUR DOG.

SHE BRUSHED IT OFF AT THE
TIME, BUT WANDA HASN'T
BEEN ABLE TO STOP THINKING
ABOUT THE MAN WHO CAME
CALLING ABOUT HER DOG*...

BESIDES, THERE HAVE BEEN
THOSE RECURRING DREAMS
ABOUT AL...

IN SOME WEIRD WAY, SHE
FEELS HE MIGHT HAVE
KNOWN AL...

HE SEEMED LIKE SUCH
A TROUBLED INDIVIDUAL.
IF NOTHING ELSE, SHE
WANTED TO MAKE SURE
HE WAS OKAY.

NOW SHE KNOWS THE
NICE GENTLEMAN WAS
A FRAUD. BUT WHY?
MAYBE HE WAS CHECKING
UP ON HER HUSBAND?
MARRIAGE TO A C.I.A.
MAN DOES HAVE ITS
PITFALLS.

*SPAWN #3. --Tom--

GO AHEAD!

GET A GOOD
LOOK! BUT I'LL
TELL YA, I'M
MIGHTY **PROUD**
OF MY EARS!

SURE, I'VE HEARD
ALL THE JOKES.
"YOU LOOK LIKE A
TAXI WITH ITS **DOORS**
OPEN!" "HEY,
DUMBO!" "HEY,
TROPHY-HEAD!" IF
NOTHING ELSE, THEY
SURE DO BREAK
THE **ICE!**

wha
...?!

Um... oh,
PARDON ME,
I WAS THINKING
OF SOMETHING.
WHAT DID YOU...?

AFTER TEN MINUTES TALKING
ABOUT EARLOBES AND ROSS
PEROT, WANDA EXCUSES
HERSELF.

I WONDER
IF TERRY'S IN
SOME SORT OF
TROUBLE AT
HIS JOB.

WAS THAT
GUY A
GOVERNMENT
STIFF... OR
SOMETHING
MORE...?

THESE QUESTIONS WILL FOLLOW
HER FOR THE WHOLE DAY.



NIGHTFALL.

THE PERFECT TIME
FOR DEAD HEROES
TO GO TO WORK.

TIME TO
GET SOME FAST
ANSWERS. THAT
THUG I TOOK OUT
LAST NIGHT KILLED
HIMSELF BEFORE I
COULD GET ANY
ANSWERS.

BET IT WON'T
TAKE ME LONG BE-
FORE I GET SOME
NEW ONES.

HE'S RIGHT. IT TAKES
ONLY THREE WELL-PLACED
APPEARANC'S TO GET TO
THE FACTS:
WHO SENT OVERT-KILL?

A MAN
NICKNAMED
DRACULA.

NOW TO
PAY HIM
A LITTLE
VISIT.

IN A MIDTOWN BUILDING, PERCHED
AMID THE CONCRETE CATASTROPHES
OF NEW YORK CITY, SITS A SOMBER
FIGURE.

HE CONSIDERS HIS OPTIONS:
WHICH COMPANIES TO ENGULF;
WHAT TO WEAR TO THE CHARITY
FUNDRAISER; WHOSE WIFE
TO SEDUCE...

THESE PLANS ARE MADE
WITH NO FEAR OF
INTERRUPTION. NO ONE
HAS EVER PENETRATED
PAST THE SECOND LEVEL
OF THE RESIDENT TWELVE
TIER SECURITY SYSTEM.

A comic book panel featuring a close-up of a character's face. The character is wearing a dark mask with three glowing blue eyes. A speech bubble originates from the mask, containing the text "I NEED YOUR HELP, FAT BOY." The character's face is partially visible, showing a serious expression. A small starburst effect is visible on the mask's surface. The background is a solid blue color.

HOW DRAMATIC.

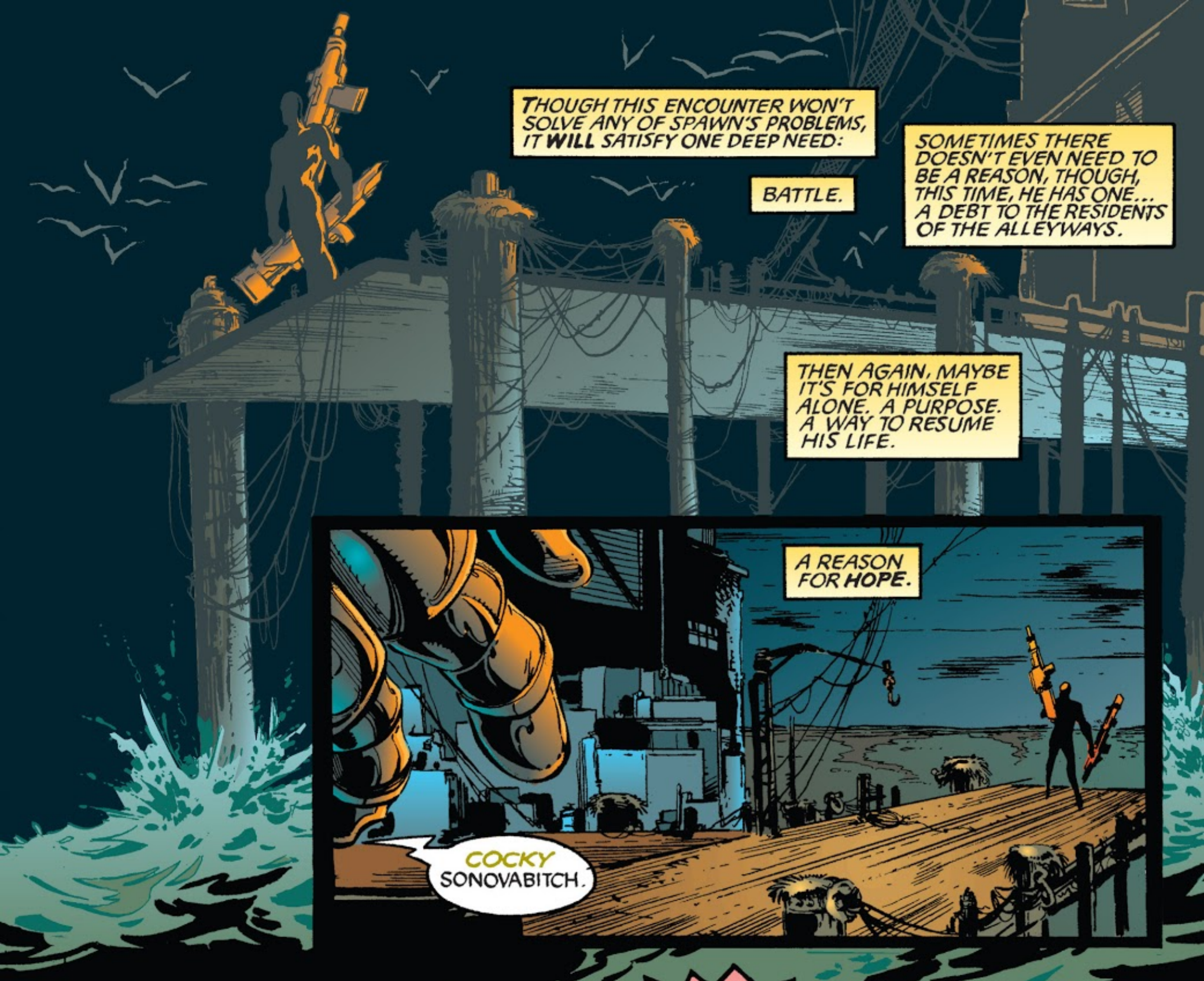
TELL YOUR CYBORG FLUNKY I'LL BE WAITING FOR HIM AT THE EMERSON PIERS.

MIDNIGHT.

TELL 'IM WE'RE NOT FINISHED, YET.

WORD IS SENT.

WORD IS SENT.

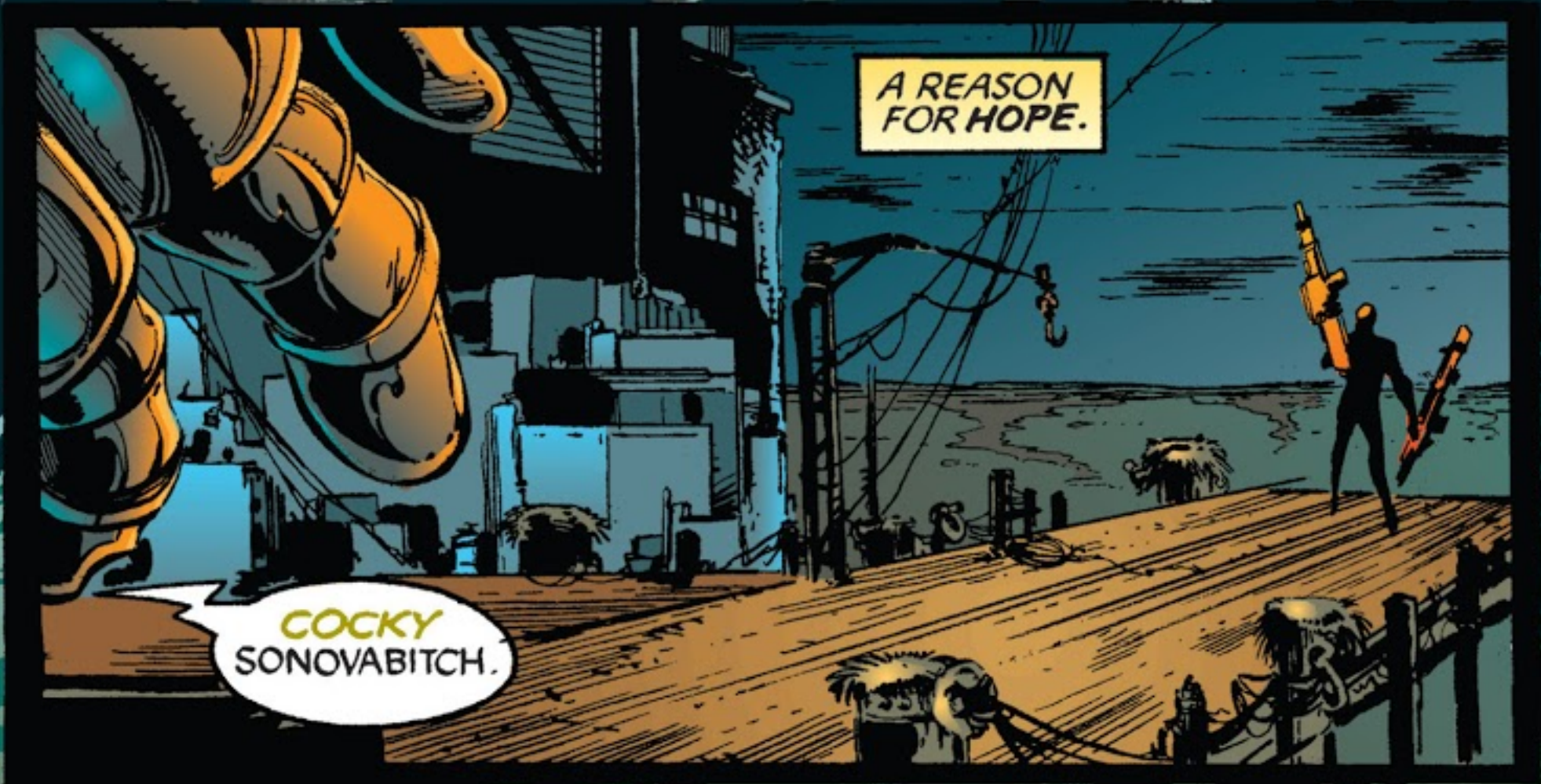
A large, atmospheric illustration of Spawn standing on a rooftop in a dark, industrial setting. He is silhouetted against a dark sky with birds flying. The rooftop has various pipes, wires, and mechanical structures. The overall tone is gritty and noir.

THOUGH THIS ENCOUNTER WON'T
SOLVE ANY OF SPAWN'S PROBLEMS,
IT WILL SATISFY ONE DEEP NEED:

BATTLE.

SOMETIMES THERE
DOESN'T EVEN NEED TO
BE A REASON, THOUGH,
THIS TIME, HE HAS ONE...
A DEBT TO THE RESIDENTS
OF THE ALLEYWAYS.

THEN AGAIN, MAYBE
IT'S FOR HIMSELF
ALONE. A PURPOSE.
A WAY TO RESUME
HIS LIFE.

An inset comic panel showing a close-up of a mechanical claw or arm on the left, reaching towards a wooden pier. In the background, a figure (Spawn) stands on the pier, holding a large, glowing orange weapon. The scene is set at night with city lights and water visible.

A REASON
FOR HOPE.

COCKY
SONOVABITCH.

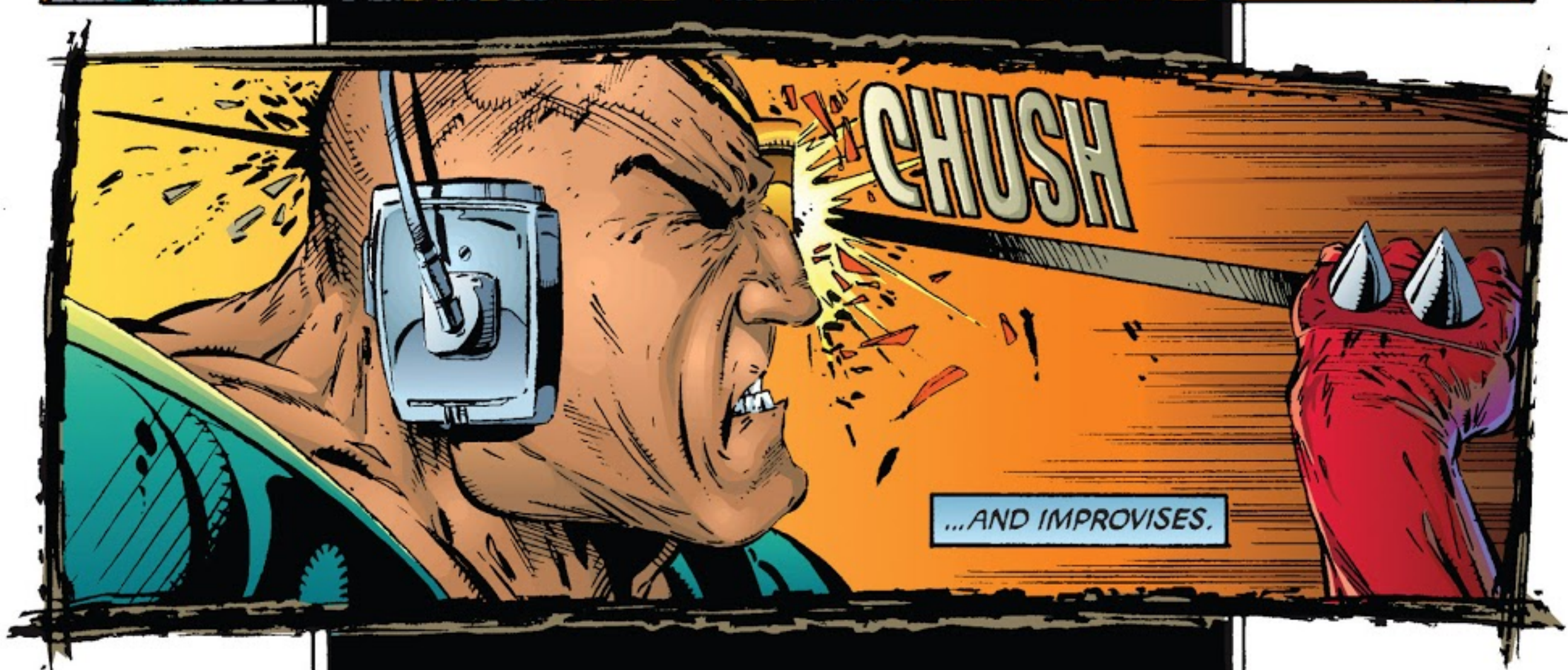
A large, close-up illustration of Spawn's face. He has a menacing, skeletal appearance with glowing orange eyes and a wide, toothy grin. The background is dark and moody, with some mechanical parts visible on the right side.

HEY
HERO!

SEEMS I
SCREWED UP!!
SHOULD HAVE
RIPPED YOUR
FRIGGIN' HEAD
OFF TO MAKE
SURE YOU WAS
DEAD!

I INTEND
TO CORRECT
MY OVERSIGHT.
THANKS FOR
THE INVITE.

SHALL
WE
PLAY?



HE'S GAINED
AN ADVANTAGE.

NO REASON TO CELEBRATE
THOUGH. WOUNDING A MACHINE ONLY
LEAVES YOU WITH AN ANGRY MACHINE.

IT MUST BE TERMINATED.

THAT...
ALMOST
HURT.



YOU'VE
SCARRED
ME FOR A
SECOND
TIME.



I CAN'T
HAVE
THAT!

BUD, YOU
WANT TO SEE
SCARRED?

I'LL SHOW YOU
HELL IN THE
FLESH!

TAKE
A GOOD
LOOK.

I'M
PATIENT.

HA-HA-HA!

YOU LOOK
LIKE
CRAP!

Y'KNOW,
THE SMELLY,
OOZY
KIND.

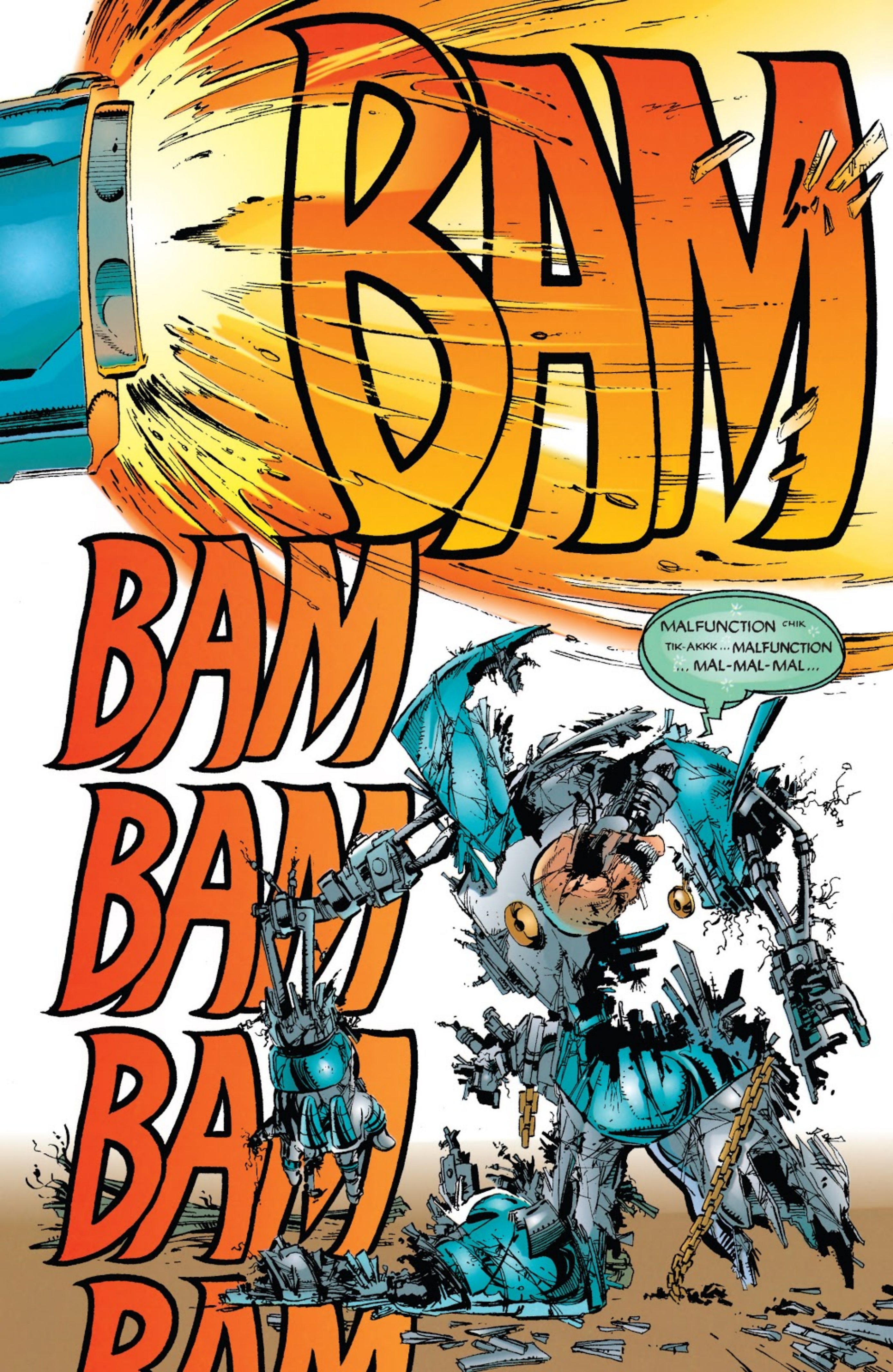
NOW I'M
GONNA
STOMP
YOU--

--SO I CAN
SCRAPE YOU
OFF MY **BOOT--**

--YOU
PIECE OF
TURD!



BAD
JOKE.



MALFUNCTION CHIK
TIK-AKKK ... MALFUNCTION
... MAL-MAL-MAL ...





WITH ALL THE NOISE THAT'S BEEN MADE, HE KNOWS THE AUTHORITIES WILL BE CALLED. HE NEEDS TO LEAVE.

BUT NOT BEFORE HE TAKES A MOMENT TO REVEL IN HIS HANDIWORK.

AND, NOT BEFORE HE SETS THE TIMER OF AN ELECTRO-MAGNETIC BOMB.



THAT SHOULD DO IT. CAN'T LEAVE ANY EVIDENCE BEHIND.

AS HE SLIPS AWAY INTO THE NIGHT, HE THINKS ABOUT HIS HOME IN THE ALLEY, AND HOW HE'LL CURL UP BEHIND SOME RUSTY DUMPSTER FOR A WELL-DESERVED NIGHT'S SLEEP.

A LONG, COMFORTABLE NIGHT.





®

SPAWN®

image

**8
FEB**

DIGITAL
EDITION



McFARIANE
AFTER ME.

y'know, seriously, that's gotta be the worst thing ever happened to me, that thing comin' outta the dark.



to be honest, i still don't think i'm completely over it.



which i didn't.

i mean, nobody deserves **that!** not even, say, somebody who did twenty-seven kids and kept the bodies in his ice cream truck.



and even if i **did**, isn't there a constitutional rights issue here? hmmm?

i mean, jeez, the guy coulda killed me!



it was unreal! i've, like, just finished putting number twenty-eight in the deep freeze, i hear these chains rattlin', okay? i turned around...



there was pain. then it got dark...

...and, frankly, i don't know where the hell i am right now.





i have a problem with this naked stuff, so i kill this sorta four-eyed lizard thing and take its skin for clothing.

actually, thinking about it, this is not so good.

i'm sticky.
i'm buck naked.

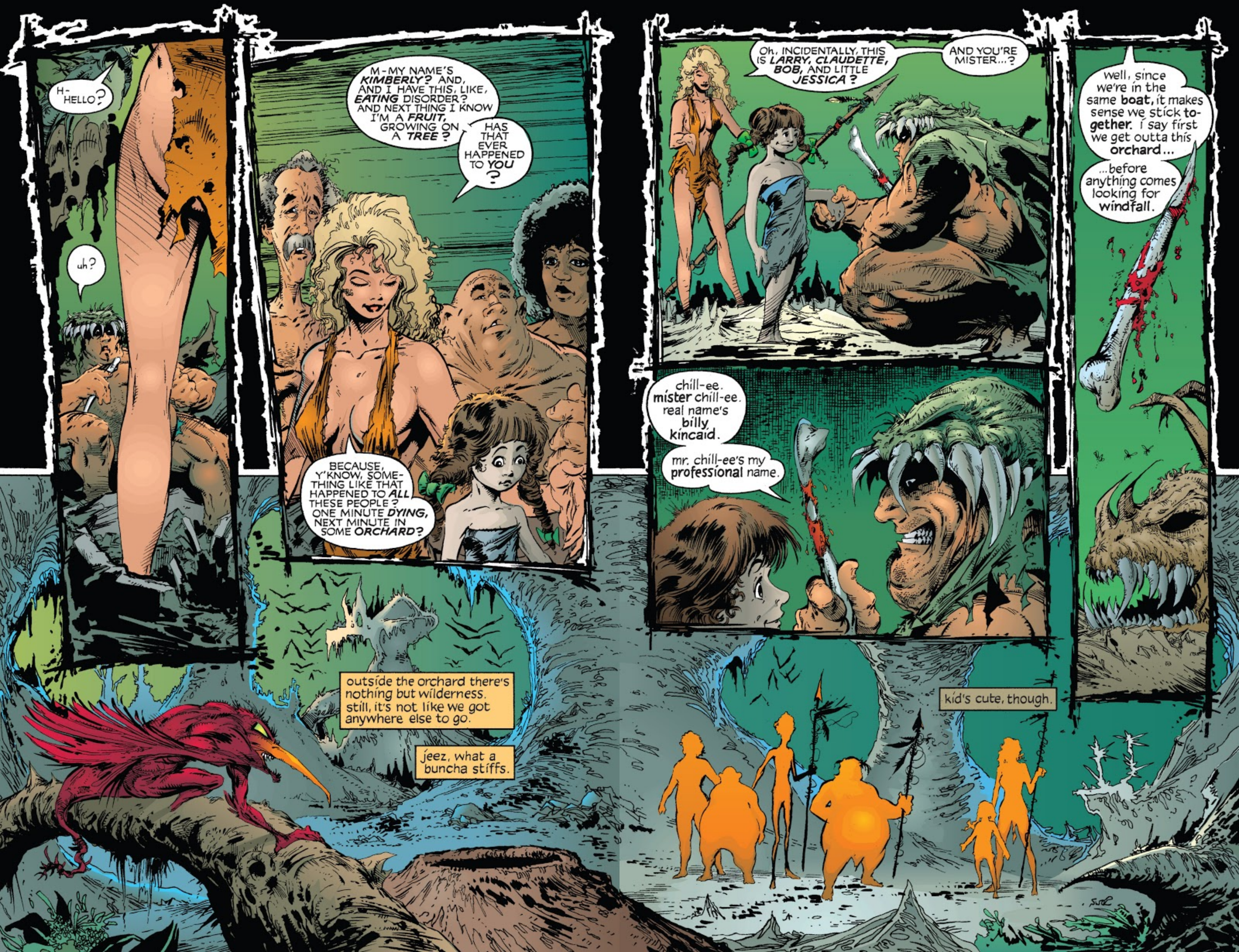
what kind of afterlife is this?

i just noticed i'm not breathing inside this sack of syrup, so i guess i'm dead, and i've gone somewhere religious.

it's nice, knowing you can still kill things when you're dead.

i just wish there were more people around is all.

IN HELL
(EVERYTHING IS FINE)



H-HELLO?

uh?

M-MY NAME'S KIMBERLY? AND, AND I HAVE THIS, LIKE, EATING DISORDER? AND NEXT THING I KNOW I'M A FRUIT, GROWING ON A TREE?

HAS THAT EVER HAPPENED TO YOU?

BECAUSE, Y'KNOW, SOMETHING LIKE THAT HAPPENED TO ALL THESE PEOPLE? ONE MINUTE DYING, NEXT MINUTE IN SOME ORCHARD?

outside the orchard there's nothing but wilderness. still, it's not like we got anywhere else to go.

jeez, what a buncha stiffs.

Oh, incidentally, this is LARRY, CLAUDETTE, BOB, AND LITTLE JESSICA?

AND YOU'RE MISTER...?

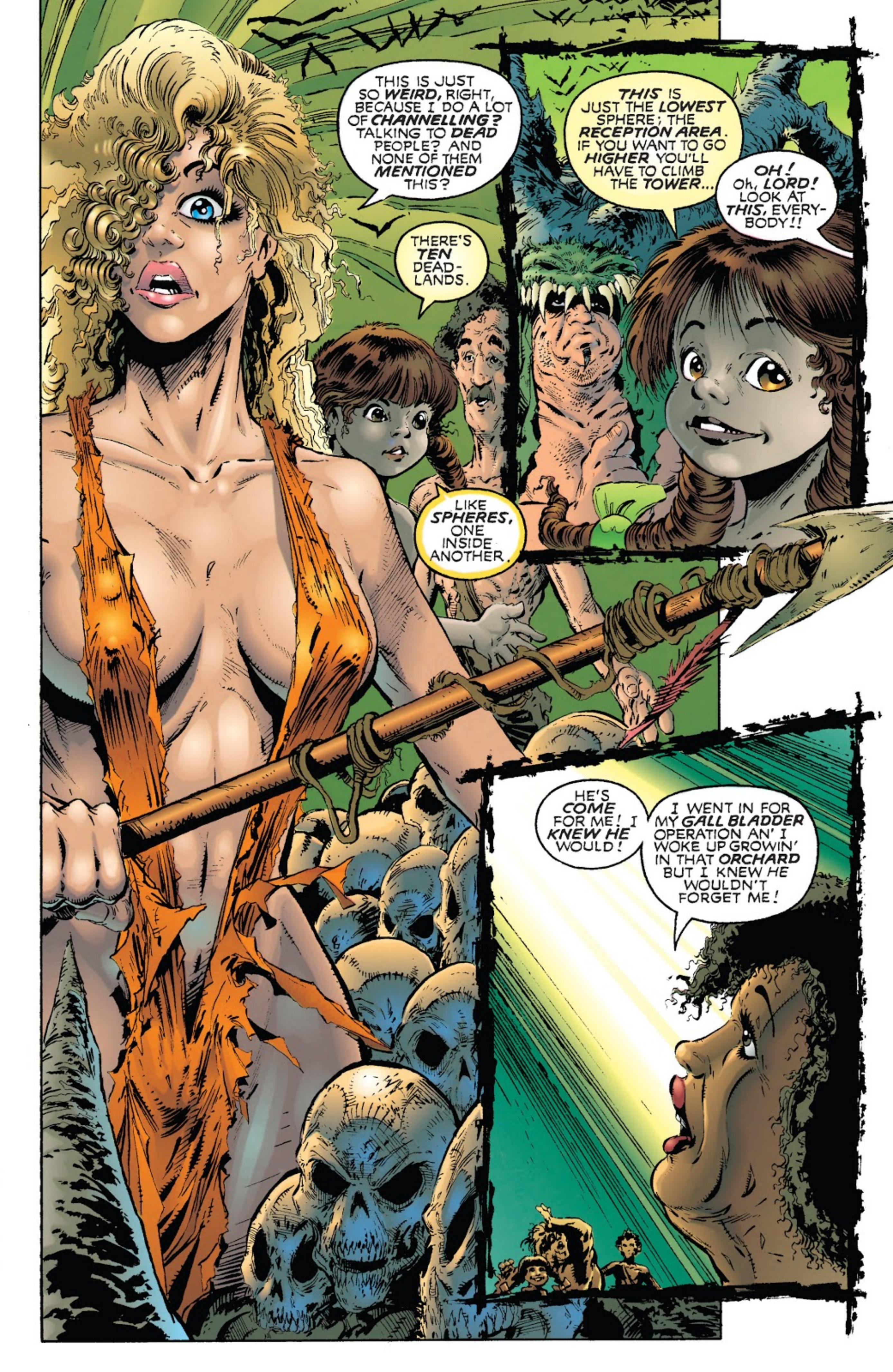
chill-ee. mister chill-ee. real name's billy kincaid.

mr. chill-ee's my professional name.

kid's cute, though.

well, since we're in the same boat, it makes sense we stick together. i say first we get outta this orchard...

...before anything comes looking for windfall.



THIS IS JUST SO **WEIRD**, RIGHT, BECAUSE I DO A LOT OF **CHANNELLING**? TALKING TO **DEAD** PEOPLE? AND NONE OF THEM **MENTIONED** THIS?

THERE'S **TEN** **DEAD-** **LANDS**.

THIS IS JUST THE **LOWEST** **SPHERE**; THE **RECEPTION AREA**. IF YOU WANT TO GO **HIGHER** YOU'LL HAVE TO CLIMB THE **TOWER**...

OH! Oh, **LORD!** LOOK AT **THIS**, EVERY-BODY!!

LIKE **SPHERES**, ONE INSIDE ANOTHER.

HE'S **COME** FOR ME! I **KNEW** HE WOULD!

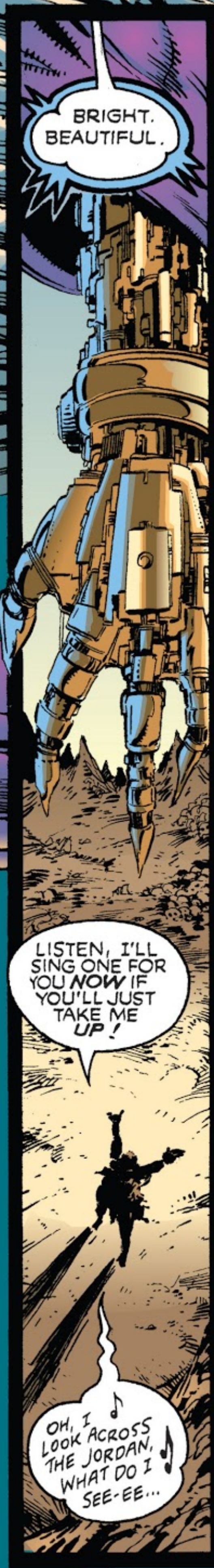
I WENT IN FOR MY **GALL BLADDER** OPERATION AN' I WOKE UP GROWIN' IN THAT **ORCHARD** BUT I KNEW HE WOULDN'T FORGET ME!



COMFORT-
AND-JOY.
SWEET-AND-LOW.
BRIGHT-AND-
BEAUTIFUL.

WHO-
AMONGST-YOU-
SINGETH-THESE-
SONGS?

I DO,
LORD! WHY,
I SING
'EM ALL THE
TIME!



BRIGHT.
BEAUTIFUL.

LISTEN, I'LL
SING ONE FOR
YOU NOW IF
YOU'LL JUST
TAKE ME
UP!

OH, I
LOOK ACROSS
THE JORDAN,
WHAT DO I
SEE-EE...



COMING
FOR TO
CARRY ME
HO-O-OME...

HEY!
THAT AIN'T
NO ANGEL!
IT'S GOT
A WHADJA-
CALLIT,
MOTOR INNA
BACK!

IT WAS A
SOUL-TRAPPER
FROM THE SIXTH
SPHERE. THEY KEEP
THE SOULS AS PETS
THERE. IT'S A
FASHION
THING.

THIS
YEAR IT'S
SINGERS.
LAST YEAR
IT WAS
ACROBATS.



i think about the kid as we camp down
for the night. so she's a little autistic,
whatever. disturbed. that's natural.

being dead, it's
a disturbing
thing.



but dying's worse.

I dream about it
all night long. the
sound of the
chains. the cloak
flapping. spikes.
skulls.

I never want to see
that thing again.

by my reckoning, night lasts about three hours before we get up and move on. the daylight here is kinda funny.

no sun, for one thing.

we ain't set out five minutes when a ray from the sky disintegrates larry, the restaurant-owner and drug-deal fatality from michigan.

HMM. YOU DON'T SEE MANY OF THOSE.

THAT WAS THE **PRIME MONAD** FROM THE HIGHEST SPHERE, THE TENTH. HE HAND-PICKS SOULS TO USE AS **CIRCUITRY** IN HIS **MACRO-COMPUTER**.

i mean, that's gotta hurt, right?

YOUR FRIEND'S LUCKY.



there's not enough of lucky larry to bury, so we move on. a way up the trail, fat bob from wisconsin spots somebody he knows ...

HEY, LOOK EVERYBODY! IT'S *ELVIS*!

bob! don't go near it! that isn't the king!

SURE IT IS.

HEY, KING! YA KNOW I WAS LISTENING TO "AN AMERICAN TRILOGY" WHEN I RAN MY *PICK-UP* UNDER THAT *PETERBILT*?

Ugh...
y-yes...
y-yes...
y-yes...
y-yes...
y-yes...
y-yes...
y-yes...
y-yes...
y-yes...

bob!!

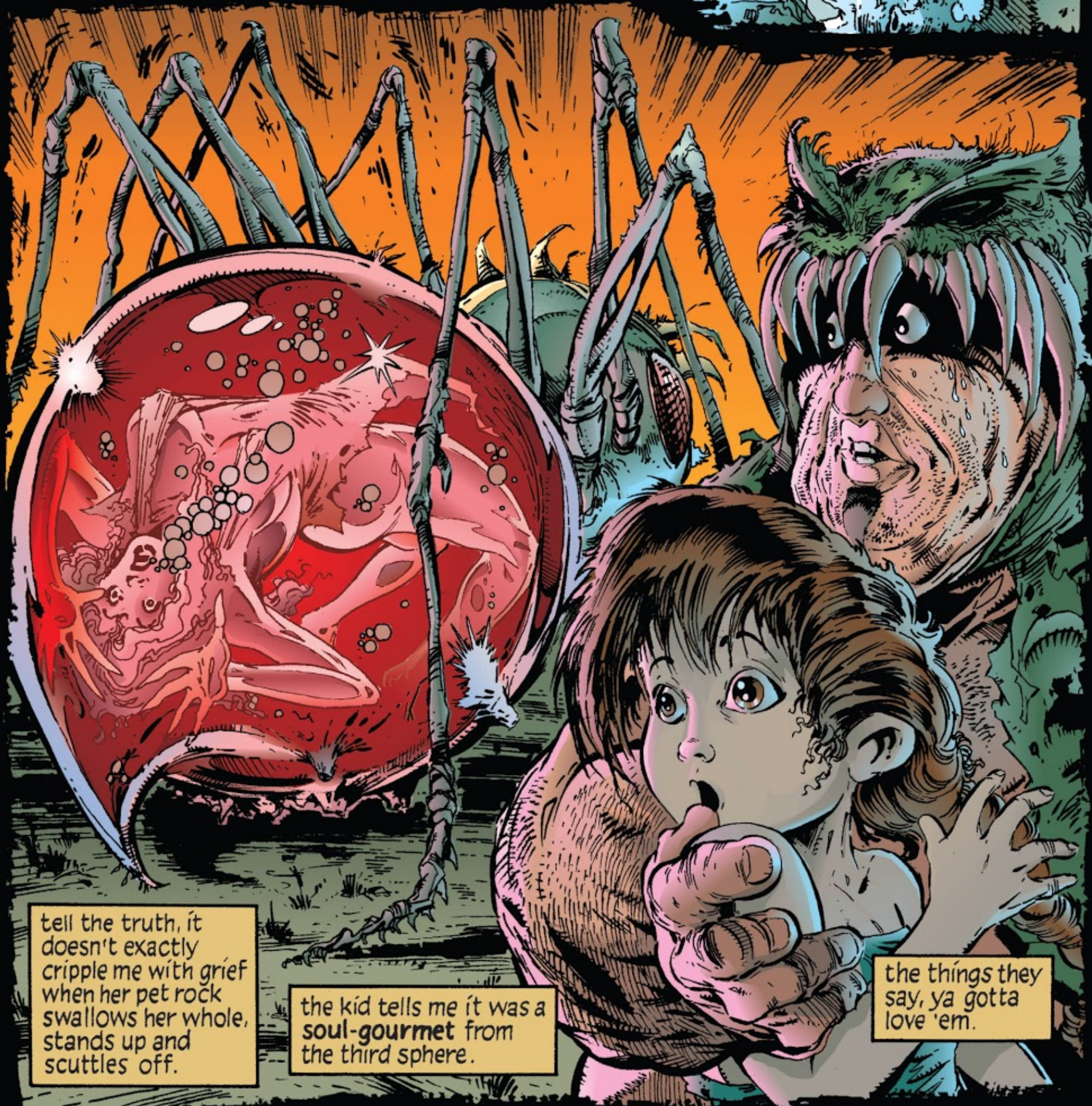
THERE'S NOTHING YOU CAN DO FOR HIM! THAT'S A *CTHUGAN* METABUSE FROM THE *FIFTH SPHERE*.

THEY GET AN ADDICTIVE *DRUG RUSH* FROM THE SOULS OF PEOPLE LIKE BOB!



this is great. three of us left. the kid's a psycho, i'm getting there, and kimberly ends every sentence with a question mark.

OH, YOU SEE THIS, THIS IS JUST LIKE A LUCKY CRYSTAL I HAD?



tell the truth, it doesn't exactly cripple me with grief when her pet rock swallows her whole, stands up and scuttles off.

the kid tells me it was a **soul-gourmet** from the third sphere.

the things they say, ya gotta love 'em.

pretty soon after that it gets dark, just all of a sudden how it does around here. the kid finds us a place where we can sleep...



... and
dream.

a flight of bats
surrounds his brow;
his cloak that seethes
like boiling blood and
when the great chains
smash together white
hot sparks shower
down about his feet ...

how we died:
is that all us dead
people get to
dream about?



i wake up in a cold sweat, and i know what's gotta be done. the kid's sleeping by the camp fire.

it's the only way. get it out of my system. stop the dreams.



look at her. always gets me, how they look when they're asleep. little jessica. little angel.

she ain't gonna know a thing about it.



WELL, IT'S ABOUT **TIME!** I WONDERED HOW LONG IT'D BE BEFORE YOU **CROAKED** THE KNOW-IT-ALL LITTLE BITCH!

GLAD TO SEE YOU STILL GOT WHAT IT **TAKES,** CHILL-EE!



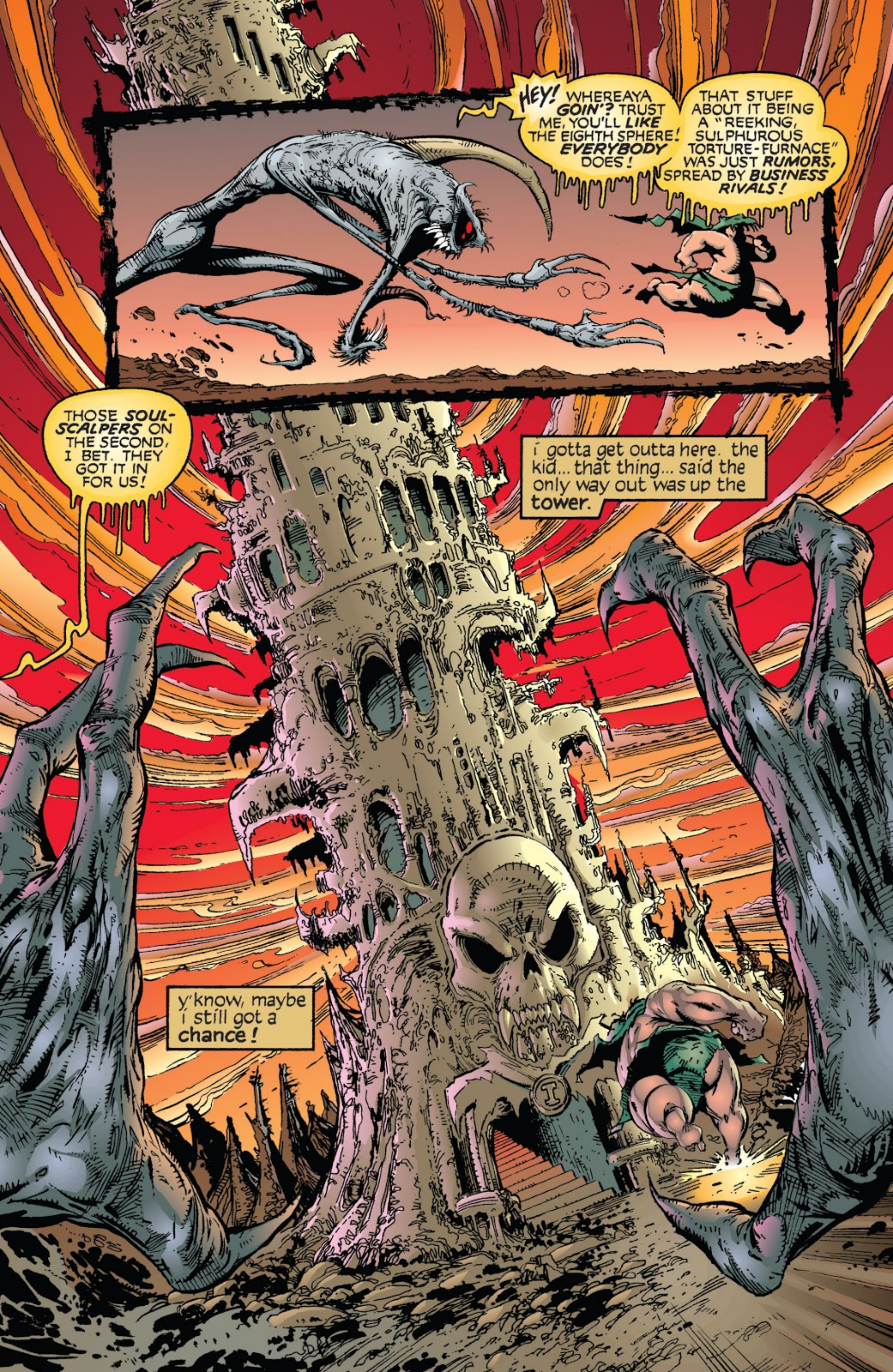
Y'KNOW, FOR A **WHILE** THERE, WE WUZ SCARED YOU WERE GONNA **WUSS OUT** ON US!



GREAT
DISGUISE, huh?
I MEAN, FLIMSY,
BUT CUTE AS
HELL.

I'M **THE
VINDICATOR**,
ONE O' THE
FIVE FAMOUS
**PHLEBIAC
BROTHERS**.
I GUESS YOU
PROBABLY HEARD
O' US.

SORRY 'BOUT
ENTRAPPIN'
YA LIKE THAT. I JUST
HADDA MAKE SURE
YOU WUZ THE KINDA
GUY WE WANTED
UP ON THE **EIGHTH
SPHERE...**



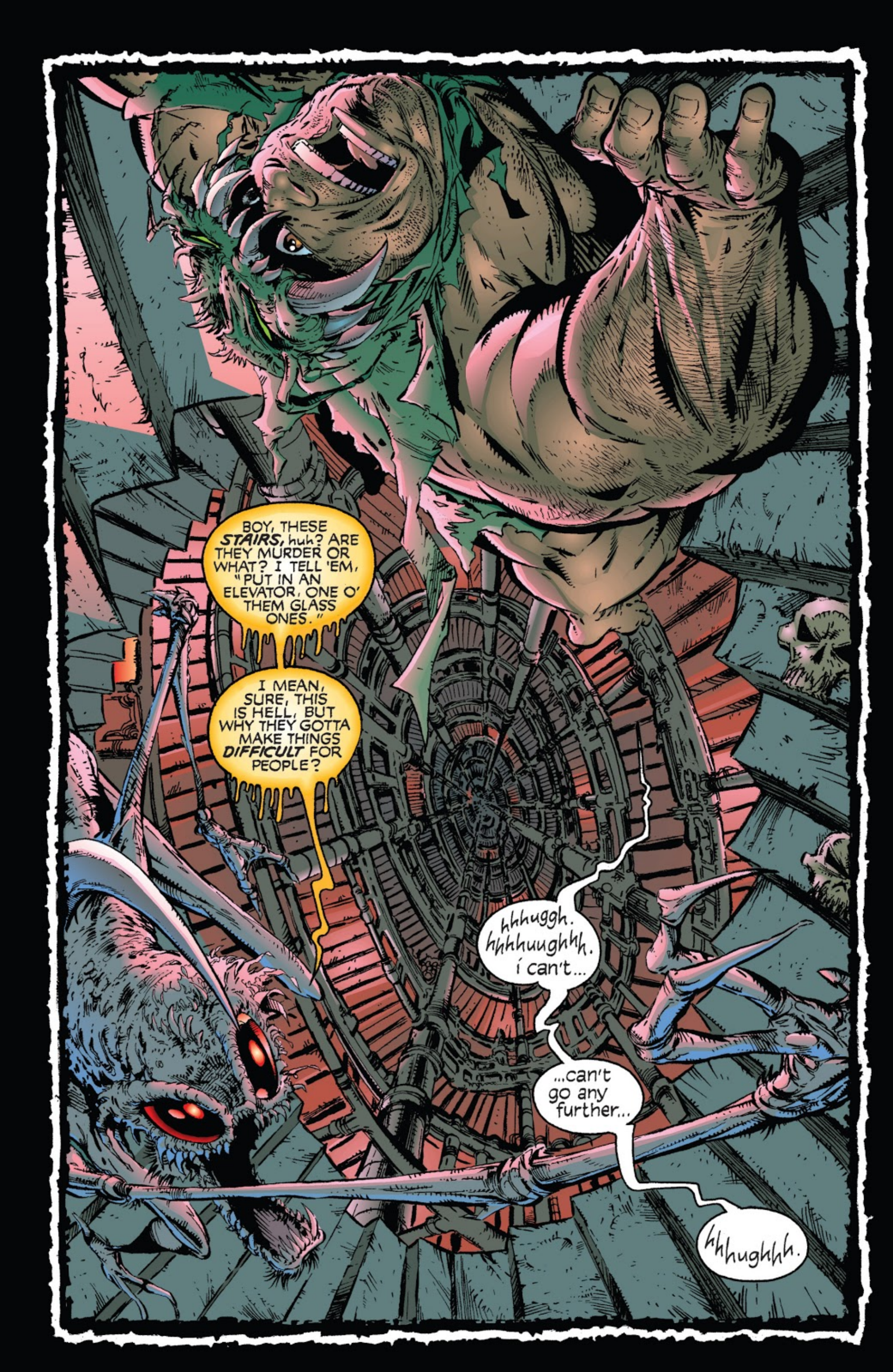
HEY! WHEREAYA GOIN'? TRUST ME, YOU'LL LIKE THE EIGHTH SPHERE! **EVERYBODY** DOES!

THAT STUFF ABOUT IT BEING A "REEKING, SULPHUROUS TORTURE-FURNACE" WAS JUST **RUMORS**, SPREAD BY **BUSINESS RIVALS**!

THOSE **SOUL-SCALPERS** ON THE SECOND, I BET. THEY GOT IT IN FOR US!

i gotta get outta here. the kid... that thing... said the only way out was up the tower.

y'know, maybe i still got a chance!



BOY, THESE
STAIRS, huh? ARE
THEY MURDER OR
WHAT? I TELL 'EM,
"PUT IN AN
ELEVATOR, ONE O'
THEM GLASS
ONES."

I MEAN,
SURE, THIS
IS HELL, BUT
WHY THEY GOTTA
MAKE THINGS
DIFFICULT FOR
PEOPLE?

hkhugg.
hkhhuughh.
i can't...

...can't
go any
further...

hkhughh.

HEY! NO PROBLEM!

YOU WANNA BE A FUR COAT FOR SOME HYPER-INTELLIGENT ICE-SHRIMP ON THE SECOND SPHERE?

I MEAN, JUST SAY! I CAN DROP YOU RIGHT OFF!

II

OR WHAT ABOUT THE THIRD SPHERE? HONEST, I'D UNDERSTAND.

GETTING FILLETED AND SERVED WITH A LIGHT PASTRY IS WHAT SOME GUYS LIKE, I KNOW THAT.

III

BUT Y'SEE, YOU, YOU'RE SPECIAL. YOU'RE A DEAD CHILD MURDERER, AND WE APPRECIATE THAT IN A GUY.

I WAS GONNA CARRY YA IF YA HADN'T RUN OFF LIKE THAT!

YOU OUGHTTA THINK YOURSELF LUCKY YOU BIN HARVESTED BY THE EIGHTH. I MEAN, A DEAD GUY LIKE YOU, WHAT ARE HIS OPTIONS?

IV

I MEAN, HERE ON THE FOURTH YOU'D BE A FUEL-ROD!

I SEEN YOU IN ACTION,
MR. CHILL-EE, AN' I GOTTA
SAY YOU'RE TOO GOOD
FOR THAT!

NOW THIS,
THIS PLACE YOU'RE
GONNA LIKE! SOME
CALL IT THE
EIGHTH SPHERE,
SOME CALL IT THE
MALEBOLGE,
BUT ME...

NO WAY ARE YOU
GONNA END UP AS NOSE
CANDY FOR SOME FIFTH-
SPHERE HIPPI
META-SQUID...

...OR SINGING
GOSPEL
FAVORITES IN
AN ELECTRIFIED
BIRD-CAGE
HERE ON THE
SIXTH.

CULTURE
AIN'T FOR US. WE'RE
MORE STRANGLE-'EM-
AN'-STICK-'EM-IN-THE-
FREEZER KINDA
GUYS.

AS FOR THE
SEVENTH
SPHERE, DON'T
ASK. IT'S THIS
PLACE CALLED
EREBUS, BUT
NOBODY'S
EVER SEEN
INSIDE.

WE FIGURE IT'S
SOME SPECIAL HELL
FOR THE MOST DAMNABLE
CREATURES OF ALL.

I CALL IT

HOME!!

NOW, AS IT HAPPENS, THE **MALEBOLGIA** HIMSELF IS LOOKING FOR SOULS TO JOIN HIS **ARMY**. SOULS JUST LIKE YOU.

WHAT'S UP?

this place is **hot!** it's burning my feet!

Ok, THAT WON'T BOTHER YOU ONCE YOU'RE FITTED OUT IN YOUR **SLAVE'S WEAR**. ALL THE **MALEBOLGIA'S** CONQUESTS WEAR IT.

HERE, I'LL WHISTLE YOURS UP...

PHWEEEE-EEET!

LEMME INTRODUCE **K3-MYRLU**. SHE'S A CONSTANTLY-EVOLVING **NEURAL PARASITE** AND I THINK SHE **LIKES** YOU.

no! no, not that!



OH, COME ON!

LOOK, I KNOW WHAT YOU'RE THINKING: "NEURAL PARASITES! THEY'RE ONLY AFTER ONE THING!" BUT JUST GIVE IT A **CHANCE** IS WHAT I'M SAYIN'.

BELIEVE ME, I HAVE A FEELIN' YOU GUYS ARE GONNA BE VERY **CLOSE**.

EELIAAAGH!



AW, LOOK! **BONDING!**
SHE'S
I TELLYA, WHEN A GAL
LIKE K3-MYRLU BONDS
WITH YA, YA GOTTA
REMEMBER TWO
THINGS...

FIRST,
IT'S FOR
LIFE.

SECOND,
IT'S WITH YOUR
**CENTRAL
NERVOUS
SYSTEM.**

WOW!
WILLYA LOOK
AT THAT **SALIVA**
JUST DRIPPING
OFF HER **EXO-
FANGS?** SHE
REALLY LIKES
YOU, I CAN
TELL.

THERE!
I TELLYA,
YOU AIN'T GONNA
GET A NEAT
DESIGNER UNIFORM
LIKE **THAT** WORKIN'
IN NO **FAST FOOD
FRANCHISE!**

FIFTY YEARS
BACK WE GOT A
LOT O' THEM
FASHION-PLATE
NAZIS UP HERE,
AN' THEY **RAVED**
ABOUT IT!



SO ANYWAY,
NOW YOU'RE ALL
DRESSED UP, GO
MEET YOUR NEW
EMPLOYER!
LOOK... THE GATES
ARE OPENIN'
FOR YA!

but... but
this isn't
fair!



the afterlife
shouldn't be this way,
full of alien monsters
processing humans as
if they were cattle,
and nobody caring about
good or evil!

GOOD?
EVIL?
GIMME A
BREAK!



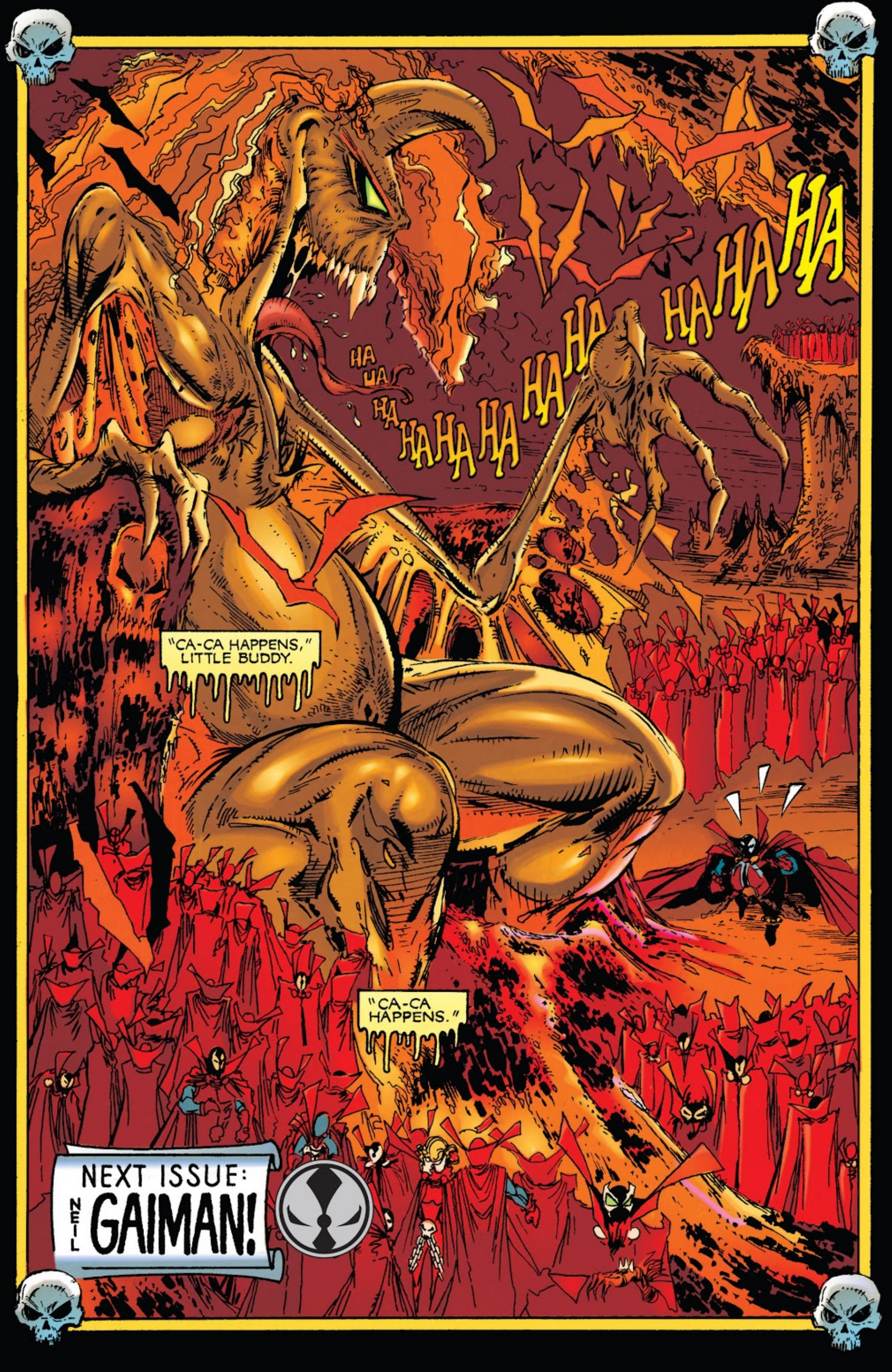
LIKE WE COULD CARE
LESS IF YOU'RE COVETIN'
YOUR NEIGHBOR'S OX
OR WHATEVER!

I MEAN, WE'RE RUNNIN'
A **BUSINESS** HERE...



...AN' I TELLYA FOR **NOTHIN'**,
THE TWO WORDS CARVED ON
MARBLE IN HELL'S LOBBY
AIN'T "**GOOD**" OR "**EVIL**".

IT'S TWO
OTHER
WORDS, AN'
WHAT THEY
SAY IS
THIS...



"CA-CA HAPPENS,"
LITTLE BUDDY.

"CA-CA
HAPPENS."

NEXT ISSUE:
GAIMAN!

